OTHER DAYS

J.M. DEIGH

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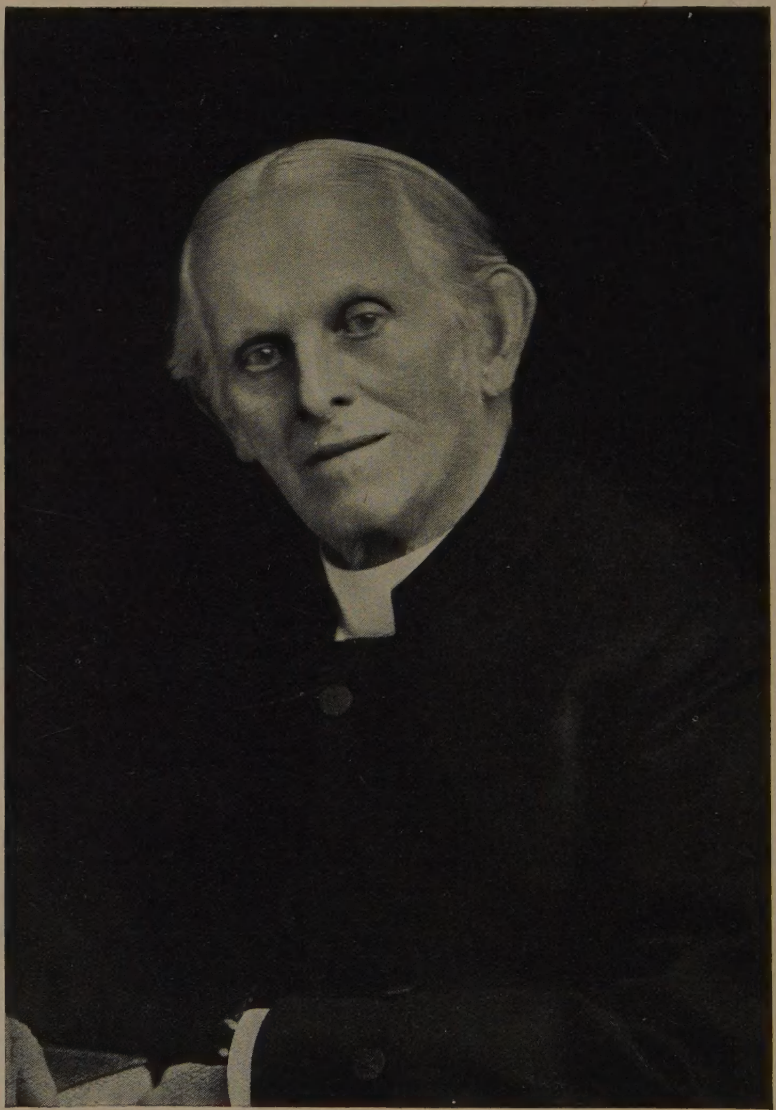

J. W. Leigh

[*Frontispiece*

OTHER DAYS *by*

J. W. LEIGH, D.D., F.S.A.

Late Dean of Hereford. With a Preface by OWEN WISTER

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TO THE MEMORY OF

F. B. L.

PREFACE

GOOD readers are of two sorts, receptive and constructive. The receptive reader ends a book knowing what it has told him; the constructive reader goes farther than this, he is the one who reads between the lines, who interprets not only intentional, but also unconscious, silences and suppressions. A work of the imagination may be so full of its author, without his once mentioning it, that the eye which reads between the lines sees him plainly. Shakespeare's character is painted in the plays. In works of personal record, memoirs, reminiscences, autobiographies, it is the same thing, even where the writer has attempted to efface himself, nay, even where he has undertaken to pass off on posterity a false likeness: no man can present a counterfeit of himself to the constructive reader.

How many of such will these pages following have? To either kind of good reader, several characteristics of the author will be clear; that he has loved adventure, for instance, that he has known a host of all sorts of conditions of men, that his interest has been least in himself and most in others, and that he has had an endless and quite various curiosity about people and things. Will they also discern a high sense of responsibility to any task undertaken, and a moral interest in life decidedly greater than an intellectual interest? Events,

and men and women, and public causes such as temperance, concern the author, books almost never. Should these generalisations occur to the good reader—of whichever sort he be—one more must follow from them inevitably: here we have an instance of that particular type of Englishman produced by the landed gentry, generation after generation; the Englishman of cricket, hunting, shooting, exploration, London clubs, Waterloo, Trafalgar, friend and counsellor of his tenants, competent administrator of colonies and provinces. Where is he to-day, where will he be fifty years hence? Privilege breeds one set of ills, its abolishment another; and which set you prefer is more likely to depend upon who you are than upon abstract considerations.

As even the constructive reader could hardly know from these pages two or three matters which they pass over, and which help to draw the portrait of the author, let them be told here.

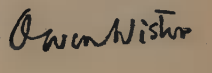
When James Leigh was sixteen, the Crimean War broke out, and he wished to go. His mother thought him too young, and forbade him. His college life was athletic and social, he had a name for hard riding—and a nickname, too, symbolising familiar affection. This followed him out of Cambridge far into later life, until the voices of those who had a right to use it one by one became silent. To walk with him in London during the seventies, eighties, and nineties, was to be stopped every little while by the acquaintances who hailed him or whom he spoke to: the contrasts which they presented of character and station were proof enough of his own. He got on with everybody. In America it was the same. He has but half-told an incident in the West, when, during an excursion to shoot prairie chickens, he intervened and prevented a more serious kind of shooting, just by knowing how to say the right thing to a very angry man. Persuasion

by words alone does not always avail, and one instance where James Leigh had to use his muscles must be related here since he has omitted it. Upon his starting out with ladies and children to the circus in Leamington, the coachman proved to be drunk and insolent. The English parson promptly removed the coachman by the scruff of the neck, jumped on the box and drove the ladies to the engagement. It is the same man who, a few years later, sees no other way to stop the drunkenness in his parish than to take the pledge himself. Here again James Leigh passes over part of the facts. Whenever he reasoned with an intemperate parishioner, the invariable question asked was, Did he ever touch anything himself? And at his reply that he did, in moderation, the parishioner was apt to wag his head and say that that was all very well. So, to be able to give an answer which might better influence these people, he, who had all his life been accustomed to wine and liked it as well as most of us, signed the pledge and became a total abstainer.

A book written with an intentional moral is seldom likely to be good, but one from which nothing in the way of a moral can be drawn will probably be poor. For good readers of either sort, receptive or constructive, one interesting point will be plain. This Englishman, whose caste and nature combined to make for him easily not merely friends of every station, but friends who never forgot him, was not by any means a born parson. He wished to be a soldier, he was entirely a man of the world in his college days, devoted to sports, theatricals, conviviality, like the average youth of his class. Intellectual and theoretic matters did not concern him much, he disclosed no special bent for preaching, or for the welfare of other people's souls, no tragic or searching "experience" changed him suddenly; he was in all respects a very human boy. But he was an English boy, come of the

landed gentry, a younger son. That was enough, once his career was chosen, to see him through it with honour, steadfast to his responsibilities. The world is at present of opinion that such people are an injustice and an imposition: churches, governments, communities, are going to have an excellent and long opportunity to find out how well they can get along without them.

LONDON,
June 1, 1921



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CHAPTER I

IN THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES

EARLY REMINISCENCES—ATTACK ON STONELEIGH ABBEY—SCHOOL AND COLLEGE—QUEEN'S VISIT TO STONELEIGH—CRICKET IN IRELAND

I DO not intend to trouble my readers with my family lineage or history. They have already been touched upon by my brother Chandos in his book *Bar, Bat, and Bit.* I will merely mention that my father was sent at a very early age to Harrow School and was there fag to Lord Byron, from whom doubtless he received inspiration to become a poet of some talent. I believe that Byron was the first to start the cricket matches between Harrow and Eton, and himself played in a match between the two schools.

My first appearance in the world was at Paris in 1838, where I was born together with a twin sister, and being the youngest of a family of ten we did not seem much wanted. We were brought back from Paris in bitterly cold weather by a good old grandmother who deposited us at Stoneleigh Abbey.

Perhaps my earliest recollections were when we were at the big house at Sandgate, hearing the news of an attack made by a lot of ruffians in 1844 on Stoneleigh Abbey, who gave out that they were claimants to the estates. They were led by a coarse burly man, who called himself Lord James Leigh! I believe he was a butcher and prize-fighter at Preston in

Lancashire, They revived an old story which had been set at rest by a decision of the House of Lords in 1827, and by way of enforcing their claim they made a violent entry into the house! On October 21st twenty-eight men (accompanied by two common women; "Lady Mary and Lady Betty") appeared with sticks and bludgeons, and on being refused admittance, they set to work to batter down the small entrance door near the housekeeper's room. They succeeded in getting into the house and "Lord James" demanded the keys, but the plucky old housekeeper showed a bold front and told him that her keys should never be given up excepting to the rightful master and mistress! Meanwhile, the alarm bell had been ringing continuously, which brought together a number of people—gardeners, farm labourers, gamekeepers, and villagers—who showed such indignation against the intruders that the claimant and his gang were thoroughly panic-stricken, and a strong body of police arriving they were marched off to Warwick and locked up. They were found guilty at the Petty Sessions of forcible entry and assault and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Early in 1849 my father brought an action for libel against the Attorney, Charles Griffin, which was tried at the Warwick Assizes. Griffin,who had taken up the cause of the Lancashire claimants, had for the last two or three years been spreading the most shameful calumnies against my father and grandmother, accusing them not only of having removed a monument out of Stoneleigh Church, but of having murdered the two masons who were employed to remove and conceal it. It was proved to be a disgraceful conspiracy to extort money, and Chief Justice Wilder, before whom the case was tried, denounced Griffin's conduct as being false and cruel to the last degree, and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment. One noticeable event in the course of the trial was that old Mrs. Gooch of Stoneleigh, who was in her one hundred and first year,

appeared in court to give evidence for the prosecution. This was not the last appearance of the claimants, for when I was vicar of Stoneleigh in 1865, I saw a burly man sitting on a bench in the chancel of the church which was generally unoccupied, and on asking of my old clerk who he was, he said, "Why, that's Jimmy Leigh, the Lancashire claimant." "Well," said I, "you had better tell him to move out of the chancel at once and find a seat in the nave." On my coming out of the church with my brother, he shouted to me that he intended to come and examine the registers next day, so next day I waited at the vestry with my brother's agent, and a policeman round the corner, but "Lord" James did not appear.

I went through the different stages of private and public schools. At Harrow my brother Chandos being Captain of the Eleven, I was not subjected to much bullying. Montague Butler was then head of the school and was in the Eleven under my brother. On one occasion some boys who had been up to London, returned much impressed by the doings of a professor of Electro-biology. They had provided themselves with some round zinc plates with copper discs in the centre, which were supposed to assist in the process of Electro-biology, or what we should call now hypnotism. They tried experiments on me, but were not able to produce any effect. I then thought I might try my hand at it, and was so successful that I became proficient in the art of hypnotising, and had many boys under my control. There was an older boy at another house, who had been mesmerised and was gifted with what might be called clairvoyance or second sight. When he heard of my success he sent for me to mesmerise him, which I did with wonderful results. He was able to see what was going on at a distance, and amongst other things to read the telegraph announcing the runs on the school cricket ground. Many remarkable results were obtained

from him while under mesmeric influence. Fortunately an order from the head master was sent round prohibiting any more experiments in mesmerism or hypnotism, and I, therefore, gave them up with little regret, as I found it was taking a good deal out of me.

After leaving Harrow, and before going to Cambridge, I went to a private tutor who was chaplain to Lord Ellesmere at Hatchford, and I was often invited to dine at the big house.

The Earl of Ellesmere, K.G., better known as Lord Francis Egerton, was most kind to me, but some of those I met there were rather terrifying. Amongst the family circle were Charles, Algernon, and Henry Greville, brothers of Lady Ellesmere. Their mother, Lady Charlotte Greville, was then alive and very bright. Political affairs at home and abroad were much discussed, and a good deal of Society scandal was talked, in which Charles Greville was the leading spirit. His *Memoirs* were published many years later by Reeves and created much sensation in the royal circles and amongst the aristocracy generally, as they were looked upon as scandalous. The two daughters of the house, Lady Alice and Lady Blanche (afterwards Countess of Strafford and Countess of Sandwich), were very nice to me, but I do not think anybody ever suffered so much from shyness as I did among this remarkable family and their friends. I was present at the Duke of Wellington's lying in State at the Chelsea Hospital, and saw the great funeral procession on the occasion of his interment at St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1851 I was at the opening of the wonderful exhibition in Hyde Park, which was the first of its kind and to which thousands flocked from all parts of the world. It was sincerely hoped that it might be the beginning of universal peace, but not long afterwards the Crimean War broke out and we have gone on having wars ever since. I was very anxious to

join the British forces in the Crimea, but my mother would not hear of it as she considered I was much too young.

At Cambridge I found old Harrovian schoolfellows and made friends with many new ones from Eton and other schools. George Trevelyan, who went up about the same time as I did, started his reforms at Trinity by abolishing the custom of the bed-makers waiting at table, and got proper carvers appointed instead of our hacking at the joints. There was always a great crowd in the hall on Sundays, and a small party of Harrovians started a sort of Club, which George Trevelyan called "Anti-dining-in-hall-on-a-Sunday-because-of-the-Squash Club," or taking the initials of each word it made Adihoasbotsc. We took it by turns to provide cold beef and plum pudding. Amongst the other Harrovians who belonged were Lionel Ashley, Monty Corry (Lord Rowton), C. Weguelin, and H. Arkwright. While I was at Cambridge, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited Stoneleigh Abbey on the occasion of her opening the park and museum at Aston, near Birmingham. It was glorious weather, and the Queen and Prince Albert strolled about the gardens and on the terrace while a great mass of people were collected in the field adjoining, and there was an exhibition of fireworks. I believe it was the very last visit to any private house that the Queen made with the Prince, who died not long afterwards.

While I was there, David Livingstone visited Cambridge, in connection with the Universities Mission to Central Africa, and the Master of Trinity (Dr. Whewell) held a reception, and some of the undergraduates were favoured with an invitation, amongst them Gurney Buxton and myself. As a rule the undergraduates were supposed to stand at the entrance, but we made up our minds to enter the room boldly. The former knew Dr. Livingstone, who had stayed at his father's house, so he shook hands and conversed with him, whilst I carried on a conversation with Lady Affleck, with whom I was

acquainted and who afterwards married Dr. Whewell. Our boldness irritated the Master, who first stood opposite Gurney Buxton, until he had to move away, and then interrupted my conversation with Lady Affleck, obliging me to get up and retire.

Some years later I was invited by a friend to meet Henry Stanley (the discoverer of Livingstone) at a dinner at the Reform Club. He was somewhat morose, having experienced a defeat when standing for Parliament, and spoke but little. I had that morning seen Lady Burton, who came to me to have her pension signed. Stanley and I talked about her and her husband, the great traveller, and of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Lady Ellenborough and others. After dinner we adjourned to the smoking-room and Stanley came and sat by me. I asked him how he enjoyed his visit to the States, from which he had recently returned, and whether he had met certain friends of mine in New York and Philadelphia, and how Hamilton Aidé, who had accompanied him, liked the people. At last he said to me, "Who on earth are you? You seem to have been everywhere and know everybody."

During the long vacation I accompanied I Zingari cricket team on the first tour they made in Ireland—and a real good time we had, being treated right royally by dear old Lord Carlisle, who was Viceroy. My brother Chandos and I stayed on at the Vice-Regal Lodge after the others had gone. At a military dinner at the Vice-Regal Lodge I met Bob Williams, who was attached to the Court in what capacity I know not—unless it was as Court jester. He was the originator of a very old chestnut which has appeared from time to time. The Secretary for Ireland was then Lord Naas, and as such was Controller of the Zoo in Phœnix Park. He had gone up to London, and when there received a telegram from the keeper at the Zoo. "The Emu has laid an egg, and in the absence

of your lordship we have placed it under the biggest goose we could secure."

In the spring of 1864 Lord Carlisle came to stay with my brother at Stoneleigh, having consented to act as President of the Tercentenary Festival of the birth of Shakespeare held at Stratford-upon-Avon. The festival commenced on Saturday, April 23rd (the date of his birth), with a banquet in the pavilion at which Lord Carlisle presided, supported by many members of both House of Parliament and others eminent in Literature, Science, and Art. An eloquent oration was delivered by Lord Carlisle. My brother, Lord Carlisle, and I returned in the carriage to Stoneleigh. Lord Carlisle retired early, being somewhat tired. At about midnight there was a violent ringing at the front door and a telegram was delivered for him by a special messenger, who had ridden over from Stratford, fifteen miles distant. It came from Germany, addressed to the President of the Festival, and was as follows:—"We are drinking to the memory of your immortal Bard." During the week there were Shakespearean dramatic performances by some of the well-known old players, Creswick, Farren, Chippendale, and Compton; concerts in which Madame Sainton Dolby, Sims Reeves, and Santley took part; fireworks, and much excitement. On April 23rd, 1916, I attended the Tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare, but there was not the same enthusiasm, owing doubtless to the war.

CHAPTER II

THEATRICALS

A.D.C. CAMBRIDGE—F. C. BURNAND

I THINK my family has always been more or less theatrical from the earliest times. There was an old chest at Stoneleigh which contained many theatrical dresses and properties, which I fancy were collected by my grandmother. The family company has been moved from one stage to another with various homes, according as the young people grew up. Originally at Stoneleigh Abbey, it was transferred to Adlestrop, thence to Lord Norton's house at Hams, then to Lady Jersey's at Middleton. So that when I went up to Cambridge, it was not unnatural that I should join the A.D.C., which had been started not long before by Frank Burnand, when an undergraduate.

Here is his account of his interview with the Vice-Chancellor when he first applied for permission to have a theatrical performance by the undergraduates.

"On my appearing before the Vice-Chancellor, he said, 'I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, Mr.—Mr.——' and he then referred to my card, which he did not seem able to read.

"My name, I informed him, was Burnand.

"'A Fellow of Trinity?' he asked, and the emphasis on the word Trinity implied a doubt.

"'No, sir,' I replied, 'not a Fellow of Trinity.'

"'A scholar of Trinity?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I'm not a scholar.'

"'You have taken your degree, and are staying up?' he suggested.

"'No, sir, I have not yet taken my degree.'

"'Oh,' he said, 'still an undergraduate? So you want permission for a dramatic performance?'

"'Yes, sir,' I said humbly.

"'What play?' he said. 'Is it a Greek play that you propose?'

"'No,' I replied, 'it is not a Greek play.'

"'I suppose then,' he said, 'it's a Latin play.'

"'No, sir,' I said, 'it is not a Latin play.'

"I devoutly wished I could have said that *Box and Cox* was a Latin play. If I only could have called it *Balbus et Caius* or *Castor and Pollux*, but it would not do.

"'Not Greek or Latin?' he exclaimed. 'Then what is the play you propose?'

"'Well, sir, it's English.'

"'English,' he repeated with an air of surprise. 'One of Shakespeare's?'

"'Well, sir,' I began humbly, 'we are not thinking of attempting anything great, it was merely among ourselves.'

"'Members of University only, of course,' he interrupted.

"'Of course, we were merely thinking of playing a little piece.' I would not mention the name *Box and Cox*, but of its author, Mr. Maddison Morton. He looked up suddenly and asked:

"'Fellow of Trinity?'

"'No,' I said, 'not that I am aware of.'

"'And you propose acting a play by Morton who is not a Fellow of Trinity, and what is the name of the play?'

"It was bound to come out at last—*Box and Cox*. Even then I was afraid he would ask me if Box and Cox were Fellows of Trinity, without which qualifications their fate, I felt at once, was sealed. If I could only have called them the Rev. Mr. Box, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, and Dr. Cox, D.D., Fellow of Caius!

"'I will lay the matter before the Head and will forward the decision to you,' he said."

I could not help feeling amused at the notion of the Vice-Chancellor gravely submitting to the careful consideration of this august body the names of Box and Cox, not being members of the University, associated with Mr. Maddison Morton, not a fellow of Trinity, and of F. C. Burnand, undergraduate, Trinity College, Cambridge. This was the first step towards obtaining the permission for a theatrical performance, which was not entirely satisfactory. The first performance took place in May 1855. I joined in 1857, and we had then to act under assumed names. I succeeded Burnand as acting manager of the A.D.C.

Up to now burlesques had been the chief attraction, in which Rowley Hill, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man, was the leading spirit. I ventured to introduce a domestic drama entitled *Helping Hands*, by T. Taylor, instead of the burlesque, and this proved to be a great success. There were some doubts whether it would succeed or not; these doubts were speedily removed when it appeared before an audience. As a correspondent wrote: "We very much wish that F. C. Burnand had been there to see it. In a word, it was wonderful." We had held an amateur performance at my home at Adlestrop at which this drama had been performed, when among the performers were Bertram Mitford (the late Lord Redesdale), who took the very important part of Lawrence Hartmann, the blind musician. Lord Quaverley was taken by the present Lord Coventry, and the Hon. C. Hauboy by my brother Chandos. One of the shoeblack brigade was taken by Quintin Twiss, while I took the part of Tilda, the workhouse girl. It proved so successful that I determined to introduce it at Cambridge, and Twiss, who had been elected an honorary member of the A.D.C., was ready to take the part of Shocky.

In 1860 we were bold enough to give a performance at Brighton. We had a very pleasant cricket week with the Quidnuncs at Canford, the seat of Sir Ivor Guest (the late Lord Wimborne). The evenings were spent in various performances, such as charades and negro minstrels. As we were going to Brighton the following month for the Quidnunc match, it was suggested, I believe, by Lady Charlotte (Sir Ivor's mother), that we might combine theatricals with the cricket, after the manner of the "old stagers" of Canterbury. The suggestion was at once accepted, and it was arranged, that whilst Whymper would look after the cricket I should attend to the theatricals. There was no time to be lost, and I wrote at once to Burnand and to other old performers to meet me in London. I was fortunate enough to secure the service of all the original caste, and we selected three of our best pieces for our first performance away from Cambridge. The pieces were *Not a Bad Judge*, in which C. Weguelin had distinguished himself so much; *Thumping Legacy*, for Quintin Twiss; and Burnand's burlesque of *Alonzo* for him. He undertook the stage department and arrangements with the manager of the Brighton Theatre, Nye Chart, whilst I had the casting of the pieces. The theatre was full in every part, and we were greeted with great applause. In the burlesque Burnand and I had a wonderful jig taught us by Nye Chart, which was encored over and over again. But Burnand, not being in such good condition as Dame Martha, nearly succumbed, and had to be revived with champagne. In the evening we all supped at the Albion, and the party, being somewhat hilarious, was brought to silence by a sudden apparition on the balcony—a very large man with a short female, who protested against the noise which prevented their sleeping. Apologies were about to be made when we suddenly discovered that the big man was "Hippy Damer" (the late Lord Portarlington), and the female was none other

than Burnand himself. The Brighton trip proved a great success and the criticisms in the papers were very favourable. Further performances took place in the three following years, and in the last of them S. Brandom, the famous Shakespearean reciter, assisted. When the Prince of Wales was at Cambridge, and patronised the A.D.C., a great change took place, and the Dons were ready enough to countenance the performance, Professor Jebb and J. W. Clark, Registrar of University, greatly assisting by their advice. The Prince of Wales attended at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the A.D.C., and Burnand was the chief speaker when I was present, and again at the Jubilee when the Speaker of the House presided; among the old members were Lord Walsingham, Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., and Professor Jebb. Frank Burnand was not in his usual form and seemed somewhat depressed, which I think was due to his severance from *Punch*, of which he had been editor for many years. Poor Burnand had many ups and downs in life. On leaving Cambridge, he went to Cuddesdon College, where he had interviews with Bishop Wilberforce, Father Benson, and Canon Liddon. He was not entirely satisfied with their theological views, and being influenced by the writings of Newman, he went over to the Roman Church, much to the wrath of Father Benson. He then had correspondence with Cardinal Manning and became a student among the Oblates of St. Carlo Borromeo. On hearing he had joined the Church of Rome his father was furious and disinherited him, and on his return to the world he found he had to make a living. His first attempt was a burlesque entitled *Dido*, which was acted at St. James's Theatre. Many of us attended in various parts of the house to applaud the performance. This was noted by the press-men, who alluded to it in their reports, which was unfortunate. He then, in company with Tom Hood, Junr., started a paper called *Fun*, a sort of rival to *Punch*, which had a success for a time, after

which Burnand was taken on to the staff of *Punch*, and subsequently became the editor.

F. E. B. was an inveterate punster, he could not help it—here is one specimen. In Knightsbridge some time ago, there was a church squeezed between two public-houses, held by two licensed victuallers named Evans and Watson. The curious position of the church was brought to F. E. B.'s notice by a friend as they walked by. "Ah, yes," said Burnand, "and note, 'evan's on one side, and wats-on the other?"

To return to the family performances. Those which took place at Hams Hall for many years were excellent, and the county families in the neighbourhood attended in good numbers. The Adderley family were some of them very good actors, chief among them being James, afterwards known as Father Adderley. He established a dramatic company at Oxford known as "The Philothespians," and many performers from Oxford and Cambridge assisted at the Hams theatricals. Among them was Bouchier, the two Gattys, the two Ponsonbys, Colnaghi, MacKinnon, Weguelin, and many others. My nephew, Owen Wister, the well-known American author, also assisted us by writing an excellent prologue to one of the plays. I generally held the position of acting manager. So many of my nephews and nieces, Leighs, Adderleys, Cholmondeleys, and Leveson-Gowers acted, that I used to say I believed I could put on the stage some thirty of them. Later on when I lived in London, my wife—a daughter of Fanny Kemble—got up some pretty French plays, in which my daughter and her cousins, the Gordons, granddaughters of Adelaide Kemble, took part. I remember on one occasion when they gave a performance; the audience was a very critical one, among them Lord Wolseley, whose daughter was acting, Henry James, Sir Frederick Leighton, Russell Lowell, and Mrs. Kemble, who showed their approval by their applause.

CHAPTER III

IN THE SIXTIES

TRAVELS IN THE EAST—EGYPT—NUBIA—ETHIOPIA—ACROSS THE DESERT—DONGOLA—WRECKED IN THE CATARACT

ON leaving College I was very anxious to make an Eastern trip, and I found a companion in Fred Holland of Trinity College. Soon afterwards I met Richard Marker, an old schoolfellow, who, on learning that I was going to the East, expressed a great desire to be one of the party. Captain George Knox of the Guards also joined us. So in November 1860 we started, a party of four, taking Paris en route.

I need not dwell on the sights we saw in Paris, as they are so well known to most people. We dined at the Café Voisin, where we were joined by a certain Lord L., who was in retreat in a foreign land for certain reasons. He expressed a desire to accompany us to Egypt, and I said to Holland, "If he is resolved to join our party, you and I must go our own way and leave the others to go theirs."

Next morning we started early for Marseilles, and although Lord L. came to see us off, he did not accompany us. He went down to Nice instead, and there met the wealthy heiress whom he married, which was better luck for him than if he had come with us.

We arrived at Marseilles in the evening; it was in those days one of the dirtiest and most disagreeable places, worse even than any Irish town. We were glad to get away from it in a small ship called the *Vectis*. Among the passengers

were Lord Sandon and Lord Carnarvon, who were going up the Nile, and Sir Thomas and Lady Tobin, who were wintering at Cairo. There were any number of Indian passengers, and heaps of children.

The ship since we left Marseilles had been tossing about in a very disagreeable manner; it is a great mistake to suppose that in the Mediterranean one has nothing but blue sky and sea like a millpond. We had every variety of weather. My experience is, that it is seldom you get a calm sea in the Mediterranean, and I have been there many times. On landing at Alexandria the hubbub and row was tremendous. We had a race on our donkeys to the hotel, and knocked several people and dogs over, which they did not seem to care about at all. We visited the Pasha Palace, and many other places of interest, including Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, which is now erected on the Thames Embankment.

We started early next morning for Cairo, the first view of which was all domes and minarets, which abound in this city and have a very imposing effect. On arriving at Shepherd's Hotel, I delivered a letter from Mr. Shepherd to the manager, and I found that the young lady at the bar came from Wellsbourne in Warwickshire, and had often waited on our family on their road from Stoneleigh to Adlestrop. They, of course, paid me every attention and gave me their best room. Mr. Shepherd's father was a tenant of my father's in Warwickshire, and was looked upon as the wild boy of the family; he had wandered to Egypt when quite a youth, and had got employment in the stables of the Viceroy. From that position he rose to be chief coachman, and obtained from the Viceroy a site for an hotel, and also the control of the posting stations between Cairo and Suez before the railway was built there. Having made money he returned to Warwickshire and bought a house not far from his old home. He gave me valuable letters of introduction to Egypt.

While at Cairo we witnessed a remarkable performance by dervishes. There were about thirty of these maniacs, most of them with long hair down to their waists, standing in a circle swaying their bodies backwards and forwards, at times almost touching the ground with their hair, and uttering at the same time most extraordinary guttural noises; in the centre of the ring was the greatest looking maniac of all, with very long hair and large rolling eyes, who was evidently the leader of the band. On one side was the music, which consisted of drums and fifes and a tambourine. After about half an hour their movements became slower and their noises fainter, like the stopping of a steam engine; instead of swaying, their bodies showed convulsive twitchings all over, their heads wagging like so many mandarin figures. When they stopped, there was one young enthusiast who went on shaking and bellowing like a young bull, whereupon the venerable man took his head and pressed him to his bosom, and rapped him on the forehead with the palm of his hand by way of soothing him.

We also inspected the Pasha's stud, which was four miles from the city. On arriving there we were fortunate enough to find the horses being led out to water, so we had a good opportunity of seeing them to advantage. There were over 350, which had been collected by the late Abbas Pasha, and a good many of them had never been ridden or driven. The whole lot were to be sold in a month's time. Taken altogether, they were a very fine collection, and there certainly were some beauties amongst them. There was an Arab groom to every two horses.

Another day we went on a visit to old Cairo, about three miles away. On arriving there we first crossed over to the Isle of Rhoda, which was just opposite. Here was one of the numerous palaces of the Pasha, and in the garden was the far-famed Nilometer which, from time immemorial, has

announced to the population the rise and fall of the Nile during the inundation. Round the palace was a veranda with a marble floor, from which one had a capital view of the old Nile and Cairo. The palace seemed nearly deserted. There was one large room which the donkey boy told us was haunted by twenty thousand devils, and no one would ever sleep in it.

On our crossing back from the island to their punt, the boatmen declared we had not given them enough (probably because we had got no conductor with us—only our donkey boy). On our refusing to pay more, they seized the bridles of the donkeys on which we had jumped and declared we should not go on. However, our buffalo-hide whips made them alter their minds, and we continued our journey.

The next place visited was the Coptic Church, a very curious old place, which might be any age; in it there are a great many pictures of our Lord, the Virgin, the twelve apostles and several saints. There is a legend of one of the pictures of the Virgin—that of some Mamelukes sacking the place, when one with his lance pierced the picture of the Virgin, and immediately blood flowed and the man's hand was withered. There were also two bundles of silk to be seen, in one of which it is declared the Virgin's arm was wrapped, and in the other that of her sister.

Tuesday, November 20th, was our last day at Cairo, for at least three months. We left the hotel that afternoon, taking farewell of Sir Thomas and Lady Tobin, with whom we hoped to travel later in Sinai. On board our dahabiah, the *Crinoline*, we found everything in beautiful order, thanks to our dragoman P. Sapienza. In those days there were no steamboats or Cook's tourists on the Nile, or railways across the desert. Our boat was rather a large one with five berths, very good saloon and bath. The crew consisted of a Reis or captain, a pilot, ten sailors, and a boy. This, together

with the dragoman, his son, the cook and under-cook, and five of us, made a large party of two-and-twenty on board. We next proceeded to arrange our books and guns and pipes. We were well armed, having five guns, five revolvers, and three rifles on board, together with lots of ammunition. Later we sat down to an excellent dinner, and our good dragoman gave us some champagne on the occasion of our first dinner on board. We made little progress the first evening, owing to there being no wind, and we lay opposite the barracks near the Island of Rhoda.

The first place of interest we passed was Beni-Hassan, with its rocks, grottos, and catacombs, overhanging the waters of the Nile. After Thebes, this place is one of the most striking ruins of the past. At Luxor we went to see the Temple, but the filth and dirt which surrounded it interfered much with its beauty. We had to search for the different parts of the ruins amongst the hovels and pigeon houses of the inhabitants, and all the while were pestered with flies and dirty children screaming for baksheesh. The chief objects at Luxor were the obelisks and sphinxes, and six fine-looking pillars of the Temple. Thebes and the Grand Temple of Karnac we left till our return, and the breeze springing up we had to start off soon after our arrival.

At Ermendi there were many respectable-looking houses, in shady avenues of acacias, belonging to the Governor and some Engineers of the Pasha. We had a pressing invitation from the Governor to visit his house, which we accepted. He received us most cordially, and offered us the accustomed chibouque and coffee. The room we sat in was a large square white-washed room with a stone floor. It had no furniture except comfortable divans which ran all round the room, whereon were seated several old Turks, smoking. One of them had resided in England some years and spoke English very well; in their estimation there was nothing like the

English, all their engines in the sugar works were English made, their coal came from England, and the whole thing was managed by English engineers. After we had sat discoursing on the merits of our country for some little time, the Governor asked us if we should like to see the ghawazeh or dancing girls perform, and on our assenting, they were sent for. They were ushered in by a sort of jester, who was dressed in imitation of an Englishman and performed a variety of acrobatic feats. The dancing girls were four in number, fat and ugly, and anything but graceful. Their dancing was nothing but putting their bodies into a variety of contortions, and twisting about like snakes. After this performance was over we departed, and returned the hospitality of our host by asking him, with his friends, to visit our boat; they all accepted and soon our small cabin was full of Turks. We regaled them with cake, jam, and coffee, and showed them our revolvers and knives, all of which they admired very much and thought the English a great nation. After a very prosperous journey of eighteen days, which was wonderfully short, we arrived at the first cataract, the boundary of Egypt, and entered into the Nubian territory.

Proceeding from Assouan we arrived at Korosko, a town half-way between the first and second cataracts, and there took into our heads that we should like to try desert life, and to see what camel riding was like. We therefore determined to cross the desert and make for Abou Hamet, about ten days' journey from Korosko and about half-way between Dongola and Khartoum. After that we intended if possible to get on to Khartoum, a great town of commerce in Ethiopia, whence caravans continually started for Cairo laden with gold-dust, ostrich-eggs, and ivory.

On April 15th, 1861, Sir Samuel Baker had started for Cairo on his famous journey up the Nile. Twenty-six days afterwards he left Korosko to cross the desert, doing fifteen

hours a day through a wilderness of scorching sand and basalt rocks, with the simoon in full force, and the thermometer 140 degrees in the shade, no drinkable water en route, and a march of over eight days. It will be seen that our party started five months previous to this over the same desert, for the fun of the thing, and without preparations, for a journey across a desert which Baker and Gordon considered the worst in the Soudan. We started from Korosko on December 20th, 1860, with the two Sapienzas (our dragomen) our cook, cook's mate, and six wild-looking Bedouin Arabs (Bisharah tribe) having long castor-oil ringlets and a wooden skewer stuck through their hair to keep it in place ; their costume was a piece of cloth of goat's hair thrown carelessly over their bodies, a large sword, spear, and shield to protect themselves against robbers. Seven of our camels carried our luggage, consisting of canteen, tents, and eatables.

The country we travelled through for the first ten days was as good a specimen of a desert as is to be found anywhere. Some days it lay amongst great black rocks, which sprang up on every side in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and over which the vultures and eagles hovered, looking out for any sick camel that might be unfortunate enough to be left behind. At other times it was a vast plain stretching to the horizon before us, looking like the sea in a calm, whilst the rocks we had just left behind resembled the high cliffs that ran along the coasts. On Christmas Day we were on one of these large plains, which was as smooth and calm as a well-rolled gravel path and stretched as far as the eye could see, without the least sign of animal or vegetable life. At other times, again, our path was strewn for hundreds of miles with beautiful white marble and alabaster and pebbles of every colour, enough to satisfy the researches of the most enthusiastic geologist. Now and then beautiful clear lakes appeared in the distance ; this of course was the Mirage, so often spoken

of by travellers, and nothing could have been more calculated to deceive the thirsty wayfarer; we could actually see the rocks reflected, and small peninsulas of land jutting out into the spectral water. As we approached they vanished, and nothing was left but the arid dazzling sand and the dark repulsive-looking rocks.

We generally travelled about nine hours a day, and sometimes ten or eleven if we wanted to reach a particular spot If you ever hear people talking of the long-suffering patience of the camel, do not believe them; they have never ridden one for thirty-five days. Camels are obstinate, stupid, self-willed beasts, and never do anything you wish them to do; they roar when they have the slightest extra load upon them; they never go out of the slowest walk if they can help it; if you try to hurry them, they lie down; if you try to stop them, they turn round. We generally halted under some shady rock for half an hour at midday, and partook of a slight lunch of sardines, onions, dates, and water. Such water! I do not think I shall ever forget it. We had not brought any water barrels from Cairo, as we did not expect to leave the Nile, so at Korosko we bought thirteen very old goat-skins in which to carry water while crossing the desert. If you were to put greasy football boots into a bucket of water and leave it out in the sun for some hours, it might give you an idea of the water we had to drink. As we approached the fertile valley of the Nile, we were delighted to come across an Arab camp, where we were able to obtain from the friendly Arabs a bowl of goat's milk.

Arrived at Abou Hamet we were obliged to give up continuing our journey to Khartoum, owing to the illness of our dragoman, and also because Knox said he must get back to rejoin his regiment, which he might have told us before. It was a great disappointment to me, as we had done all the worst part of the journey and the rest of it along the banks

of the Nile would have been pleasant. There was fine tropical vegetation at Abou Hamet and we saw hippopotami and monkeys.

On January 2nd, 1861, we started on our return journey, via Dongola. Some of our route lay through portions of the desert, but the greater part was along the river Nile, where we had some charming scenery and glorious sunsets. We came also upon some small pyramids, about fourteen in number. Further on in the desert we found the remains of a large temple that had been hewn out of a solid rock. Massive stone boulders with curious devices lay strewn about the place, remains of sphinxes, capitols of temples, and tablets of hieroglyphics lay here and there; nothing remained of the temple itself but two dark, dirty-smelling chambers, on the walls of which were carved several colossal figures in relief. This temple was supposed to have been built by Thothmes IV. Near the temple were several small pyramids, remarkable for their entrances and the sculpture on the porches. I believe that these remains and others near Meroe were the site of the capital of Ethiopa, reigned over by Queen Candace, and from which the Ethiopian eunuch came who was baptised by Philip, and a very long and tedious journey he must have had.

We arrived at Meroe late in the evening, and next day received a visit from the General or Commander of the forces with his staff, all Turks, and the Sheikh of the village. The General took such a fancy to us that he paid us several visits during the day, sitting in our tent and examining our things, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could get rid of him. He was a fine old gentleman, and talked a good deal about the English in the Crimean War. He told us we should have to wait some days for camels, so we determined to hire a common Barabras boat and to go to Dongola that way. These boats were used for conveying doura, or Indian corn,

and had no cabins, and nothing which could be called a deck.

There was not much to see in Meroe itself, but as I was strolling about I suddenly came upon my friend, the General, sitting outside his house, smoking his pipe. He invited me to sit down by his side, and whilst I was there several soldiers rode up, and after saluting, they all sat round. I believe they were Bashi-Bazouks, and a more uncouth lot I have never met. Attired in every sort of costume, their belts filled with great pistols and knives, they had dark fierce-looking eyes, swarthy countenances, and black shaggy moustaches; the greatest ruffian I ever saw on the stage was a joke to them. However, we all smoked and drank coffee together and they, I presume, discussed me, as I often heard the "Ingleez" mentioned. I must say I was glad to get away from such company.

Early next day we struck the tents, but did not manage to get off till about two, as the General paid us a long visit. We went on board our boats and were pretty closely packed. I stowed myself at night amongst the tents and baggage. We spent six days in this boat en route to Dongola.

On the early morning of January 15th we arrived there and found it to be a larger place than any we had seen since leaving Cairo. The Governor's house looked quite grand in the distance, surrounded by fine trees and with the soldiers' barracks in front. We found the Governor, who was quite a great man in Dongola, in a large hall seated on an ottoman, smoking his huge silver narghilé. He was a fine old fellow and received us very courteously. On his right sat his interpreter and some of his staff. He asked us many questions about England, but our conversation was rather limited as he did not know Arabic, and all he said was repeated by his interpreter to our dragoman and by him to us. On our asking him if the soldiers were ever reviewed, he said that it was not

usual, but for us he would have a review next day. We thanked him very much, and after coffee and pipes and an interview with the Sheikh of the Cameliers about providing us with camels, we retired.

Next morning we found an officer had come down to inform us that a review would take place in half an hour. We made haste over breakfast and found Arab steeds, each led by a soldier, and having richly comparisoned saddles with holsters and silver-mounted pistols, sent for our use by the Bey. We each picked out our steed and were soon mounted, except C., who had not come out of the tent and had not seen the vicious little black horse that awaited him. We had not gone far, however, before his horse began kicking and rearing, and finally broke away from the man who held him and came galloping hard toward us. The men tried in vain to catch him ; he knocked two of them down, nearly kicked K. who tried to get near him, placed his fore legs on Holland's shoulders, kicked my horse twice in the ribs, one nearly catching my leg, and finally galloped in front of us, and was only kept from doing more damage by the soldiers throwing dust at him and so keeping him off. Poor C. was thus deprived of his mount and had to walk to the review.

On arriving at the scene of action we found the Bey seated in state, a large retinue around him, amongst whom we found our old friend the Governor of Meroe. We had places of honour near the Bey, and after saluting him and some of the others, we took our seats and watched the review. In front were about a hundred infantry, composed of men of all shades of complexion, from the sallow Turk to the black native of Soudan, all of whom were in white with fezes. I cannot say much for their evolutions, and the interpreter who was next to us seemed to think they were very bad, for he kept excusing them by saying they were mostly recruits.

Every time there was any firing all the women in the crowd that were looking on uttered tremendous cries, which I was told was one of the customs of the country. The amusing part was yet to come. On the left of the infantry was a small detachment of cameliers, consisting of a number of the wildest looking men, dressed in no particular costume, but each one as he fancied, all, however, with naked legs. They were mounted on swift dromedaries such as were used in quelling revolts in the mountains. Each camelier took a soldier behind him; then charged at full gallop, firing their long guns and pistols as they went. Two of them came together rather violently, and one was sent flying over; after this charge the cavalry next appeared, consisting of about fifty Bashi-Bazouks. A course was cleared for them, and then an amusing and friendly contest took place. They were divided into two parties and ranged themselves opposite each other, each carrying a light jareed. A man would dash out from his company and hurl the jareed at one of his opponents, whereupon one from the opposite side would gallop out after him and try and hit him with his jareed; however, if he got back to his company he was safe. They managed their steeds with much dexterity as they hurled the jareed at one another. We thanked the Bey for his interesting entertainment and asked him to come and visit our tents. We had only just returned and were having a meal, when, in the middle of it, we had a visit from the two colonels who had reviewed the troops in the morning. We offered them some of our humble fare, namely, rice and honey, which they partook freely of, and we complimented them on the admirable way their soldiers had worked, and the pleasure they had afforded us. In the afternoon, we had intimation that the Bey was coming, and accordingly, we got our tent a little into order and put down two Turkish carpets which we had with us. We were quite taken aback by the grand procession

we saw in the distance. First came a guard of honour, consisting of six soldiers, then came the Bey riding a prancing steed, accompanied by his interpreter, and a black General, who had commanded the troops in the Soudan for twenty years. Several more of his staff accompanied him and behind them on a donkey came his pipe bearer, carrying his huge silver narghilé, and on another donkey was a fat boy who handed him his coffee. Altogether it was a most imposing spectacle, and we went out to receive him with due honour. Our small tent was soon filled with this distinguished company drinking coffee and praising the English. We told them all about Armstrong's guns and rifles, and the wonders they could perform. They expressed astonishment, but the Bey rather startled us by saying, amongst other wonderful things, that he could split a bullet a hundred yards off and that both halves would weigh exactly equal. After stopping some time they all took their departure, much to our relief, as our conversation and wondrous tales were coming to an end. Next day we took the camels again to convey us to Wady Halfa.

We had sixteen camels, a guide, eight camel drivers, and two boys ; these camel drivers were much more civilised than the last lot and were dressed quite smartly.

The last eight days of the journey were very trying ; a strong, cold, north wind got up which seemed to go right through one ; the camel drivers were benumbed by it, and we had a great deal of work to stir them up in the morning. Old Sapienza was quite ill and so was our cook, and unable to cook for us. Consequently young Sapienza had to do all the work. One of the camels also fell ill and had to be left behind. We were very anxious, therefore, to reach our boat. Moreover, Sapienza's camel fell with him and he sprained his ankle, so that we were altogether in a wretched condition. At last our journey was nearly ended, and we found ourselves

in sight of the second cataract. From the summit of the mountain Jebel Berkel we saw the palm trees of Wady Halfa, beneath which our dear old boat lay; at our feet and to the right and left of us was the second cataract itself, dashing for two or three miles amongst the rocks. After cutting our names on the rock, we hurried our camels on as fast as we could, and at length reached our boat. Here we were met by all our crew, who rushed forward toward us, shook our hands, and laughed and were evidently pleased to see us; it was really quite affecting. The pilot, a capital fellow, actually embraced us after the Mohammedan fashion. We were like boys returning home from school. We had thoroughly enjoyed our expedition, but the last seven or eight days had been rather rough, what with sick people, sick camels, and cold weather.

We had been absent from our boat for about five weeks, and had seen a good deal of the country that was not usually visited by travellers.

Many boats had arrived at Wady Halfa during our absence, and the occupants of them had been very curious to know as to what had become of us and whither we had gone.

As soon as we had got everything in order, we started down the Nile. There are a great many remains of temples between the first and second cataract, but very few of any size or importance. By far the best is Abou-Symbol or Ibsambul, as it is commonly called, which is one of the best specimens of a temple on the Nile. It is excavated out of the rocks and is dedicated to the God of the Sun. Four colossal figures of Rameses II guard the entrance; there are copies of them in the Crystal Palace, which give some idea of their size, but no idea of their grandeur and fine colossal sculpture, as they sit with a mountain for their armchair, looking down benignly on the rest of creation, with the Nile flowing at their feet. The inside of the temple is wholly dark, and one has to examine

it by torchlight. The great hall is supported on each side by five giants as pillars, reaching up to the ceiling. Passing between these monsters you come to a second hall supported by a square column, and afterwards you reach the inmost shrine, at the end of which are seated the four deities—Kneph, the ram-headed god; Hera, god of the sun; hawk-headed Osiris, and Ammon; in front of them is an altar. The other temples of interest are Guerf Hassan, very similar to Ibsambul, though not as fine, and Dakké, a small but very beautiful little temple built by one of the Ethiopian kings. There are also sculptures of the time of the Romans. I noticed there were fresco-paintings over the ancient sculptures of the Apostles and Virgin, showing the temple must have been used by the Christians as a church at some time or other. I must say, Philæ, though certainly very fine, did not come up to my expectations. The view of it as you approach from the first cataract, and come suddenly on the island, is the best; with the noble temple standing forth, the rocks on the mainland jutting out into the river. The island itself was literally covered with ruins, and with the exception of a few palm trees that grew on the edge of the water, it was entirely destitute of vegetation. There is scarcely a foot of ground on the whole island that has not got some hieroglyphic stones, capitals of pillars, or crude bricks on it. I have no doubt that it is greatly changed now, and trust for the better. The view from the top of the temple is very grand. On the one side is the Nubian country with a range of mountains coming close down to the river, and leaving little space for the cultivation of the land; on the other side is the fertile country of Egypt, separated from Nubia by the cataract which dashes amongst the rocks below.

Coming up the cataract was less exciting than going down, as the water is against you, and the progress much slower.

A cataract is a succession of rapids caused by the water dashing between the rocks; each rapid is called a gate, and there are about five or six gates in the first cataract, though only one of any importance. Our boat was lugged up through each of these gates by about sixty or seventy Nubians, who all shouted and yelled and gesticulated like so many fiends. They were commanded by an old fellow called the Sheik of the Cataract. We knocked twice against the rocks going up, and were delayed some time in the cataract in mending the leak, which was slight.

Coming down the cataract was very different. No ropes were used, and everything depended on the hard rowing of the crew, and the accurate steering of the pilot, who, on this occasion, was assisted by two other men.

The first gate was not very difficult, and we glided down it easily; the second one, however, was quite different, and much stiffer than we had expected. We had not seen it before, as we had ascended the cataract another way. The water was rushing, foaming, and roaring between two lofty rocks, and the passage was so narrow that there was only just room for the oars on each side of the boat. About a hundred yards beyond, facing us, were some large rocks, ready to receive us if the steersman or rowers failed in their duty. As we approached the gates, there were three Nubians to each of the ten oars, who rowed for their lives, whilst the others assisted the pilot; the rest rushed about gesticulating and yelling out orders which were drowned by the roaring of the water that dashed over the prow. In this way we darted down the rapids at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. The most dangerous part was soon over, but the ugly-looking rock facing us had to be avoided, and the pilot and rowers had to turn the boat almost at right angles to do this. The boat kept straight on, and, then, losing their heads, the steersmen hesitated, the directors yelled out orders in vain and

dashed their turbans from their heads in sign of fear. The rock awaited us; in another moment, bang up against it we came, and two big holes were knocked in the boat, through which the water rushed freely. Confusion followed, the Nubians appeared stupefied; old Sapienza, ill in bed, thinking he was going to be drowned, was carried out trembling and placed on the rock. Portmanteaus, stores, and canteen had to be got out. After clearing the boat of everything, we set our crew to work baling out and took off our coats to help them. After two hours' hard work, we managed to patch up the hole and to continue our journey and get as far as Assouan, about three miles off.

The next gate we went through was a pretty good one, but half-way down we scraped twice on the rocks and nearly had a worse mishap than the last. After we got through the cataract, the Nubians tried to leave us to get on to Assouan as best we could. This we prevented, and told them as they had got us into the mess they would have to get us out. As we supported our arguments with our hide whips they thought it best not to object, and in a short time we reached Assouan, in rather a bad plight. Here we found we should have to stay two or three days, as our boat had been terribly knocked about. At Assouan we found that poor Cave's funeral was just over and all the boats had their flags half-mast. W. Morrison and his companions called on us in the afternoon; he had had a great deal of trouble with the governor and the people about the arrangements for the funeral. The governor had put both sailors into prison who were with Cave when he was drowned, because they had not stopped him from jumping into the cataract, which he was determined to do, saying that he could swim in the cataract as well as any Nubian.

We left Assouan on February 11th, passed Edfou and Esneh and reached Luxor, where we found Tennant and Jamieson, Lord Londesborough, who came especially to shoot geese,

and a Scotch party; Holdesworth and Henneage, Alfred Denison, Arther Talbot, and O'Brien, Sir R. Wilmot, and many others. We soon made the acquaintance of most of the people, pitched our tents on the shore, got old Mustapha Aga, the English Consular Agent, to provide jareeds and horses, and so were able to give an entertainment to all the company, including the Turkish Governor and the Consular Agent.

In the evening Denison, Talbot, and O'Brien dined with us. Denison, brother of the Speaker, was collecting antiquities and had that day bought a huge mummy case from Mustapha Aga, from which he expected great things. He was going to open it next day and asked us to be present at the ceremony. It was to be strictly private and no one else was to be admitted besides Mustapha and ourselves. Many were the conjectures as to what hidden treasures might be brought to light, what pounds' weight of gold, what amethyst and scarabæi. Denison had paid Mustapha the large sum of £50 and expected to get something for his money. The mummy was that of a lady of high rank, as the case containing it showed. The first case was painted all over with hieroglyphics, whilst the representation of a lady's head, very well painted, was at one end. The second case had another likeness but no hieroglyphics, and the third case was like the second Then came the anxious moment as the case was lifted up, and we beheld the lady in her swaddling clothes. Low on her bosom were three bars of gold and a large blue scarabæus; at least we thought so, and old Mustapha rushed up and almost embraced Denison; the latter also looked delighted. But, alas! those demonstrations of joy were premature, the gold bars were nothing but plaster sticks gilded over, as also the scarabæus. Still there might be richer treasures on the lady beneath the swaddling clothes—rings on her fingers, necklaces or bracelets. So the next thing was to unwrap her Bandage after bandage of what was once fine linen still in first-rate preservation was

unwound and still we did not get to the body. At last, after about three or four hundred yards of this stuff had been taken off, the body made its appearance. Pieces of cloth which covered the head and neck were removed but no necklaces were found, and the arms and hands showed no bracelets or rings. The whole body was searched but not a single scarabæus was found to reward the enthusiastic owner of the mummy. The wretched old lady had a splendid coffin made for her and I suppose that was considered sufficient by her mourning relatives. Denison thought that as the lady had no jewels deposited with her, the gentleman who was discovered in the same tomb with her must have got them all. So a bargain was entered into with Mustapha for the other case, which was much smaller and not so handsome, but on opening it not even a painted stick or scarabæus met their eyes. The gentleman had evidently met with an untimely end and his bones had been collected and wrapped loosely in bandages without the customary honours. Thus ended a very expensive morning's work for poor Denison. After this we all started off for Thebes, getting horses the other side of the water to take us to Medinet Haboo. On our way we stopped to look at the two mighty Colossi that sit towering fifty feet above the plain ; the easternmost one of these was the vocal Memnon ; there are the prostrate remains of other Colossi lying about. Leaving them behind we rode on through Medinet Haboo, where we found the Marchants, the Abercrombies, and others, and we all had luncheon together.

The great Temple of Medinet Haboo is very fine and is of the time of Rameses III.

Thebes is a glorious place, crowded with ruins, colossal statues, obelisks and tombs ; what a zealous temple hunter and student of hieroglyphics would take months to examine we tried to do in four days, so that we got a confused notion of the whole. There was that glorious Karnach, the greatest

ruin in the world, with its grand hall the roof of which is upheld by 134 gigantic columns, the largest of which are 47 feet high, all beautifully sculptured with the Nile-grown papyrus plant for capitals. The oldest part of this beautiful temple dates back between three and four thousand years, and since then it has been continually added to by Egyptians.

The tombs of the kings are wonderful. Belzoni's is the great one, and the paintings in it look as fresh as if they had been lately done, instead of a thousand years back. The unfinished drawings on the walls give one a great idea of the way they drew in those days; there is the rough line of the inferior artist who drew the figure in red paint, then came the sweeping bold outline of the artist who corrected any errors the other might have made. The Harper's tomb, as it is called, is very interesting, illustrating the customs and habits of the people as it does. Bands of music and singers are all beautifully depicted on the walls.

The night before we left, we dined with Mr. Hoskins, the author of the well-known standard work upon Ethiopia. He was the companion of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, who wrote his work upon Egypt at the same time, and in those days, he told us, the cost of travelling was about five shillings a day. He had heard of our travels, and sent for us in order to hear our account. We found him a very agreeable old gentleman, but he usually kept himself shut up in his boat, seldom seeing any strangers. We gave him a fine account of our Ethiopian journey and answered his many questions. He told us he regretted not having seen us before we started, as he would have given us several hints. After dinner, M. K. and I went to see Morrison, who, we found, was just starting with Mustapha Aga for Keneh. We tried to persuade him to stop until the next morning, when we said we would accompany him, but he could not do so. Whilst we were talking to him,

by some mistake the boat moved off, and before we knew where we were, we had left Luxor far behind. This was rather an awkward predicament. However, we thought as we had come so far, we might as well go on to Keneh, so we lay down on the divans and were soon fast asleep, much to the amusement of Morrison and his friends.

Passing over many places of interest such as Dendara, Ballileh, Abydus, Sioot, and Licopolis, we found ourselves once more at our old quarters in Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo.

Of course we had to pay a visit to the pyramids. We were advised by some of the Indian passengers, who had been insulted by the Arabs, not to go without a military guard, but we replied that we could take very good care of ourselves, and so we started, a small party. On arriving we were beset by Arabs, who offered their services as guides. We selected half a dozen and they were prepared to pull and push us up the old Cheops Pyramid, but we declined their help, and climbed up the big stones unaided. When we reached the top they got round us, asking for baksheesh, which we said we would give when we got back to the base, and as they assumed a somewhat threatening air, we flourished our whips, and gave them to understand we would hurl them down the pyramid if they did not stop their threats at once.

Then one of them said he would run down one pyramid and up the other. Fred Holland, who was a Cambridge athlete, undertook to do it also, and this inspired them with respect for our party and they became quite civil.

CHAPTER IV

MORE TRAVELS

SINAI—PALESTINE—THE LEBANON—DRUSES AND MARONITES—DAMASCUS—MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS—BEYROUT—CONSTANTINOPLE—ATHENS

WE left Cairo on March 13th and went by rail to Suez, where we met Sir Thomas and Lady Tobin, who had started some time before. We arrived at Ayun Musa, about two hours from Suez. This is supposed to be the place where the Israelites stopped after crossing the Red Sea, and from whence they watched the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts, and where doubtless Miriam sang her song of praise.

Morrison and Henneage, who had accompanied us thus far, bade us farewell and returned to Cairo, whilst we mounted our camels and turned their heads towards Elim, or Shur, to follow the journey of the children of Israel. We felt quite at home on our camels, and certainly they were superior to the Nubian ones, and had respectable riding saddles with fine trappings of plaited leather and shells. Our Arabs, too, were quite different; they belonged to the Towara tribe, and their own particular clan was the Sawalihah. They all carry a gun or sword, and powder of their own manufacture. The country we passed through was sand and gravel as hard as a carriage road; on our left was the Jebel Rahah, and on our right we now and then caught sight of the sea, with the mountains of Apaka and Deraj.

Our tents were pitched in a most delightful spot in the

Wady Gharundal, amidst palm, wild broom, and acacia. The encampment looked very picturesque in the evening, with the Arabs collected round their fires, telling tales to one another and occasionally singing some song.

Our caravan consisted of Sir Thomas and Lady Tobin and their dragoman, a servant, cook, and guide, and thirteen camel drivers. Then there were four of ourselves, our dragoman, cook, servant, guide, and fifteen camel drivers, making a caravan of over forty persons. The Arabs were a good lot of fellows, honest, and good-natured. The great thing in travelling over this desert was the knowledge that every place is full of interest, and even if the spots were not perhaps identical with those of the Scriptures, it was interesting to pick out the route as we went along.

To mention all the different places of interest, such as Dophah, Lalush, Rephidim, and many others, and to discuss their connection with the wanderings of the Israelites, would occupy far too much time. It seemed to me, however, that the Plain of Elkaa, of vast extent and capable of containing any number of people, must have been the site of the battle with the Amalekites, whilst Moses might have sat on one of the rocks with outstretched arms overlooking the whole of the desert, with Aaron and Hur supporting him on his right hand and left.

As we encamped opposite Wady Hibran, which some considered to be the true Rephidim, and I sat outside my tent watching the changing shadows of the many-peaked Gebel Serbal, the colour of that mountain in the glorious sunset was one of the grandest things I ever saw ; such colours as it is impossible for pen to describe or artist to paint.

Here we left the regular traveller's route and continued south down the plains of El Kaa with the grand Sinaitic range on our left. One of our objects was to visit the Gebel Nakhous, or the Bell Mountain. The musical part of it is

hardly on the mountain itself. A steep declivity of the finest sand lies between two lofty granite cliffs; and beneath this seems to be a layer of limestone. On the sand being disturbed by someone running or sliding over it, it comes pouring down the declivity and produces the most extraordinary sound, somewhat resembling the loud peal of an organ when a deep note has been touched. The vibration also caused by the sound is as great as that of an organ. The Moslem tradition is that a Christian place of worship was formerly situated here, and that the Frank dogs having displeased the Almighty the church was swallowed up in the mountain, and these sounds were the bell calling the priests to mass.

Having passed through the village of Tur, almost the only inhabited place in Sinai, we rode along the sandy plain of El Kaa, the heat being intense. After some time we turned into the mountains and had a variety of rocky scenery.

Before long we caught a glimpse of the Red Sea lying in front of us, and we knew then we were approaching the end of the Peninsula. We entered a small wady that had been formed by a mountain torrent, but which looked just like a good carriage road.

Suddenly, in all its grandeur, appeared the open sea, into which jutted Ras Mohammed, tapering to a fine point; altogether a lovely spot, little visited by travellers, and here we pitched our tents.

In the small bay the water was like clear crystal, in which the most beautiful and curious fishes of every description were swimming about, striped brown and white, like zebras, others brown and yellow, scarlet with white spots or piebald, whilst at the bottom was coral of every colour like a beautiful garden parterre, lilac, red, white, black. I dived down and brought some up, which, however, faded shortly after being exposed to the air. We climbed up to the top of Ras Mohammed, and had a good view of the Gulf of Suez on the one

side, and on the other the Gulf of Akaba, with its islands, whilst in front lay the Red Sea itself washing the rock on which we stood, and stretching away to the horizon without any visible boundary. Leaving Ras Mohammed we turned north, and our route lay for some time amongst the mountains; we journeyed along deep ravines formed by winter torrents, and on each side were granite rocks one above the other; occasionally a break occurred in them, and one caught sight of ranges of hills stretching far back and towering one above the other, all of different shades of colours, yellow, then green, then red, whilst the furthest in this grand perspective was of a beautiful lilac colour with a soft film or haze like a veil over it. The same grand scenery continued, and as we passed through the Wady Khydd, there was a good deal of granite and rose-coloured feldspar, the latter being the stone that is found in such quantities at Petra, and gives a peculiar effect to that place. It is curious that so few travellers have taken this route.

On March 28th we encamped just opposite the ravine that leads to the convent about a mile off. No tidings of the messenger whom Sir Thomas had dispatched to Petra; this looked bad, as, if he did not turn up that day or the next, all hopes of reaching the land of Petra would be at an end.

Next morning we started for the convent in order to get a guide to take us to the famous Gebel Mousa and other mountains. After waiting some little time, an old Greek porter came and conducted us through some small iron doors to the interior of the convent. We paid our respects to the Superior, a young man, very polite, but evidently very illiterate, who hardly knew a word of Arabic, and no other language except his native tongue. We just looked into the library, which contained valuable old manuscripts. They showed us an old illuminated edition of the Gospels in Greek. After this we took a guide with us and started off for Gebel Mousa. The

ascent begins from the walls of the convent, and is easy but wearisome, being up a countless number of rough steps. The mountain is a little over two thousand feet above the convent. On the way we passed a tableland, on which was a small lake ; here there is a chapel dedicated to Elijah and built over a cave in which he was supposed to have hidden when he fled from the wrath of Jezebel. Having reached the summit we had a fine view of the lofty mountains on all sides, there being very little flat land except the small valley of Wady Sebaiyeh. Anyone viewing the scant amount of plain below and the situation of Gebel Serbel, shut in as it is on all sides, would be led to agree with Robinson, Stanley, Water, and the more modern writers, that this cannot be the Mount Sinai where Moses received the written laws from the hand of the Almighty.

The convent was a large, rambling building ; the chief entrance being up through a trap-door about thirty feet from the ground, through this you were hauled by a stout rope. There were about twenty monks, all dirty, lazy, and half-witted ; they received us, however, hospitably. The principal thing to see was the Church of the Transfiguration. This was certainly gorgeous, the walls were covered with pictures, and the mosaic in the roof representing the Transfiguration was most beautiful. There was a good deal of silver and inlaid tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl in the chancel. Adjoining the chancel was the small Chapel of the Burning Bush. Before entering it we had to take off our shoes, for the place was holy ground. The spot where the Bush was supposed to have been was covered with silver, and lamps were kept continuously burning there. Many were the places of interest all round Sinai, and I am afraid little faith was to be placed in the monks or Arabs concerning them. They showed the rock which Moses struck ; the pit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram ; the spot where Aaron made the golden calf. This was all

very well, but they went so far as to point out the impression of Moses's back on Mount Sinai, the mould of the golden calf's head, the hoof-mark of the camel ridden by Mohammed on his flying visit from Jerusalem to Mecca ; in fact, they became so utterly ridiculous that one could not be expected to believe a word they said. However, it is not these little matters that interest one at Sinai, it is the whole place, every mountain and every valley with which such great events were connected, for we know that on one of the mountains before us God deigned to make Himself manifest to man. We know that all the air was filled with thunder and lightning and the voice of the Almighty, and that the people of the vast plain beneath, the people of Israel, trembled as they beheld the glory of God resting on the top of yonder peaks—all these associations have a thrilling interest such as those only who have been on the spot can experience. From Sinai we took a circuitous route in order to see Wady Feiran, the oasis of the Sinaitic desert and the paradise of the Bedouins. It certainly was most refreshing to see luxuriant vegetation, tamarisk, and the nubk. Through the valley trickled a beautiful stream such as we had not seen since we left Egypt. However, for a good description of Feiran as well as other parts of Sinai read Stanley. Between Sinai and Feiran we had an Arab dinner given us by Sheikh Em Barrouck. We reached this camp about three o'clock, but could not dine before sunset as during the month of Ramadan no morsel of bread nor drop of water, not even the soothing pipe, may enter the lips of the true Mussulman from sunrise to sunset. When the sun had set behind the distant hills, we all repaired to the Sheikh's tent, which was made of camel's and goat's hair and open on one side. There was a sort of curtain hung across the middle to separate the harem from the rest of the tent. In front of the tent was a large wood fire, over which was suspended a cauldron. Sir Thomas and his lady and our four selves sat

in a semicircle in the tent, and chibouques and coffee were soon served. After this had gone on for some time and compliments had been exchanged, we were told dinner was ready, and water was brought for our ablutions. Lady Tobin was shown into the harem part of the tent, where she was to dine with the ladies ; our dinner soon appeared, and consisted of a wooden bowl of pillaf, or rice and sour milk, which was placed in the middle of the party, whilst a smaller bowl, containing big lumps of mutton, was handed to each individual together with a sort of oatmeal cake and a bunch of dates. We all set to, putting our hand in the bowl and taking out great lumps of rice, which we ate with dollops of mutton. After dinner ablutions again and a repetition of chibouques and coffee ; the latter was delicious, as the berry is brought by the pilgrims from Mocha and they make a point of never roasting it before it is wanted for use. Our road from Sinai was a very dreary one all through the wilderness of Eltia, a bleak, desolate plateau. The only habitation we came across was the fortress of Nakhul, where we had to stop two days to get fresh camels, and a more dreary scorching place does not exist. It is a square turreted castle without a tree or any vegetation in sight, where a wretched Turkish Governor and a handful of soldiers were placed to protect the Mecca pilgrims from the assaults of the Bedouins. The country first began to change a little before we got to Beersheba, and soon flowers and shrubs covered the ground : at Beersheba were two wells of delicious water, the same probably that Abraham dug and that Isaac's servants contended for. At Dhonyeh, between Beersheba and Hebron, we were to have changed camels again, as we entered the territory of a fresh tribe, but we found that the inhabitants, having killed the Governor and the soldiers, had fled to the mountains and that the place was deserted.

At Hebron we had an interview with the venerable old

Bedouin Sheikh, Hanzeh by name, who would have persuaded us to visit Petra under his sole escort and protection. As will be gathered, we had failed entirely to persuade the wild Arabs of Petra to allow us to visit their country. What we had failed in had been accomplished only a short month before by our fellow traveller, Captain Knox, who had left us in Cairo in order to pay a hurried visit to Jerusalem before he left for England to join his regiment. Finding he had a few days to spare he determined to hasten to Petra, climbed quickly to the summit of Mount Hor, to gain a momentary glance at Aaron's tomb, and rushed down again and back with fastest speed to Hebron. These are a few extracts from a letter he wrote to Lady T. on the subject of his extraordinary journey.

"I only regret," said he, "that you were not so lucky as I was about Petra. It is a magnificent remnant of the past, and I would gladly go through twice the fatigue to find myself once again among its ruins.

"The first day was a very long one; nineteen hours without stopping, in all we were 136 hours away from Hebron, and out of that time we were 108 hours either walking or riding. We took nothing with us but some rice and a bag of coffee; and the last day we walked sixteen hours in the heaviest rain I ever knew, reaching Hebron at 6.30 p.m. without any of our Arabs; the next morning, when we left, only one of the camels and two men arrived. I was quite happy we had succeeded, notwithstanding that everybody had said it was impossible we could do it in the time."

After a terribly rough journey of many hours and great heat, and nothing to eat but rice and coffee, the party started at a quarter before six, on the fifth day, accompanied by a Petra Arab whom they had brought with them; and after a stiff walk of three and a half hours reached the summit of Mount Hor. Here again I quote from the journal:

"The view from Mount Hor was most magnificent; we saw Aaron's tomb, and in half an hour we had got down the ravine which leads direct to Petra. Here we found Ali and the camel. Moutlouk, our Petra Arab, proposed that we should leave the camels, and that we ourselves should walk on into the famous city by another pass, but very little frequented. As we were exploring the narrow glen, passing quietly along in Indian file, Moutlouk, who was in front, threw himself suddenly on his face, an example we all followed immediately, and made signs to go back at once, saying he saw the Arabs coming toward us. Our luck in having a whole day to ourselves among the ruins without disturbance from the Bedouins was very great. We soon rejoined our camels and started off again, determined to put as much ground between us and the lawless Arabs of Petra as we possibly could manage. When we reached our last night's camping place we wanted to stop, but at any price old Ali would not have it, saying that the Arabs would assuredly find us and that we should have our throats cut. So we pushed on four hours longer. Ali now said the Arabs could not track us in the dark, he therefore thought we might encamp. Our dinner of a little boiled rice and a cup of coffee we enjoyed much, as we had been continually on the move from 5 a.m. until 11 p.m. without tasting a single morsel. . . .

"On the seventh day we were awoke by rain coming down in torrents, got up quickly and started without anything to eat; we toiled on all the morning and did not get to Abou Dahouk's camp until eleven; we sat for half an hour by the fire, but not a morsel of provision could we have. We therefore started off again on foot, and arrived at Hebron at half-past six. O'Brien and Ali were extremely tired. In the course of the night, one of the camels and two of our Arabs arrived, all the others lay down dead beat. Such a day's work I never met with before; the rain was pouring down in torrents without

ceasing for a moment, accompanied by a bitterly cold wind. We awoke next morning very much invigorated by a good dinner, having been able to procure a kid. After living for six days entirely upon rice and coffee, meat was particularly acceptable. Ali had engaged some horses for us, and off we started for Jerusalem, in high spirits at having so nearly finished our undertaking, which, although we were amply repaid by the extreme beauty of Petra, had in itself been anything but luxurious. Our clothes were still very damp from the soaking rain the previous day; however, the sun was shining brightly, and although the wind was very cold, we hoped ere long we should be warm and comfortable. But no! After an hour had passed, the rain came on again, the ground was very slippery, and our thin clothes saturated with rain made us feel so miserable and chilly that we determined to gallop hard, even at the hazard of our necks. Spatterdy! Dasherby! Crash! away we went for a mile, when my horse, putting his foot into a hole, came down an awful header! He could go no further. I told O'Brien to ride on, and send a horse back to me the moment he should reach Jerusalem; but, in galloping down the next hill, his horse fell also and broke its neck. Once more, both of us were reduced to our own legs. And so we proceeded onward, not cheerily, perhaps, but steadily, and walked into the Mediterranean Hotel just as the people were sitting down to dinner. General Valiant, who always said we should accomplish our trip within the given time, had asked the Consul and his wife to dine with him, and I was very glad to find them there, as they never would believe we could return so punctually. . . ."

From Hebron we took horses and bade farewell to our camels, which had carried us so long across the desert. A short distance from Hebron we were shown Abraham's oak at Mamre, beneath which his tent was pitched and where he enter-

tained angels unawares. Between Hebron and Bethlehem we saw the pools of Solomon, three immense reservoirs, partly excavated from the rock and partly built of stones, and bearing marks of great antiquity. At Bethlehem we visited the Church of the Nativity, which is enclosed in the Convent and contains the spot where our Saviour was born. The church is very fine, and is covered with marble and decorated with countless silver lamps. Within the church is the grotto of the Nativity, to which we ascended by a small flight of steps. Here a silver plate shows the exact spot, so they say, of the birth, and a little further on there is a marble trough, the site of the manger, and also an altar where the Magi stood, the whole lit up with splendid lamps and the air perfumed with incense. Bethlehem is a pretty village, situated on a hill, and no place I had yet seen interested me so much.

We first saw Jerusalem from a large convent, situated on the top of a hill, about a quarter of an hour from the city. The first view of the holy city must leave impressions on the mind of every traveller which it would be difficult to efface. Since then I have seen it from every quarter, both inside and out, but no view, except that from the Mount of Olives, was so interesting to me.

We usually preferred to live in tents rather than the hotels in the city, and had pitched our tents outside the walls of Jerusalem, but as I was suffering from a slight sunstroke, and heavy rain came on, I thought it best to go to the hotel for the night.

After dinner I went into the city before the gates were closed, and as it was dusk I carried a Chinese lantern with me which, unfortunately, was blown out. I saw the guard approaching, a small officer and two small soldiers with big bayonets: I had an Algerian blanket, which covered me from head to foot. The guard stopped me, and I showed them that my lantern had gone out, and asked them to give me a light.

The officer gave a command, and the two little soldiers came one on each side of me to march me off, I presume, to prison. I threw my blanket off and was prepared to knock all three of them down, when the officer, looking at me, cried out, "Engleez, Engleez!" and they scuttled away much to my amusement.

The view from my window at the hotel was very fine. In front of me stood out conspicuously the splendid Mosque of Omar, the most magnificent building in modern Jerusalem. Close by it was the Mosque of El Ahra; these both stand in a large court, and the whole enclosure of El Haram covers a space of about thirty-five acres. We were fortunate to get permission the day before to go all over it; it is supposed to cover the site of the Temple. Just behind this mosque rises the Mount of Olives with the Chapel of the Ascension, whilst the side of the mount is dotted with olive trees. It seems to rise abruptly from the Court of the Mosque, whereas in reality the valley of Jehoshaphat, or the Brook Kedron, divides Mount Moriah from the Mount of Olives. Just to the left of the mosque, beyond it, is St. Stephen's gate, and part of the walls of the city; behind this rises the Hill of Scopus, from which the best view of the city is obtained. Close here, to my left, was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which has caused much war and discussion. To the right of the Mount of Olives is the Mount of Prophets, and far away I could see the mountains on the other side of the Jordan. It would be impossible for me to go into every detail concerning all I saw, the chief object of interest being the Holy Sepulchre, where they show where our Lord was buried. This belonged to the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches, who all hated each other thoroughly, and the noise therein proceeded from all the three Churches singing at once, trying to drown each others' voices. A Turkish guard was placed in the porch to keep order among these Christian representatives at Jeru-

salem! The dome was in a disgraceful condition; it was raining hard when I was there, and the rain came through.

The Garden of Gethsemane was just at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and was beautifully kept by a venerable old gardener in the employ of the Armenian Church. It is a retired quiet spot surrounded by high walls. The old man seemed to take a great delight in keeping it in good order. Close by was a small chapel called the Church of Agony, where our Lord was said to have passed those fearful moments on the eve of His death. Next to this was a handsome church where the remains of the Virgin Mary were said to have been buried. There also was the spot where the Lord was betrayed by Judas, and the spot where the disciples slept when Christ was praying; ascending the hill at the back of the garden you soon reached the summit of the Mount of Olives, which, to my mind, is far the most interesting place about Jerusalem, and it is unfettered by the discussions and doubts of wise men. Here one knows was the favourite resort of our Blessed Saviour; here He looked down on the city and wept over it. To this spot He often resorted with His disciples and taught the people, and this was the last place He visited before His death. As one looked down on the fine Mosque of Omar, with its spacious green court, one could picture to oneself the magnificent temple which once filled that space, and which the disciples pointed out to our Lord as so beautiful. We also visited the Via Dolorosa, up which our Saviour is said to have toiled, bearing the cross on which He was to be nailed; the Tower of David, the Grande Mosque, and the walls of the city, the Armenian Convent, the Tombs of the Kings, the Grotto of Jeremiah, the Pools of Siloam, Bethesda, and Hezekiah, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, besides many other places, which I have not space to describe. The pleasant little village of Bethany we also visited, situated just the other side of the

Mount of Olives, and there we were shown the tomb of Lazarus, and the house of Mary and Martha.

Our visit to Jericho and the Jordan was made in company with the chief pilgrims, who numbered two or three thousand, all on their way to bathe in the Jordan. It was one of the most extraordinary sights I ever witnessed, and I would not have missed it for a great deal. At the Greek Easter thousands of pilgrims come from all quarters by sea and land to bathe in the Jordan, mostly Russians of the humbler classes. The road down to Jericho, when we went, was crowded with them, some on horses, others on donkeys, and whole families on the backs of camels, the husband and wife being suspended on each side in sort of panniers, and the small children stuck between them on the top of the camel. There seemed to be a great number of old women and many babies, for by taking the children when they are young a toilsome journey is saved them in after life. A large escort of soldiers accompanied them to guard them from the attacks of the roving Bedouins, for the road from Jerusalem to Jericho was just as much infested by robbers as it was in the time of our Lord, and it was only the day before we arrived that the baggage mules of an English party were attacked, and everything taken away from them, while their dragoman and cook were much knocked about.

Arrived at Jericho all the pilgrims encamped, being packed very close in small tents. Next morning at 4 o'clock they started for the Jordan, and we went with them. Arrived at the river they rushed into the water, and many would have gone frantically out of their depth, had it not been for the guards who were placed to keep order amongst them. Aged men, who could not walk, were carried and dipped three times in the water, and small children, much against their will, were well ducked. After the bathing, they filled their bottles with water, cut sticks from the trees that grew near, and

returned to their encampment happy. We also bathed, cut sticks and filled our bottles, but much further up the stream. Jericho is one of the hottest, most disagreeable, mosquito-infested places I ever was in, being thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea. Anyone who has been there can understand the meaning of the expression " go to Jericho."

I forgot to mention the annual ceremony before the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which always attracts a great number of spectators—the Greek Patriarch's representative washing the feet of the twelve Bishops, all of whom were gorgeously robed in scarlet silk and gold brocade. The scene was somewhat ludicrous and certainly not devotional. The principal performers were stationed upon a temporary stage, facing the grand portal. The Archbishop, an aged man, wore a magnificent jewelled crown, and looked a very important personage. He read a portion of the thirteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, which described the act of Jesus, when He washed the disciple's feet. The words of the Apostle Peter were chanted by the senior bishop in response. When the chanting was at an end, a golden ewer and basin were brought forward by an attendant priest, with linen cloths and towels. The old Archbishop, having laid aside his splendid robe of gold and crimson velvet, took a towel and girded himself, covering his portly shoulders with two large white cloths. The whole process from beginning to end was not a very tedious affair, for the washing was no more than sprinkling, and the wiping seemed to be a mere pretence. The Patriarch of the Latins, on the evening of Holy Thursday, washed the feet of twelve most miserable and filthy beggars. The Greeks were more refined on this occasion, for with them twelve mitred Bishops took the place of the poor and dirty outcasts, and fragrant rosewater was substituted for the dew of heaven.

On April 26th we left by the Jaffa Gate and soon we got into the Damascus Road; we ascended up Mount Scopus,

from the top of which we took a farewell view of the city; it is the most extensive, though certainly to my mind not the best, as I consider that from the Mount of Olives to be the finest.

The following morning at six o'clock we started with our youthful Protestant guide to ascend Mount Gerizim. Our journey lay first through a beautiful glen on the south side of Nablous, a most charming spot; below us was a thick growth of figs, almond and orange trees, all with their different shades of green; just beyond this lay the town with its picturesque domes and towers; it seemed to be partly on the slope of Mount Gerizim. Near us flowed a stream of crystal water running rapidly amongst the trees. We had a stiff climb up a rugged path and on our way met several Samaritans descending; they had been attending the early sacrifice. A little further on we came across all their tents pitched under the brow of the hill. A Samaritan who spoke very good English came out to meet us, and begged us to come into his tent. He showed us the place where they roasted the Paschal lamb and also the pick with which they slew him. There are three great feasts amongst the Samaritans every year. This one was the feast of the Passover, and they had already been on the mountains six days. During this time they ate the lamb with their loins girt, as if prepared for a journey. They also ate only unleavened bread, and all their laws concerning the feast are the same as in the time of Moses. Our friend told us he had been in England three years and knew several Englishmen; and that there were about 130 Samaritans in Nablous, and these were all there were in Palestine. They had a Synagogue, and some manuscripts of the Pentateuch and other ancient books preserved there.

From the top of Mount Gerizim there is a very fine view of the plain and valley below. On the opposite side of the valley is Mount Ebal. It was from these two mountains that the

laws were given to the Israelites by Joshua; from the latter mountain those awful curses came, whilst from Mount Gerizim the blessing was pronounced. I noticed that below, between the two mountains, there was a large space in the valley on the side of Mount Gerizim and a corresponding one on the side of Mount Ebal where, doubtless, the people stood to hear the law pronounced. At the end of this valley we saw the Well of Jacob, where our Lord rested and had His conversation with the Samaritan woman. There you get a view of the fertile plain of Esdraelon, which our Lord gazed upon when He spoke to His disciples of the plentiful harvest and the scarcity of reapers. Into this vast plain ran out arms of mountains in every direction, breaking the flatness of the plain. To the south was the bold mountain of Gilboa; where we stood was the little Hermon. Descending from little Hermon we came straight upon Nain, now a wretched, dirty little village, inhabited by a few Moslems of very bad reputation.

From Nain we continued our route through rich corn-fields for about an hour, and then began to ascend the steep sides of the mountain ridge; the sides of the hills were literally covered with flowers of every sort. Arrived at the top of the ridge we got another view of the country towards Genim, and then we continued our journey through pretty glens of cultivated land until we suddenly came upon the town of Nazareth, situated at the end of the fertile valley, with hills rising at the back of it. Here was the dwelling-place of our dear Lord, which was a secluded village amongst the mountains, shut in from the rest of the world, and scarcely known by the inhabitants of the plain. The place is now a flourishing and increasing town, with some good-looking buildings in it, and inhabited chiefly by Christians. Winding our way through gardens of olive and fig, we arrived at the only place for obtaining water; around this well were gathered

the maidens of the town in their picturesque dresses, loose trousers tied at the ankle, amulets, and curious head-dresses, with rolls of coins bound round their forehead and cheeks. They are most of them good-looking and have fine figures; they assemble there with their large pitchers just as did Rebecca and Rachel and the maidens of old; they kept up an incessant chattering, and disputed who was to have the first draw of water. To the left of the well is a small Greek church, built on the spot where stood the well at which, as the Greeks say, the annunciation took place; just beyond this is a grove of olives, where we pitched our tents. From here we descended to the grotto where the angel appeared to Mary, and there is an altar marking the exact spot where Mary was at the time. And near this were two broken pillars between which the angel was said to have appeared.

The next morning we left for Tiberius. In about three-quarters of an hour we came to the village of Kenna, situated on the side of a hill with groves of pomegranates. This Kenna is the monkish Cana of Galilee, and has always been considered the real Cana until Dr. Robinson overthrew the theory and placed the Cana considerably to the north-east. The inhabitants, however, cling tenaciously to this being the real Cana, and two old men came to us declaring this was Kana el Jebel, and asked us to come and see the church where stood the house in which our Lord performed His first miracle. We accordingly entered the small, plain, white-washed building, and were immediately shown two water-pots of stone, all that remained of the six with which our Lord performed His miracle. They were certainly quite different to my idea of what the water-pots were. From Kenna we descended into the corn-fields, amongst which we rode for some time. At the end of the fields we began to ascend, and passed two very ancient-looking big wells, on the side of the caravan-road from Damascus to Jerusalem, after which we came in sight of a

saddle-shaped hill called Karan Hattin, which was considered to be the Mount of Beatitude. It appeared to be by no means an unlikely spot. It was about a quarter of a mile long, and formed a kind of crest some thirty feet high, and it would well answer the description of the mount in scripture: our Lord would descend from the summit to the bend of the crest and from here He would teach the people collected on the rising ground. Soon after this, when we got to the summit of the ridge, the northern end of the lake burst upon us, surrounded on all sides by high mountains. On the left below us was the plain of Gennesareth, now green with corn. At the end of the lake was a line of dark green which marked where the Jordan entered the lake; we descended the steep and rugged path, and soon the whole lake burst before us and the town of Tiberius just below. There was hardly any wind and the water was as smooth as glass. The town of Tiberius looked a desolate but picturesque sort of place, surrounded by ruins of what had once been the strong walls. After lunch, we strolled along the shore and examined the country, for here, above all places, the surrounding country has a peculiar interest, seeing that all our Lord's teaching and parables were drawn from the mountains, fields, and water that He had in sight of Him, as He talked to the people. Here I noticed what Stanley mentions in his work on Palestine, the corn-fields running almost down to the shore, with a path winding through the midst where the grey boulders of stone projected here and there in the midst of the corn, and the thorny bushes grew about, all admirably fitted to illustrate the parable of the sower. Here also tares grew amongst the wheat; one thing we missed, however, and that was the boats on the lake which, in our Lord's time, used to cover the water.

About an hour after leaving Nazareth we passed close by Sepphoris, with its venerable castle and many-sculptured fragments; the villages were thriving and industrious;

for several miles our journey led through park-like scenery, adorned with clumps of ilex, and the undulating ground was covered with the greensward and gay with flowers of every hue, poppies, anemones, and convolvuli; the air was laden with sweet perfume from acres of the pale-blue hyacinth. Then there were the grassy knolls adorned with trees and flowering shrubs, and conspicuous among the shrubs were the graceful hollyhocks. Here there were flocks of black goats attended by wild-looking shepherds. Birds with the most beautiful plumage were flying about, one especially I noticed about the size of a dove, with bluish-green breast.

Emerging from this delightful spot, we turned to the right along the edge of the stream and soon came to a forest of thickly growing ilex. The forest seemed to stretch a long way and was situated on the slope of a hill. Shortly after this we came in sight of the town Khaifa,[1] situated at the base of Mount Carmel on the sea coast. The town looked picturesque at the distance with its rich gardens of orange and lemon trees. There were also several large fine-looking trees with pods, a little larger than our common bean pods; this was the kharub, called sometimes the locust tree. It is given to the horses and cattle, and pigs are extremely fond of the pods: the husks are those mentioned in the parable of the prodigal son. I tasted one and it was not unlike liquorice. The town of Khaifa was not as prepossessing inside as seen from a distance. It is surrounded by an old broken-down wall, but the bay is a fine one. Our tents were pitched on the other side of the town. We then rode off to the convent, an hour and a half up the hill. It was a very fine-looking building, standing out prominently on the top of the mountain, and almost overhanging the trees. It was built by the untiring efforts of a single man, Jean Baptiste by name, who started

[1] Haifa.

penniless in the world, and, wonderful to relate, rebuilt one of the finest convents in the East. Wandering far and wide, he actually collected the large sum of twenty thousand pounds for that purpose. After a long up-hill ride, we reached the convent, and were met by two or three monks, one of whom conducted us over the place. He first took us to the travellers' rooms, which were charming, by far the cleanest accommodation we had seen anywhere in the East. From the windows the view stretched over the sea in front, and towards Khaifa on the right. We then walked through long, narrow passages full of scriptural prints, after which we went into a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin; and next saw the Church where the Grotto of Elijah is shown, which is where Elijah hid himself from the fury of Jezebel. The scene of Elijah's sacrifice and the downfall of the priests of Baal is to the south of the convent; the place is called El Mukarah (the place of the sacrifice) to this day. There were some good bas-reliefs representing the sacrifices. We left the convent delighted with the hospitality and cordial reception we had met with at the hands of the monks, who were very different from the poor wretches at Sinai. Next day we thought it would be a good plan to go to Acre by sea and send the baggage round the bay. We accordingly hired a sailing boat; the morning was beautiful and the sea calm. We passed close under the man o' war that had arrived the night before. It proved to be the *Renown*. In two hours we reached the famous town of Akka, the ancient Ptolemais and Acre, the scene of many a lasting siege and bloody encounters; it first came into notice in the crusading times when Baldwin I besieged it unsuccessfully in 1103, but the following spring took it, after which it became the great stronghold of the pilgrims, and later their place of refuge. After the fatal battle of Hattin it surrendered to Saladin. In 1191 Philip and Richard retook it. In 1229 it was the headquarters of the Templars, the

Knights of St. John, from which latter it got the name of Sainte Jeanne d'Acre. Disturbances amongst themselves were taken advantage of by Khalil, and after a siege of thirty-three days, though bravely defended, it was taken by the Moslem, and death and slavery were the lot of sixty thousand Christians. The fortress of the Templars resisted eight days longer, the master was pierced by an arrow, and of five hundred knights only ten were left alive; thus ended the crusade. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it became notorious as the scene of unheard-of barbarities committed by a brutal Turkish Pasha called El Jezzar, or the butcher. It was during his rule that Akka was besieged by Napoleon in 1799. The Turks were assisted by Sir Sydney Smith, and the French veterans of Napoleon were driven back on eight successive assaults, and the siege was abandoned by the great French General. The next great event was when England, Austria, and Russia combined to aid the port to drive out Ibrahim Pasha from Syria in November 1840. Admiral Stopford and Commander Napier stormed the town, and after two hours the magazine was blown up and the town left in ruins. We applied to the English Consular agent (who looked like a marine store-dealer), to get permission from the Pasha to go over the walls. After some little trouble we managed to get leave. We entered by one of the towers where a wretched-looking officer, who seemed to have nothing to do, thought it right to raise objections to our presence at first. The only sentinel was a poor despised-looking old man, who seemed hardly able to bear the weight of his gun; he had no stockings and wore a pair of worn-away slippers, and his coat and trousers were full of patches. We walked round the walls, which are about two miles and a half in circumference; the fortifications were good, having been built by the English after the siege of 1840. When we wanted to leave the place we found we were unable to do so, as it was Friday and the prayer-time of the

Moslem. We saw them all being called to prayer, two or three men calling loudly from the tops of the minarets to the people in the streets below.

On leaving Acre and crossing the great plain towards the north, we came to a pretty hamlet called Semirieh, surrounded by a green field and gardens and immense groves of orange trees. The late Abdullah Pasha had a country palace built here by the Governor of Akka. We crossed the rivulet of Izzyeh, and keeping along the shore, in an hour we reached the gate of Tyre, Sur of the present day. The present Tyre, whose antiquity is of ancient days, has risen in importance during the last fifty or sixty years, although still a miserable and dirty-looking place. The ancient harbour, nearly filled up with sand and rubbish, was protected by a rocky barrier extending to the north and surrounded by a solidly-constructed mole of which in many parts remains are evident. The origin of Tyre has ever been involved in mystery. When Hiram reigned as king and made alliance with the mighty Solomon, who was then intent upon erecting the beautiful Temple at Jerusalem, we know that from this capital her workmen built the royal palace on Mount Zion and her mariners brought cedar trees and fir trees from Lebanon. But often since those ancient days she has been laid desolate, her pristine glory vanished from the time of Alexander's memorable siege.

From Tyre we started for Sidon. An ancient chariot road paved with huge blocks of stone, all the way from Tyre to Sidon, may still be traced, whilst here and there are Roman milestones with inscriptions on them. As we approached the gate of Saida (Great Sidon), we rode along the narrow lane, arched with the laden boughs of many kinds of fruit trees, for which the gardens around Saida are particularly famed. The town is situated on a promontory; it is defended on the land side by a substantial modern wall, and looks imposing

from a distance, but in bygone days this most ancient city of Phœnicia was much larger than it is at present. The antiquities of Sidon are, however, few and insignificant. The most interesting relics are Phœnician tombs pierced in the neighbouring hills, or out upon the plains. Leaving Sidon early next morning we wended our way to the most delightful garden, which kept the heat of the sun from our brows and perfumed the air with the delicious fragrance of the orange flower. Every sort of tree seemed to grow luxuriously here, orange, lemon, mulberry, fig, almond, banana, plum, olive, and crystal seemed the water flowing through the garden. Not far on our left was the sea into which the river flowed. Crossing the bridge over it we ascended the hill, and then the country through which we passed underwent a complete change. Lofty hills rose up in every direction, with narrow valleys of cultivated ground between them. Now huge stones lay in the valleys that seemed to have rolled down from the cliffs above. In some places the muleteers had difficulty in finding the pathway, and how the mules and horses could pick out their way among these stones was a mystery to me. On our way we passed the village of Jun as we mounted up the steep ascent of the slippery rocks toward what is called "The Palace," the last earthly resting place of Lady Hester Stanhope. As we entered the gateway the now sadly neglected state of this once luxuriant dwelling was a melancholy sight; the noble-minded being who ruled with almost sovereign power the mountaineers within her reach was gone, but Lady Hester Stanhope's memory is held in superstitious reverence to this day: her ready and efficient help to those in need of it, her boundless benevolence to the sick and poor, have not been forgotten. Her end was sad indeed, deserted by all her servants, without a friend or even a European near her, in this most solitary spot she breathed her last. The country we were now riding through was that of the Druses, and we

met a few of them in their neat folded turbans. They were all remarkably civil with their "salaams," but we were not prepared for what followed. After winding along a deep and rugged ravine with mountains and terraces each side and a stream below, and lofty hills in the distance, at the back of which appeared the snow-capped Lebanon glistening in the sun, we arrived at a very picturesque little village situated on the side of a precipitous mountain; this was the village of Embal, occupied solely by Druses, who made it a sort of stronghold. We had no sooner entered the village than we were met by the Sheikh and a deputation, bearing in their hands raisins corn, eausucre, and chicory, which they offered us. They then overwhelmed us with compliments, said that the English were their greatest friends, kissed our hands and declared they were delighted to see us in their village. The Sheikh pressed us to dine with him, which we should certainly have done, had not our mules gone on, and Dr. Smith, the Australian professor, was evidently very nervous with regard to them. However, against his wishes we accepted their pressing invitation to come and see the Sheikh's house, which was some little distance off. We entered a spacious room, supported by large beams and posts; it was remarkably clean, and on the mud floors were spread soft Turkey carpets. We all sat down on the carpets, whilst about the door, inside and out, crowds of men, women, and children were assembled. The professor evidently thought that we might all be slaughtered without any chance of escape. The men were all of them a fine, handsome, determined-looking race. The women were veiled, so I could not see what they were like, but the children were remarkably nice looking. The Sheikh brought us coffee. I asked the men several questions about the massacre of the Maronites, and they told us a good deal about it. The professor was more nervous than ever and begged me not to continue the questions. The massacres,

they told us, began at Deir El Kama, about an hour from this place, and, of course, this village was one of the first to begin the fight. The number of Druses here fit to carry guns were about one hundred and fifty. Their account of the commencement was this, that some Druses were on their way to Beyrout when they were set upon by a Maronite Christian, who robbed and murdered some. Shortly afterwards, a party of Druses on the road to Sidon were set upon by Christians, and their ears and noses cut off. Whereupon they determined to have their revenge, and fought the Maronites with tremendous odds against them. However, they beat them, and a general massacre ensued, the Maronites being quite as ready to massacre the Druses as the Druses were to murder them. Many of the Druses had been driven out of their homes. Since the French had landed in the country this was the only village that was inhabited by them, most of them having retreated to the Hauran. They said they dared not go out for fear of being laid hold of. The French had said if they liked to come and buy things they must call themselves Christians, which they refused to do. Their Sheikh had been imprisoned in Beyrout some time, and his wife and children wanted to see him as they heard he was ill; they dared not, however, go the direct route to Beyrout, but had gone a long way round by the mountain passes to see him. Looking at all the fine open countenances around me I could scarcely picture to myself that these very men were amongst the foremost in that bloodthirsty affair. What the real state of the case was it is hard to say, but I could not help thinking that the Maronites were as much to blame as the Druses. I asked them what they thought would happen when the French left, and whether the Maronites would attack them. They said they thought not, but that God only knew what was in their heads. We took a cordial farewell of them and shook hands with a great number. Some accompanied

us out of the town, and one man would carry my old green cotton umbrella some way for me. We were the first English that had been there since the massacre. Another hour's ride brought us to the beautiful town of Deir El Kama, the scene of so much bloodshed; it was situated at the base of a lofty hill, the sides of which were covered as far as one could see with orchards of young mulberry, and the valley in which the town was situated ran down to the sea, which glistened in the sun in the distance and gave forth that dark rich blue colour for which it was famous. At our feet was a fine stream of water which fell from the rocks above some fifty or sixty feet. On the opposite side, almost overhanging a precipitous rock, was a Palace of Bteddin, formerly the residence of the fine old Emir Beshir, the chief of the Druses, then becoming the barracks of the Turks and afterwards occupied by the French troops. The splendid scenery of Lebanon, both as we went up the mountain on its western slope (which took us an hour and a half) and then descended into the Bukaa, amply repaid us for the toil. The snow still lay in thick patches. A short way down we found a sheltered spot, and rested for a while beneath some cedar trees, the trunks of which were venerably gnarled and hollow. The first view we got of Damascus was as we stood beside a Moslem well, 500 feet above the level of the fertile plain. The plain is watered in abundance by the two rivers of Damascus, the Barrada and the Awaj, the Abana and Pharpar of the Old Testament, of which we read that Naaman, the Syrian captain, was so justly proud. From both these streams extends a wonderfully complicated network of canals and rivulets which irrigate the numerous groves and gardens. The plain itself is bounded with bare hills on every side. We entered the city through the suburb of Salahiyeh, which contains a few substantial country houses, and rode through the bazaars, which were extremely dirty but delightfully oriental. Last year there was a terrible

massacre of the Christians, which must not be confused, as it often is, with the affair of the Druses and Maronites. In this case thousands of Christians were slaughtered by the Moslems, and with the exception of the members of the different European consulates of Damascus, few escaped. We had an interview with Abd el Kader, the Algerian Emir famous in the wars with the French in Algiers; after the first resistance he was compelled to surrender in 1847, and having spent five years in honourable captivity in France, was released by Louis Napoleon in 1852. He became a pensioner of the French, receiving 4,000 francs per annum, with the proviso that he was not to return to Algiers. He then settled in Damascus, and was instrumental in saving at the risk of his life a great number of Christians. I thanked him for this act of heroism, and expressed my surprise that with the few Algerian soldiers he was able to keep at bay such a number of Moslems, to which he answered in a proverb: "A handful of bees is worth a saddle-bag full of flies." He had a tall, majestic figure and dignified deportment, a noble forehead, and keen piercing eyes. He was most courteous and inquired where we had been to, and when I informed him of the countries which we had been visiting he said, "As the body travels, so the mind is expanded."

We also called on Lady E. at her beautiful palace in Damascus, as we wanted to get her services to Palmyra, which we hoped to visit. We also wished to thank her for the many Christians rescued by Sheikh Miguel, of the powerful Arab tribe of Anazeh. She had gone into the desert to nurse the Sheikh, who had been wounded in a desperate fight among the Arab tribes of Hauran. Though Lady E. was away, we got a graphic account of the massacres from her English maid. She had witnessed the terrible affair, and mentioned how Sheikh Miguel had stood in the gateway of the house when the Mohammedans were clamouring outside for a

ABD EL KADER (ALGERIAN CHIEF) AT DAMASCUS.

"UNCLE SAM" (MR. SAMUEL WARD).

massacre of the Christians who had fled for protection to Lady E.'s house. He had said they must pass over his body if they wished to get at the Christians. The Moslems knew better than to make the attempt. The history of Lady E. was a most sensational one, but has not been published, except that portion of her life when she was among the Brigands in Greece, and which is to be found in Abou's *Greek Contemporaries*.

We returned over the Lebanon to Beyrout; on our way we saw several French soldiers about, and we invited a French officer to lunch with us under the cedar trees; we also met a party of British sailors on horseback. Among them was a friend of mine, R. Hammond, whom I had seen in London the day before starting, and had told him I hoped we should meet when on a visit to the East. On our arrival at Beyrout we found an excited condition of things. Lord Dufferin had arrived as the representative of England to request the French to evacuate Beyrout, which he did very politely, and as our Mediterranean fleet had come up to Beyrout to support his argument, the French thought it best to quit. General Burnaby was acting as interpreter for Lord D. He was a thoroughly good linguist, being acquainted with various dialects of Turkish and Arabic.

We left Beyrout on May 28th and, touching at Cyprus, Ephesus, and Smyrna, arrived at Constantinople, where I parted with my fellow travellers. Here I made the acquaintance of Mr. Usher, who had just come from Persepolis, and was writing a book *London to Persepolis and Back*. We travelled together from Constantinople to Athens and visited the ruins there, which were magnificent; the heat was intense, there being little shade in this city. We visited Corinth and other places and then proceeded to Corfu, at that time a British possession. From Corfu we took ship for Ancona, and thence we came by Bologna and Turin to Chamounix,

where I met my sister, Mrs. Leveson-Gower, who was on her honeymoon. After staying two or three days with them I came straight back to England, having accomplished a delightful eastern tour.

Soon after my arrival in England, Captain Byng Hall, the Queen's messenger, whom I had met at Therapia, came to see me and made me a most tempting offer to accompany him to Russia, whither he was going with dispatches of importance. I much regretted being obliged to refuse, as it was a great opportunity to travel with the Queen's messenger, but I felt that I had done sufficient travelling for the present.

CHAPTER V

HOME

WELLS THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE—CURACY AT BROMSGROVE—NAILERS—CHARTIST COLONY—STONELEIGH PARISH—ARTHUR SULLIVAN—JENNY LIND

SOON after my return I made up my mind to go to Wells Theological College, preparatory to taking holy orders. At that time Canon Pinder was Principal, an old saint, not only in looks but in character. There were many Oxford and Cambridge graduates at the college, and we all revered the aged Canon and, I think, profited much by his lectures on pastoral theology, which no doubt helped us much in our parochial work.

It requires some judgment on the part of the instructor, as well as tact on that of the young clergy, to treat the subject of pastoral visitation in a right spirit.

I remember in my early clerical days being told of a certain excellent Bishop, small in stature, but somewhat stiff and precise in manner, who wished to impress his candidates with how to act in the case of a sick man, who had not led a reputable life, and in order to give a practical illustration of what he meant he told them that he would go into the next room and lie down on the sofa, and they would come in one by one and speak to him. They were sadly perplexed and somewhat nervous, as to how they should act in the matter, when a big Irishman volunteered to go in first, saying, "Just leave it to me." So he went in and found the Bishop lying on the sofa with a wrap over him. He stood by him, stepped

back, and holding up his hands, exclaimed: "Oh, Timothy, Timothy, drunk again." The Bishop started up in a rage, but felt he could not say anything as he had brought it on himself. It is needless to add, no other candidate was called in to administer consolation to the sick man.

This incident brings to my mind a tale from a Nonconformist. I had to give an address at Pilgrim's Hall, Old Kent Road, and whilst waiting in the vestry I studied some portraits on the walls, of Nonconformist divines. One especially took my fancy—a genial-looking man in a full silk preacher's gown, with bands. I remarked to the minister who was to preside at the meeting, "That preacher looks as if he ought to be a bishop." "Ah, yes," he said, "he was a good man, very eloquent in the pulpit and of a commanding presence, but he was not accustomed to visiting his people. One day he was asked to see a sick man, and on arriving at the house he said: "I am glad to see you, my friend, but may I ask what induced you to send for me?" "What does the parson say, missus?" "He wants to know why the deuce you sent for him."

The Vice-Principal was the Reverend Charles Church, who succeeded Canon Pinder and lived to a good old age. The Bishop was Lord Auckland; he and Lady Auckland were very kind to me during my stay at Wells, but I was wont to think that he was more fitted for an old-English squire than for a bishop. There is a good story told of a student, F. D., who asked him as to his opinion of the worship of the golden calf by the Israelites, being associated in their minds with the worship of the Sacred Bull, Apis, in Egypt. To which he was reported to have replied, "Ah yes, quite so, Mr. F. D. By the way, talking of bulls, they tell me that your father has an excellent breed of shorthorns." Wells, together with the neighbourhood, was just the place for a quiet retreat. Close by were the magnificent ruins of Glastonbury Abbey;

and for a geological student, there were at Wokey Hole, and other places, wonderful specimens in the blue lias of prehistoric monsters. The west end of the Cathedral, on which I gazed from my rooms, was one of the finest examples of decorated Gothic in England, and the old palace, surrounded by a moat, was in picturesqueness unsurpassed by any other episcopal residence. I had a pleasant but needless interval, caused by my having to go up to Cambridge for what was called the voluntary theological examination. I say needless, because it interrupted my theological studies at Wells, which were more profitable than my passing examinations at Cambridge. I say pleasant, because it enabled me to make the acquaintance of many undergraduates, among them H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who had come up to Cambridge since I left, and who were very good to me. After a short residence at Wells—too short, indeed—I took holy orders, being ordained by Henry, Lord Bishop of Worcester. The Rev. George Murray, Vicar of Bromsgrove, gave me my title, and I became his curate. Bromsgrove was a large parish, in Worcestershire, and the working men in the town were mostly nailers and, with their families, were a pretty rough lot! I had many curious experiences there, as a youthful cleric. An old hag of a woman, on one occasion, brought me a baby to be christened in my room, the mother being seriously ill at her home. I said in the course of the service, "Name this child," to which she answered, "I be blowed if I haven't forgot, but call it Mary Ann; it don't much matter, for it won't live long." On another occasion a nailer came to be married, and on my asking him, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he answered, "Why, that's what I come for, to be sure." We had a cricket club of young nailers, and my fellow curate was a stalwart man as well as a good cricketer. A nailer was using very strong language in the field and the

curate told him to be quiet. As he cheeked him the curate simply knocked him down, and from that time became very popular with them, and had a night school of the roughest sort. About three miles from Bromsgrove was a Chartist Colony started by Fergus O'Connor, with the idea that the people would be able to get a living out of the ground for themselves and be independent of employers. This turned out an utter failure, and they did not bless the name of Fergus O'Connor. I possessed a cob which was as good as an extra curate to the Vicar, for it enabled me to get to out-lying places in that very extensive parish, and it must be remembered that in those days there were no bicycles. And so it came to pass that I used to ride over to Dodford pretty often. The late Bishop Paget, of Oxford, who was Vicar of Bromsgrove for some little time, once said to me: "They used to tell me that you discovered Dodford." There was a certain truth in what he said, for previous to my visiting it no clergy seemed to have gone there. They were most of them dissenters, and there was a legend that a notice was stuck up at the entrance to the colony, "More pigs and fewer parsons wanted." I became quite friendly with these people, who were very intelligent. They came from Scotland, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, and had to engage in some trade to keep themselves going. Fortunately, the land was very good for strawberries, which they sent to Birmingham market. With the permission of my Vicar, I got an iron church erected there, and we held a Sunday-school in a big room of an old farmhouse just outside the colony. I became quite attached to the people (so different from the wretched nailers), and they became attached to me, so that when I left they gave me a tea party, concert, and handsome testimonial. The man who presented the testimonial was a Scotch Presbyterian, who when I first called on him slammed the door in my face. Forty-five years afterwards I was asked to lay the stone of a

fine church, which was to be the church of the new district of Dodford, and which had a parsonage and a very active parson to work the new parish. Whilst curate of Bromsgrove I received much kindness from the people in the county, as well as in the town. Amongst these were Lord and his aged mother Lady Lyttelton, the Baroness Windsor, Sir John Packington, M.P., Sir Harry Vernon, Colonel and Mrs. Bourne, and many others. Mrs. Bourne was sister of Sir Samuel Baker, the great traveller, and soon after Sir Samuel and Lady Baker returned from the Nile I was asked to meet Lady Baker at her sister-in-law's. Sir Samuel was giving a lecture at Birmingham, and there were only the two ladies at dinner. I began by asking Lady Baker about her travels, but found she was not ready to talk much about them. "That was a very bad desert that you crossed, from Korosko to Abou Hamed," I remarked. "What do you know about it?" she asked. "I have crossed it," I replied, upon which she said, "I have only met one Englishman who has done that—Mr. Holland." "We crossed it together," I told her. Then she became much interested, and talked a good deal about her travels, saying, "The ladies do bother me so with their questions. They say, 'What did you wear? Did you ride camels? Wasn't it very hot? Oh, how I should like to have been there.' And I said to myself, 'Oh, how I wish you were there now.'"

Whilst I was at Bromsgrove the famous cricket match was played at Hagley between the eleven Lytteltons and the eleven of Bromsgrove School. The Lyttelton XI consisted of the father, eight sons, and two uncles. The father and uncles were not much use as cricketers. Uncle Spencer appeared in a magenta suit, with a pair of field-glasses and a camp-stool, on which he sat as far away from the batsman as possible, and when a ball was hit his way, he followed it with his field-glasses, and one of the boys had to run after it. The Lyttelton family won easily.

From Bromsgrove I went to the family living at Stoneleigh, where there was an ancient church situated on the banks of the river, and adorned with two of the finest Norman arches to be seen anywhere in the country. On the south wall in the churchyard is a quaint epitaph:

> "To the Memory of Humphrey How,
> Porter to the Right Hon. the Lord Leigh.
> Ob: 6 Stebr: An: Domini: 1688. Ætat: 63.
>
> Here Lyes A Faithful Friend unto the Poore,
> Who dealt Large Almes out of his Lordship's Store;
> Weepe not Poore People tho' ye Servant's Dead
> The Lord Himself will give you Dayly Breade.
> If Markets Rise Rail not Against their Rates
> The Price is still the Same at Stone Leigh Gates."

In this large agricultural parish were flourishing farms, good cottages, and a generous and benevolent landlord. There was a reading-room and institute, which had been established for many years, and interesting lectures were given during the winter months by well-known lecturers. I started a village co-operative store in 1867, which was one of the first village stores to be started in England and which is still flourishing. I have just received the 102nd report for the half-year ending November 30th, 1919, in which I find that, in addition to the interest on the shares, dividends of 1*s.* 4*d.* in the pound to shareholders and 8*d.* in the pound for non-shareholders have been made on their purchases for the last half-year, which certainly may be called a satisfactory statement after fifty-one years. The Committee was composed entirely of working men, whilst the Vicar was President and Treasurer.

Among the many visitors to the Vicarage was Mr. Henry James, Q.C., the late Lord James of Hereford, who came with my brother Chandos to take part in an important case at Coventry. It happened that the weekly meeting of the

co-operative committee took place whilst they were there, and I told them I would have to leave them for a short while to attend the meeting. Henry James said he was coming with me, so we went off to the meeting, where some question arose on which a labourer opposed me. Henry James was highly delighted that the man had stood up against his vicar. On our leaving I stopped behind a moment and said to the men, "There you see a future Lord Chancellor of England," which prediction would have been fulfilled except for political circumstances known to all, and to the credit of Mr. James. On our return to the Vicarage my brother Chandos, who had been hard at work, said, "While you've been away, James, I have been making notes of the case, which no doubt will be a help to you." All James did was to take the notes and throw them into the fire, saying "Now we'll have a game of muggins," at which my brother was considerably annoyed; and also frequently mugginsed. Henry James was going off next day to Taunton, for which constituency he was standing. I received a letter shortly afterwards from him saying that he had been successful, and had made use of some lines I had given him.

Another visitor was Arthur Sullivan, who wrote to me in 1867 telling me that he had spent a delightful holiday, staying at Paris, Baden, Munich, Salsbourg, Vienna, Dresden, and Leipzig, and at the last place had had a great success with his *In Memoriam* overture. He stayed with me when he brought out his oratorio of the *Light o' the World*, and I remember on his way to Birmingham his saying to me that whilst he got little or nothing from the Oratorio, men like Macfarren, Hatton, Gatty, and others could make a lot of money from ballads and comic songs. This induced him to give up oratorios and take to light comedy, and the world was delighted with the Gilbert and Sullivan musical operettas. When Sullivan brought out his other oratorio, *The Prodigal*

Son, I dined with him and his aged mother at the hotel at Worcester. Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind's husband) and John Thomas, the famous Welsh harpist, also stayed with me at the Vicarage for the Birmingham Festival.

I believe the last time Jenny Lind sang in public was at the Hereford Festival, when her husband brought out the Oratorio of *Ruth*. She strained every nerve to make this a success, which was painful to see, and did not save it from being a failure. Curiously enough, ten days after the last appearance of the old Swedish nightingale, I heard the new one, Miss Christine Neilson, make her debut at the Birmingham Festival.

In 1868 I attended the Church Congress held at Wolverhampton, when for the first time we had American bishops on the platform. Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois, by his wonderful eloquence, took the meeting by storm, and Bishop Quintard of Tennessee amused them much by his quaint American humour. Not long after I heard a fine sermon from the latter at St. Michael's, Coventry, his text being, "a city set on a hill," to which he compared the glorious Anglican Church. The Vicar asked him whether he would give an address to some working men at a Mission Hall. He replied, "Certainly"; to which the Vicar said, "You will have to accommodate yourself to your congregation, who will be all poor people." "I quite understand, brother, what you wish me to do"; and so at this Mission service he preached on the subject of the Prodigal Son. In the course of his remarks he said, "When the Prodigal Son found himself considerably chawed up he thought it time to make tracks home."

CHAPTER VI

IN THE SEVENTIES

FIRST VISIT TO UNITED STATES—NEW YORK—BOSTON—CHICAGO—OMAHA—ACROSS THE ROCKIES—SAN FRANCISCO—CALIFORNIA—BIG TREES—GOLD DIGGERS—UTAH—MORMONS—BRIGHAM YOUNG—ST. LOUIS—NASHVILLE—NEW ORLEANS—ON THE MISSISSIPPI—VICKSBURG—ALABAMA—SAVANNAH—BUTLER'S ISLAND

IT had been my great desire to pay a visit to America, and in November '69 I left Liverpool in a Cunard steamer, the *Russia*, their crack ship, which would be looked upon as an old tub now. Among the passengers were Morgans, Mortons, Belmonts, and other leading New Yorkers, whose names still carry weight all over Europe.

We entered New York harbour on November 16th, after a quick and pleasant voyage. It was a beautiful clear day, and the Americans reckon the harbour to be one of the finest in the world; but then, of course, the Americans reckon everything they possess to be the finest in the world. At the present time the view is spoilt by the sky-scrapers, which entirely obscure the fine old church and steeple of Holy Trinity, the striking feature of the landing-place.

I decided to go to the New York Hotel on the advice of a friend on board. It was a Southern hotel. I was standing in the office arranging about my room, and who should come up but Bishop Quintard of Tennessee (my only acquaintance among American bishops) on his way back to his diocese. He gave me a hearty welcome and we walked all about the town and called on the Bishop of New York. Before leaving,

Bishop Quintard made me promise to come and see him in Nashville.

I spent an interesting day in New York among the institutions; they appeared to be admirably managed, yet without any show of red-tape or needless officiousness.

Whilst waiting for the ferry boat to take us across to Randall's Island, I had the opportunity of seeing a remarkable, but, I thought, revolting sight: a Baptist immersion in the river of negro converts, chiefly females. Each one was taken some yards into the river by the minister, and having answered certain questions, I suppose satisfactorily, was ducked in the water, while the congregation sang hymns at the top of their voices. No sooner was the convert immersed and brought to shore than she set to howling and kicking like the worst of lunatics. I presume this was from spiritual ecstasy, but it was most distressing to see. In this state she was dragged along to a shed, and laid in her wet clothes on the floor to rave and shout "Glory, Alleluia" at the top of her voice until exhausted.

Everywhere in New York I met with kindness and civility. At my friends the Duncans' I met Miss Butler (Fanny Kemble's daughter) who managed, single-handed, her father's plantation in Georgia, being all alone in the midst of negroes, teaching and supplying their spiritual wants.

During my stay I visited the Newsboys' Home and there saw Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and heard her say a few feeble words to the boys. I was much disappointed with her address and had no inclination to be introduced to her, and so kept in the background. The establishment was comfortable, well lit, and well warmed. There was a large recreation hall for the boys. These boys sell newspapers in the streets—are, in fact, street arabs—and here, for a small sum, they can obtain food and lodging. There were about two hundred sharp, mischievous young rascals, seated at their desks, without

shoes or stockings, coat or waistcoat. Before Mrs. Stowe came in, they sang vociferously, first a hymn, then a negro melody, "Shoo Fly, don't bodder me."

I went there with an old college friend, whom I came across by accident—the secretary to the House of Refuge in New York City. He came out about '66, and imagined he could easily find employment in New York, as, I suppose, many others vainly believe. There was as much distress in New York as in London, and the Government of the city was the worst in the civilised world. The judges were ignorant, corrupt men, put into office as a reward for political services, Government contractors were robbers of the people, making large fortunes out of the contracts, and the detectives and the police were in the pay of the thieves. The day I left New York a newspaper contributor was shot in the office of *The Tribune*.

Boston.—I left New York for Boston and had my first experience in an American railway carriage, which I found anything but comfortable. Suddenly during the journey we came to an unexpected halt; I looked out of the window and saw that we were going over a rickety bridge of wooden rafters. The bridge was under repair, and we had to be careful how we crossed it. Not long before a terrible accident had occurred, which accounted for the nervousness of the passengers.

I arrived safely, however, and received a truly hearty welcome from Mrs. Cabot and Mrs. Parkman; nothing could exceed their kindness, and their eager inquiries after all at home.

I was asked to attend a curious religious and political association of ladies and gentlemen, called by some the "Come Outers" and by themselves "The Radical Club," where religious opinions were ventilated with a freer handling than we, in the old country, are accustomed to.

I was introduced to several notabilities—Poet Longfellow, Poet and Professor Lowell, Orator Emerson, Preacher Channing, Jun., Bishop Doane of Albany, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, poetess, preacher, and chief advocate of women's rights, Mr. Adams, late Ambassador to England, Mr. Elliott, President of Harvard University, and dined with Mr. George Ticknor, the author of Spanish literature, who was looked upon as the father of the literary circle. He travelled a great deal and was much in England, where he was *persona grata* at Holland House, and was intimate with that wonderful literary circle, including Rogers, Wordsworth, Southey, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Sidney Smith, Macaulay, and many others. His culture and social position obtained for him a ready welcome in the highest circles in Europe, and many fascinating qualities made him a great favourite wherever he became personally known. I happened to mention to him that I had met Mrs. Beecher Stowe in New York, upon which he said, "I hope that woman will never show her face in this city." He was very angry about her book on Lord Byron. I was most fortunate in seeing him, for he died fourteen months later.

In Boston was concentrated all the literary talent of the States, so much so, that it was called by the New Yorkers and others "The Hub of the Universe." A Bostonite gave me the following from New York:—

> There was a young lady of Boston
> Who an ocean of doubt was much tost on.
> Of effect and of cause she discoursed without pause,
> This tiresome young lady of Boston.

These spiteful New Yorkers said you could always tell a young lady of Boston by her having pince-nez on her nose, a book under her arm, and a bouquet in her hand. I have certainly seen many learned-looking young ladies with the

glasses and the book, but I have also seen many pretty and lively ones with a bouquet and smiles.

Leaving Boston with great regret, I started for the far west, taking Niagara en route. Anthony Trollope has given a very accurate picture of it; the only thing is he did not see Niagara in winter, and I fancy the sight in winter is more magnificent. There are icicles hanging in every variety of shape; some like gigantic stalactites, others like beautiful drapery, and you have also dead branches, of which there are so many along the shores, and the huge boulders encrusted in snow and ice; these look far more picturesque than they do in summer. As for the falls, what struck me most, on looking in silent awe at them, was, how through endless ages such volumes of water, far beyond the reckoning of man, could go on unceasingly being poured over the rocks without any sign of diminution. When I thought thereon, it struck me this great work of creation was a type, the most intelligible to the human mind, of eternity. In another way it presented a picture of life well spent, flowing rapidly but smoothly along until it reaches the brink of eternity, where it glides smoothly over and is lost for a time in the mist which veils the eyes. I cannot indeed convey exactly my feelings on seeing this one of the greatest of God's works on earth. The river, so smooth above, then gliding over the rocks like green clear crystal, lost for a time amidst the foam, and finally appearing again beyond, smooth and clear, with a faint rainbow hovering above. Two miles below are the Whirlpool Rapids, which pass under the old Suspension Bridge; this is a scene of many incidents. Here a plucky little steamer once ran the blockade of rocks and rapids, and was the one vessel that ever made the attempt. Here also Blondin crossed over on the tight rope from cliff to cliff, with the rapids pouring beneath him. And here poor Webb lost his life.

An hour before I was there a man had just put an end to his miserable existence by jumping off the Suspension Bridge into the whirlpool beneath. I had the account of it from a friend of his who had spoken to him a minute before. He was of the opinion that he was suffering from D.T. and would be insensible, if not dead, before he reached the water, 220 feet below.

Chicago.—My journey from Niagara to Chicago was easily performed, but the second car somewhere between London and Chatham (not the London, Chatham & Dover, but not unlike it in some respects) had one wheel all ablaze, and we had to stop whilst a man with a hatchet broke the ice on a pond to get water to quench the fire.

I arrived at Chicago on December 10th, 1869. A few years ago this place would have been considered the extreme boundary of civilisation. Indeed a lady of my acquaintance had, as a child, to fly with her nurse from a Red Indian attack. In 1810 it had five houses, one of which was inhabited by an Englishman; the only mode of communication with the rest of the civilised world was at that time by means of half-bred Indians who carried the mail-bags on foot to the nearest city. In 1870, when I was first there, the city numbered 300,000, had sixteen main lines of rail radiating from it, representing about 3,000 miles of railroad; ships numbered about a thousand from her ports, and there were merchant princes living in marble mansions, an English opera troupe, and the far-famed singer, Madame Patti. No city in the world has made such rapid progress, and it is now one of the first cities in the United States.

From Chicago I went to Omaha, which I considered the starting point for the far west. Omaha was in its infancy and seemed to be part of the prairie. There was only one brick building, that of the Wells Fargo Express.

I had a letter to a young Bostonian couple, who had just started business, but had great difficulty in finding them. I discovered them eventually in a sort of wooden shanty, where they dealt in butter and eggs, and they asked me to dine at their residence on the prairie about a mile distant.

The journey from Omaha was not only easy travelling, but luxurious. The company was select and pleasant, chiefly officers and their families going to Arizona. We all got on capitally. Amongst the passengers was a young countryman of mine, who was coming from London to go into a bank at San Francisco, and who gave himself out as a correspondent of one of the London papers. He was a cockney, and some of the Americans frightened him horribly by accounts of the Indians, saying how at a certain place he might expect to be attacked, and had he not been undeceived about this, before the end of the journey, we should have had a thrilling description in the London papers of the dangers to be met with on the Pacific line.

There is a way the Yankees have of humbugging any English who give out that they are going to write a book or correspond with a paper. Hepworth Dixon was taken in on all sides. I saw a lawyer from Colorado who told me that his sensational account of Sheriff Wilson and horse stealers was a lie from beginning to end, and was made up for Dixon's benefit, and that Sheriff Wilson was the biggest liar and coward in Colorado.

The scenery through which we passed was, for the most part, flat and uninteresting, until we got into the Utah country. The descent on that side of the Rocky Mountains, through the Canyon, was very grand, and we had glorious weather for seeing it, as we passed at night with a full moon to light it up. We went a tremendous pace down the incline, and I stood outside on the platform and had a fine view of

the whole scenery. It was somewhat fearful to see the way the train dashed over the wooden bridges and through the narrow gorges.

Another fine piece of scenery was over the Sierra Nevada, where you had the addition of pine trees and precipices.

We were delayed altogether on the journey about six hours by the snow. It was a wonderful change when we arrived at San Francisco Bay to find geraniums and oleanders in full bloom. They never have snow there. San Francisco is a most curious town, situated on three hills, with the finest harbour in the world, and flourishing in every respect. There is a quarter entirely Chinese, where you may fancy yourself transported across to the Celestial Empire.

I was wandering alone one evening in the Chinese quarter, when I was accosted by a smart-looking man, who asked me the way to a certain hotel. I told him I did not know, and he said, "You are, I see, a stranger like myself." He then added: "Do you not know it is dangerous to wander alone late in the evening in the Chinese quarter?" I replied that I was aware of it, to which he answered: "Do you not think it would be well to come into the main street out of Dupont Street?" I said, "Certainly." We walked together into the main street, when he said: "Would you like to see my Club?" from which I at once suspected him to be what they call a Confidence Man, and I replied that I was in a hurry to get back to my hotel. "If you were in a hurry," he said, "why did you go walking in Dupont Street?" We came to a staircase going up between two houses, as is common in San Francisco, and he invited me to come up. I knew perfectly well what this place was, but was impelled by curiosity to go with him. When we got to the top of the stairs, there was a baize door and an alarum bell; the man struck the bell, and someone looked through a hole, and he said: "It's all right, I've brought a friend of mine." There were two rooms,

in one of which they were playing poker, and in the other a game called faro. He asked me to join in the game, and I said that I did not know it. Meanwhile they made room for us at the table, and changed their game to rouge et noir. He asked me if I knew that, and I replied that I had seen it. He invited me to take a hand, but I declined. He kept winning, and asked me to play for him. I said that would only be interfering with his good luck. At length, when he saw that I did not intend to play, he suggested that it was time to leave, to which I agreed. On bidding him farewell outside, I said: "May you always have as good luck as you had to-night." I was told afterwards that it was a very dangerous thing to have done. I replied: "If you played, but not if you didn't." The gentleman who told me this was Mr. Peabody's nephew, who said he was once let in badly and had to fight his way out.

I went with a party to Seal Rock, about six miles off, a favourite resort of the inhabitants of 'Frisco. Here you watch sea lions, as they are called, playing on the rocks below the cliffs. Here also you get a good view of the Golden Gate or entrance to the harbour. The Pacific lies in front of you as you look out from Cliff House.

The journey from San Francisco to the Big Trees in Calaveras was performed by steamer to Stockton, from Stockton by stage to Murphy, sixty-five miles, and from Murphy on horseback to the Mammoth Grove, about eighteen miles through one extensive and beautiful grove or park of evergreen shrub, pine woods, fir, and arbor vitæ. I was fortunate in securing a pleasant hack to ride this last part of my journey, and stayed up at the Trees one night. The Mammoth Grove was closed for the season, but I managed to make myself comfortable, and took supper with three rough and honest lumber men in the kitchen of the otherwise deserted hotel. Our repast was plain but most substantial, consisting of cold

pork and beans and very cold coffee to wash it down. On my road to the Trees I lost my way in the woods, and found myself at a lumber hut in the thick of the forest. I called to ask my way and found the proprietor was a rough sort of customer, who, however, directed me by a short cut, which, as usual, proved the longest in the end, as it was over a hill-side, covered with brushwood, and a very precipitous descent, being moreover intersected with ditches or gullies in every direction, which I had the greatest difficulty in getting across. The short cut was only about a mile and took me over two hours to accomplish. On making inquiry at the half-way house respecting the lumber man who had directed me, I found he belonged to a party of five who were chiefly notorious for hard drinking. One had just died of D.T., which accounted for the man having asked me if I had met a funeral of one of the boys on the way. I congratulated myself that I had not come upon the party when they were in their cups, when my reception would probably have been less civil.

The forest of gigantic trees which I reached is situated in a small valley near the head of the waters of San Antonio, one of the largest streams in Central Calaveras.

From Stockton to the Trees is by stage road through Copperopolis, seventy-five miles.

From Copperopolis, the road passes over the Bear Mountain range, through a succession of picturesque little valleys to Murphy, where there is a pretty village and good hotel. The valley in which the grove is situated contains sequoya trees. There are also hundreds of sugar and pitch pines of astonishing proportions, ranging to the height of 275 feet, and having not infrequently a diameter of 10 to 12 feet. Anywhere else these trees would be regarded as monsters, here by the side of a sequoya (or Wellingtonias) they look like dwarfs.

The grove contained ten trees, each 30 feet in diameter,

and over seventy that are between 15 and 30 feet. Hittel, in his *Resources of California*, said one of the trees, which was down, the father of the forest, must have been 450 feet high and 40 feet in diameter. In 1853, one of the largest trees, 92 feet in circumference, and over 300 feet high, was cut down, five men working twenty-five days in felling it. The stump of the tree had been smoothed off and now easily accommodated thirty-two dancers. In the arbour that has been built on it theatrical performances have been held, and a newspaper, *The Big Tree Bulletin*, was printed there. Near the stump lay a section of the trunk; this was 25 feet in diameter and 20 feet long. Beyond lay the immense trunk as it fell, measuring 300 feet from the base of the stump to its extremity. Upon this was situated a bar-room, and ten-pin alley, stretching along its surface for a distance of 81 feet, affording ample space for two alley-beds side by side.

Whilst in the kitchen of the hotel at Big Trees, the lumber men told me that there had just been a bad murder in a gulch near, of an Italian storekeeper, by some ruffian who had escaped and was supposed to be in the neighbourhood of this hotel. Not pleasant information for me, as I slept all alone in the hotel.

The next morning I returned early to Murphy's, and found that the stage coach did not start until one o'clock at night. As this was New Year's Eve many gold-diggers had assembled to see the New Year in. I thought that they would leave by midnight, but it occurred to them that they might get a lift in the stage coach that left at one o'clock, and so I had to bring my baggage down to the bar-room. I had made friends with the old stage-coachman, a Dutchman, and he told the landlord he would look after me. At one o'clock about half a dozen of the gold-diggers scrambled inside the coach. Fortunately none of them was the worse for drink, and I dis-

tributed cigars among them, and having got into conversation about the diggings, one of them asked me whether I knew Berkshire in the old country, and when I said I did, he told the others about it, saying that he was a Berkshire man. We got on very well, and at the end of three miles they got out and all shook hands with me, bidding me good-night.

Next morning at about seven o'clock, I arrived at a place called Telegraph City, which consisted of a telegraph station and whisky store. They had been dancing the New Year in and were leaving, the women riding pillion.

I mentioned my trip to Bret Harte on one occasion, and he said that when he was Express Agent he was riding that route and was overtaken by a man, on a fine horse, in a red shirt, trousers tucked into his boots. They got into conversation and taked about Dickens, with whose writings the man was well acquainted. He became much interested and talked of "Little Nell" and "Dombey" and other pathetic parts. When they got to where the road branched off, Bret Harte told him that his way to Murphy's lay straight on, and that he himself was staying with some friends at the ranch on the other road. The man said he would like to go round with him, which he did, although it was out of his way, and they still discussed Dickens. "When I got to the ranch I bade him farewell and showed him the road," said Bret Harte. "Shortly after I was in bed I heard voices at the door, and on coming down next morning I asked my friends who were talking below; they said it was the Sheriff and his posse in full pursuit of a road agent who had committed a murder." They had been told that only Bret Harte had come in, upon which they left. So this murderer, at the risk of his life, had come out of his way to discuss Dickens and "Little Nell." Bret Harte told me this in answer to my saying that I could not quite understand the mixture of pathos and

roughness which appeared in the characters of some of his books.

At Stockton I dined at the hotel before starting on my journey eastward.

There were very few passengers on the train, but a respectable-looking man asked me whether I would play a game of eucre with him. I said that I never played for money and did not know much about eucre, that a little girl had taught me on my way from Omaha. I agreed to play with him, however, and won all the games, whereupon he threw down the cards and said: "So a little girl taught you eucre?" I assured him that was so, and he repeated: "So a little girl taught you?" It was fortunate we were not playing for money, otherwise he would have thought I was a Confidence Man.

While waiting at the junction for the mail coach which was to take me to Salt Lake City, I saw on the other side of a ravine what seemed to be a railway smash. Impelled by curiosity I started to see what had happened. I had to cross a trestle bridge over the deep ravine, and I found it no easy matter to step from one sleeper to another; to add to my difficulties, on looking back, I saw an engine coming at full speed, and I could not be certain whether it would run over me, as there was only the single track on which I was walking.

There was no time to lose, and the only thing to be done was to creep outside the track and hold on to the sleeper or beam, which projected beyond; this I did with arms and legs clasped round the beam, and in mortal terror lest I should be shaken off my perch by the passing engine and hurled some 200 feet below, I shut my eyes and waited. The engine went by, and I crawled back on to the track, and continued my walk until I reached the other side, and then found that it was only an old cow that had been run into.

I took very good care not to re-cross on foot, but to get a lift on the engine.

I found on my arrival at Salt Lake City that there were to be great doings, so I resolved to stay. Utah never had so many people congregated there in the memory of the oldest saint; guns firing, flags flying, speeches made, fireworks, illuminations, and a grand ball. The occasion was the opening of the Utah Central Railroad. The bolt which fastened the last rail to the sleeper was fixed by President Brigham Young. No longer will the Mormons be separated from the rest of mankind. Gentiles can now come by rail and share the riches of the country, or pay a passing visit en route to California. Before the Pacific railroad was laid the journey from London took three months at least, now it can be done in fourteen days. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the people who witnessed the ceremony that day had never seen a train before. At an early hour wagons full of many wives and countless children, drawn by two or four mules, came pouring into the city from remote parts of the territory to see the great iron horse arrive. Several bands played martial airs. The officers from Camp Douglas came down to join the rest of the spectators, and amongst the crowd were surly-looking Indians, scowling at their old enemy, the engine, whom they dread more than any army of soldiers, as they say it is the work of a great spirit.

The great ball took place in the theatre, and I had an opportunity of seeing the saints and their elders, bishops, apostles, and prophets, under the most favourable circumstances. I saw them and the great prophet, Brigham himself, tripping on the light fantastic toe, or rather the heavy-heeled boot. Square dances were the order of the evening, Brigham not approving of round ones, and Brigham ruled with a strong hand. He was Pope and Sultan in one. He managed everything in the place, from the Tabernacle to the theatre,

ELDER EVANS, LEADER OF THE SHAKERS.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, LEADER OF THE MORMONS AT UTAH.

and from the railway to the ball-room, and the colour of a lady's ribbon.

I had an interview with the great man the day after my arrival, a big hale old gentleman of sixty-eight who looked about ten years younger. He had small cold grey eyes, a very determined mouth, and a nose rather on one side. He was not repulsive-looking, not particularly attractive, rather like a waiter you hire for a dinner-party. He received me courteously and spoke with a soft voice. I did not bother him with questions, according to the custom of my countrymen, but talked about the theatre and the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton, who had been reading the night before. He received a visit from her the previous day and seemed to admire her. He would, no doubt, have been ready to make her the twenty-first Mrs. Brigham Young had she been willing.

The city was, to outward appearance, one of the pleasantest spots you ever saw, and in summer must be delightful. Wide streets with rivulets of sparkling water running on each side, and shady avenues of trees. There was an enormous oval-domed tabernacle in the centre of the city, a theatre as large as any of our London theatres, a fine public hall, large warehouses and shops with plate-glass windows, a few substantially-built private houses, and fine wild mountain scenery all round. I did not see a drunken man while I was there, as no intoxicating liquor can be purchased. There was a temperance hotel where we drank cold water and coffee at dinner. Brigham was against the sale of strong liquor, and although wine and whisky stores have lately been set up by Gentiles, he anathematised them and warned his faithful ones against entering them. There was certainly an air of peace and good order in this town that I have never seen in any other town of this size in England or America.

So much for the outward appearance. Now for the other side of the question. There was a good deal of internal strife

and schism going on amongst the Mormons; there were three great parties.

1. The Faithful Mormons—followers of Brigham, which was the largest and by far the most powerful party.

2. The Josephites—followers of Prophet Joseph Smith's son, who wanted the Church reorganised as it was in Prophet Joseph's time: these were against polygamy.

3. The Liberal or Free-thinking party, who had lately sprung up and who were likely to grow very powerful. They had just started a newspaper and held meetings twice a week. They were against one-man power and priestcraft, and consequently against Brigham. They desired more freedom of thought and feared not the admission of the Gentile into the city. Their views on polygamy were rather doubtful; but I think they were really against it and were only biding their time. All the leaders of the new movement had been excommunicated by the President, which, of course, had had the effect of adding to their numbers. On Sunday I attended an episcopal protestant service in the morning, and heard an excellent sermon from the Bishop of the Diocese. In the afternoon I went to the old Tabernacle, the new one only being used in the summer. Here I heard two discourses: one from Orson Hyde, the other from G. Canon; the former was a vulgar old man, who ranted and raved against the Liberal party and compared them to Jonah who wanted to disobey God's command and got punished in consequence. He told some amusing stories at which the congregation laughed and applauded. His picture of Jonah's distress was very quaint. He talked of his taking a submarine passage in a whale's belly as he could not get one on board ship, and of his lying doubled up and covered with filthy slime on the beach; the spiritual state in which the opponents of Brigham would find themselves.

Canon was a far superior speaker, and I fancy one of the

cleverest men they had. He was the father of a public man of importance, who in later years revealed and repudiated Mormon iniquities. He spoke bitterly against the apostates, but was more select in his language. In the evening I attended a meeting of the Liberal Party, and heard a long lecture from Harrison, the chief leader. It was earnest and thoughtful, although he got rather out of his depth discoursing upon Mosaic cosmogony. The subject of his address was the development of nature both in man and the rest of creation. He was very strong against priestcraft and the debasement of women. The hall was crowded by an attentive audience, who seemed to appreciate what he said, but could not have understood one-half. The majority of the people were from England, Scotland, and Wales. I went into one shop for photographs and found a Birmingham man. I went into another to purchase articles of toilet to make myself respectable for the ball and found a Coventry man. I travelled in the stage with a Mormon bishop who originally came from Birmingham. It seemed always my fate to come across my countrymen. At Niagara, a porter on the station came up to me, having seen the name on my bag, and told me that he used to drive the stage-coach from Birmingham to Coventry.

I left Salt Lake City on January 11th, 1870, and was one of the first passengers to travel by the new Utah Central Railway. The cars were most disagreeably full of saints and the odour was not divine. I could not find one small place for a Gentile, and so I had to stand outside on the platform. I tried the baggage-car, but was turned out by an officious young man, who was agent for the Wells Fargo Express. I stood on the platform and discoursed with the brakesman, who, of course, was a Warwickshire man.

At Ogden station I joined the San Francisco train, and took a place for Omaha on the way to visit my friend, the

Bishop of Tennessee, at Nashville. In the train I met a young man who proved a pleasant companion. He had twenty-six thousand acres of arable land in California, a share of a business in San Francisco, gold mines in Colorado, a share in a large hotel in the east, and lived chiefly in Boston and had a fishing-box in Maine. Not bad for a young man of about thirty-five. He wanted me to accompany him to his mines in Colorado, and I should have liked above all things to have started from Cheyenne to Denver in the stage coach with him, had I not already exceeded the time I had allowed myself for the west.

I had travelled the last two or three days through various atmospheres: e.g. on the Rocky Mountains it was clear and frosty, with cutting winds; at Omaha there was deep snow, and the cold at five-thirty in the morning in an open sleigh to the depot at Council Bluff's, four miles on the opposite bank of the Missouri, was intense, and I felt it the more as I had no wrap with me and had not partaken of any breakfast. From Omaha to Macon, about 200 miles, the ground was covered with snow. I retired to the sleeping-car, and woke up as we got to the Mississippi, when I beheld the most glorious sunrise over St. Louis. At St. Louis we had extraordinary weather; the day I arrived it was raining, then clear and warm, then muggy in the evening, and at about nine o'clock we had a most terrific storm, with sheet lightning and a deluge of rain. Toward morning it changed to sleet, then to snow, and when I got up there had been a severe frost, and a bitterly cold wind was blowing. The storm raged fiercest at Cave City, a hundred miles away, in Kentucky, where the famous mammoth Cave was situated. Trees were uprooted, houses turned completely round, and articles of furniture and clothing scattered in every direction. There is an account of a gentleman, Professor Williams, who, on awaking from his peaceful slumbers, found his house spinning

round like a top, and when the tornado, which lasted two or three minutes, was over, found his house literally turned inside out. Being of a tidy disposition he had placed his clothes neatly folded up on a chair beside his bed before retiring to rest. On looking for them next morning, he could not discover their whereabouts, but after further search his inexpressibles were found on a stable-roof half a mile west, his coat three-quarters of a mile in an opposite direction, while his vest was found two miles to the west of the town. I cannot answer for the exactness of this account, but give it as I had it. There is no doubt, however, that the devastation was terrific, many houses being demolished, several people killed, and many wounded.

I arrived at the house of my friend, Dr. Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee, and went with him to the coloured school, or university, as it called itself. We heard a lecture delivered by a coloured Presbyterian Minister, who was rather nervous at the presence of the Bishop.

The Bishop told me a story of his old verger, who was a coloured man, and a friend of a coloured Methodist preacher. He was very anxious that his friend should hear the Bishop preach, which he had promised to do. "But," said the verger, "you must not shout. The Bishop doesn't allow shouting." The Methodist preacher came and heard the Bishop, and afterwards the verger said to the Methodist: "What do you think of the Bishop? Isn't he a grand preacher?" To which the Methodist replied: "Oh, he is a grand preacher, but it gave me the hiccups bad not shouting."

I found the Bishop was engaged to go two days later to attend the consecration of the Bishop of Arkansas at Mobile, and gladly accepted his invitation to accompany him.

At Corinth we fell in with the Bishop of Illinois and a party from St. Louis who were going to the consecration, and we

should have had a pleasant journey with them had it not been that the cars were most disagreeably over-crowded—one car with squalling children, the other with dirty niggers; I preferred the niggers and had to stand up more than half the day. Arriving at Mobile, we were met by some of the clergy and Church laymen of the city, and found that we were to be billeted on hospitable churchmen of the city. My quarters were with the leading physician of the place, Dr. Ketchum, who was said to have one of the finest residences in Mobile, and it was with difficulty I managed to get away from their southern hospitality.

Mobile is a very pleasant city abounding with beautiful evergreen trees—such as oak, mangolia, Japan plum, and osage. The oranges were hanging in a most tempting manner from the trees, and we could pluck them from the drawing-room window of Dr. Ketchum's house.

Tuesday was the great day of consecration and was most interesting. Seven bishops, including the Bishop elect, Bishops of Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Florida, and Illinois, were present, and about forty clergy from all parts of the Southern States. A most eloquent sermon was preached by Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois, a northern bishop who had come from Chicago, a distance of nine hundred miles, to be present on the occasion.

I was introduced, amongst others, to Bishop Wilmer of Louisiana, who said to me: "I have been wanting to meet you, young man, for some time." I wondered why. He continued: "I was staying with a connection, the Rev. H. Skipwith, near Leamington, and was taken over to Stoneleigh Abbey and Church. I asked who was the incumbent of the church. I was told by my friend that the present rector was Mr. T., but that he was holding it for a brother of Lord Leigh's. I said, "Where is the young man?" He told me that he was at present at Cambridge. I said I was much

surprised that any church could be held for a young man. I thought a great deal about this, and when I was again in England in 1868, I made inquiries about you. Finding myself at Coventry, I went to see the grand Church of St. Michael's, when a young clergyman came in to the church with a lady, and was introduced to me. I did not catch his name, but when they were gone I asked the Vicar who it was; he told me it was the Vicar of Stoneleigh, Mr. Leigh, the brother of Lord Leigh. I said, 'Why, that is just the man I wanted to see. How is he getting on?' He gave a good report of you. And now I find myself once more introduced to that young man, and I am glad to meet you, sir."

American bishops are always good company and often have good stories about themselves. One of them told me he was strolling with a brother bishop through a picturesque cemetery, of which there are so many to be found in the South. They came across a grave-stone, erected to the memory of the wife of a well-known author. On the stone was inscribed: "The Light of my eyes has departed." He said to his companion, "See that, he has just gone and married again"; to which the other bishop replied, "He has struck a fresh match, that's all."

I left Mobile with regret, and took ship for New Orleans in company with the Bishop and other clergy. We were much entertained during the journey by listening to the niggers singing hymns to nigger melodies, and witnessing their dances and breakdowns to a tune on the banjo. The scene below deck in the steerage was a curious one, and would have been a capital subject for an artist. In one place a lot of queer-looking blacks singing at the top of their voices, in another, dancing and banjo-playing; a third group played cards, perched high up on the top of bales of cotton. Two niggers in red shirts and queer-shaped hats, a black woman, with her head bound round with a red cotton kerchief, sat on

the ground with a little darkie at her feet, cotton bales and sugar-casks all around, and Irish sailors looking on with contempt at the performance of the negroes.

On arriving at New Orleans I was requested to preach at one of the churches on Sunday; but circumstances prevented me.

New Orleans may be called the Paris of the United States and is very French in its aspect; French market, French shops, French Cathedral, and French Opera House. Canal Street was a magnificent street, with fine shops on each side of it. The houses were lofty, and had a balcony on each storey. The market was a curiosity, thoroughly foreign, and the quay was a sight to see, covered with cotton bales, rice, and sugar-casks. Mules and niggers extended for miles. The river along the quay was crowded with those floating palaces, the Mississippi boats. Certainly New Orleans seemed to be rapidly recovering from the effects of the war.

While there I was introduced by the bishop to a young clergyman by name Dillon, who claimed connection with Lord Dillon. He persuaded me to return with him to spend the Sunday at his parish in Louisiana, which I agreed to do, as I wanted to go up the Mississippi in one of the far-famed boats. The railroads have made these almost obsolete now. They had three storeys, and were like floating hotels. The saloon was about 300 feet long, painted white and gold, with black walnut doors leading to the state-rooms. Massive gilt chandeliers hung suspended from the ceiling. The food was excellent, and a string band on board played during meals. The scene before starting was very lively, the quay being thronged with people. Forty or fifty mules were being driven on to the boats, amid the shouting and blows of a negro. Cotton bales and casks were rolled into the vessels. Several boats were getting up their steam preparatory to starting, and were sending forth unearthly shrieks from their

whistles. Then came the start. The *Natchez*, another boat, lay alongside of ours and was to start at the same time. On their last trip the *Pargand* had beat the *Natchez*, and she was going to redeem her lost laurels. At the same moment both boats loosed their moorings amidst the shouts of the spectators and the playing of bands, and away we went on one of those exciting races on the Mississippi which have been so often described. We got the lead and held it for some time, but gradually *Natchez* gained upon us after about four miles of exciting racing, and passed us amidst the derisive cheers of her passengers. All on board, from the wealthy planter to the nigger in the steerage, seemed to take an interest in the race. The captain explained to me by way of an apology the reason we were beaten was that his boat was the more heavily freighted. My friend Mr. Dillon introduced me to a planter who was on board, and whom he looked upon as the squire of his parish, and Mr. R. with true Southern hospitality invited me to stay with him.

We landed about midnight on the embankment near by Bayou Goula, and had to trudge in the dark with our bags along a very muddy road to Mr. R.'s house, two miles off. The house was large and nice looking, built entirely of wood, except the foundations, with verandas running all round on each storey. It was built entirely on the premises by his slaves. The family consisted of Mr. R., three Miss R.s, and some small boys. There was a refinement about them, as there is indeed about all the Southern planters, which you very seldom find amongst the Yankees, and one could not but feel for all the trouble and anxiety they had gone through and the insults to which they had submitted. I must say I sympathised thoroughly with the Southerners in their sad position, and I considered the North had behaved shamefully to them. They crushed the proud Southerners during the war, conquered them by overwhelming numbers, stole a good

deal of property, and tried to make the slaves fight against their masters. This might be excusable. They had a pretext, the abolition of slavery, but I have my doubts about the sincerity of their intentions with regard to this. Still, the Southerners were forced to submit. They owned they were beaten and said they would not desire to have slaves again if they could; the responsibility of taking care of them was so great. But the Yankees were not satisfied with this; they wanted to humiliate them still more and trample on them when they were down. They endeavoured to entice from them their old slaves, who had become their faithful servants, and to get them placed in high positions, doing in fact all in their power to keep out from these places the Southern men of refinement and education.

The Lieutenant-Governor of this State was actually a fat nigger, who had been coachman to a planter. I saw him at New Orleans presiding over the Legislature, which was composed to a great degeee of black men, who made laws and domineered over their old masters. The only wonder was that the negroes behaved as well as they did under the circumstances. Many were attached to their old masters and remained in their service or went back to them. Out of all Mr. R.'s servants, only one there was who was not a slave before the war; many similar cases could be found, proving that they were not as badly treated as people imagined.

I preached on Sunday in the small Parish Church and on leaving Bayou Goula had some hard travelling, a good deal worse than going across the Rocky Mountains. On Tuesday at midnight, I left the hospitable mansion of Mr. R., accompanied by Mr. Dillon, to meet the steamboat which was to conduct me up the river to Vicksburg. We sat by the side of a camp fire until four o'clock in the morning, when the boat appeared in sight, and then she stopped about some hundred

yards off, and I had to draw my baggage through mud and brushwood to get to her. After a tedious journey, stopping about every three or four miles, we reached Vicksburg (a great scene of the war) early on Friday morning, and two hours later started for Meridian. We were delayed four hours on the road, owing to a luggage train having run off the track. We reached Meridian late that evening, having had nothing all day but coffee, biscuits, and apples, and found the train was eight hours late owing to another luggage train having gone off the track, and we arrived eventually at Selma at 7.30 p.m. instead of 7.30 a.m. Early Monday morning we had to catch the train for Montgomery, about thirty-five miles off.

At Montgomery I had a very good opportunity of seeing the working of the legislation of the Alabama State, and an extraordinary sight it was. I heard the discussion of the bill for granting 2,000,000 dollars to Mr. Stanton, a Northerner, for the making of the Alabama and Chattanooga railway. The Senate at Montgomery was made up of niggers, carpet-baggers,[1] and scallawags, and a sprinkling of democrats.

One little democrat got up and stamped about and talked against time for about an hour, utterly regardless of constant interruptions from the opposite party. Ten niggers showed their independence by putting their legs up on the tables in front of them and spitting all over the place, also by interrupting the speaker with questions that had nothing to do with the matter. One curious and inebriate radical got up and

[1] Carpet-baggers were Yankees or Northerners imported to add to the radical majority. The scallawaggers were those Southerners who had joined the Yankee ranks; the democrats represented feebly the old Southern state senators. The democrats were furiously opposed to the passing of the bill, denouncing it as a jobbing transaction to put money into the pockets of Mr. Stanton. The opposition was of little use. The fight waxed hot, and language anything but parliamentary was freely used.

shook his fist at the little democrat, and offered to give him satisfaction outside, and then relapsed into drunkenness. I never saw such a curious collection of animals assembled together.

We reached Atlanta Tuesday morning and left there in the afternoon, finally getting to my destination at five o'clock on Wednesday evening, where I found that comfortable quarters had been provided for me at the house of my friend Mr. Low, a large cotton merchant in that city, the distance from Vicksburg to Savannah being about 825 miles; time, travelling night and day, five days and a half.

Savannah struck me as a very pretty town. The squares and streets are full of evergreen trees and magnolias, and there is a beautiful cemetery called Bona-Venture about three miles from the city, with long avenues of ilex or evergreen oak, the grey moss hanging from the boughs giving a curiously funereal aspect.

Leaving Savannah by steamer I arrived at Darien that same afternoon. Most of the route was through marsh, where the boat generally stuck. We picked up eight shipwrecked mariners who had been left on a barren marshy island for four days. They had escaped from a cotton-boat which was fast going to pieces when they left it, and which had on board four hundred and fifty bales of cotton and fifteen hands. The mate told me he feared greatly that those he had left on board could not be saved. Arrived at Darien I found some negroes, who took me across to Butler's Island, about three miles across the river. Here a fair queen resided amongst her sable subjects and entertained strangers with royal grace. Her name was Miss Fanny Butler, daughter of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who married a Southern planter. We had a very pleasant little party there consisting of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Cheatham, and a beautiful Philadelphian, Miss Fanny Smith, with her young sister.

The island was a flat marsh covered with orange trees, the climate in winter soft and mild, but in the summer unhealthy, and only black people could live on it. The fields had to be flooded in the hot suns of July, August, and September, for the rice crop. This bred malaria and fever.

On Sunday morning I went to the school-house to attend a negro service. The schoolmaster was an intelligent black, from the Divinity School of Philadelphia, who asked me to address them, so I gave them a discourse upon Philip and the Ethiopian, which they listened to with great attention. I had not a single white among the congregation. One of the oldest negroes in the place said he had a vision—a man on a white horse came out of the reeds and he said to the people, "Brethren, there is going to be a great movement in this place. Philip of Macedonia is coming over to help you." (He got rather mixed up in his Biblical knowledge.) How his prophecy in some measure came true will be told later. In the afternoon we rowed across the river to attend church at Darien. The old church had been burnt down during the war, and the services were held in the Court House. Mr. Cheatham played on a small harmonium which we brought with us and our party composed the choir. It was a great relief to get a little rest after the constant bustle and excitement of my recent journey. Sir Michael and his friend were on their way to Florida. I wished I had time to spare, so that I could have accompanied them, but I had to turn northward and get back to New York, via Washington and Philadelphia, as quickly as I could. The people all through these parts are so hospitable that it is difficult to get away from them, and I had to refuse many invitations. I had a letter of introduction to General Lee in Virginia, and also had an invitation from the clergyman in his parish, General Pendleton, to pay him a visit. I found, however, that a visit to them would take me three or four days out of my way and so with great reluctance I was forced to

give up a visit to these two famous old Southern generals, who were now one a clergyman and the other the churchwarden of the parish. The latter part of my route from Savannah to Washington was very interesting, not on account of the beauty of the scenery, but from its having been the scene of the hottest fighting during the war. We passed Petersburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, and crossed the rivers Appomatox and Rappahannock, names well known in connection with the great campaign. At Fredericksburg were still to be seen the marks on the houses where the balls struck, and the earth-works thrown up round the city. Places were pointed out to me by a Northerner who had served throughout the campaign, and who spoke of the Southern rebels in no measured tones. Indeed we nearly had a sharp quarrel on the subject.

I stopped at Richmond and went over the city. It is called the Rome of the United States, being built on some hills which make it look more picturesque than most American towns, but it has been terribly knocked about during the war. At Acquia Creek we took the steamer to Washington, about ninety miles away, and had a very pleasant trip. We passed close by Mount Vernon, the residence of Washington, a beautifully-situated house commanding a view of the river, and at this point the scenery is very fine.

Washington has been called the city of magnificent distances; it boasts of one of the finest modern edifices in the world, namely the Capitol, which stands upon the brow of a hill overlooking the Potomac. The interior decoration is fine, especially some Italian fresco-painting of birds and a massive bronze door, representing events in the life of Columbus. I was taken all over the Capitol and into both houses of the Legislature by Senator Bayard of Delaware, afterwards American Ambassador in London, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and found him a very pleaasnt

Southerner. There was nothing particular of interest going on in the house, but I had an opportunity of seeing some of the notabilities such as Sumner, Ben Butler (the best-abused man in the South), Colfax, Parson, Brownlow, a poor paralytic now, and Revels, the negro who had just been admitted to the Mississippi State. He was not so black as he was painted as far as his face was concerned, though possibly he might have been as to character. However, he looked respectable, much more than did some of the white legislators. Another fine building was the Smithsonian Institute, the money for the erection and endowment of which was left by an Englishman, one James Smithson, who had never been to America, but who left the money to the United States probably to spite his own country or some of his relations. All these large buildings were at great distances from the Capitol and were approached by very muddy streets with inferior houses on each side. They were erected at some distance apart with the idea that Washington was going to be a large and flourishing city, which idea in later years has certainly been realised. The society was a mixture of peculiar characters, as the legislators of the country were not the most refined of people, and their wives and daughters were chiefly noticeable for their extravagant dresses, profusion of jewellery, and shoddy manners. I met some very pleasant people, however, and at the Le Stranges, with whom I dined, found many members of the Corps Diplomatique.

Leaving Washington we passed through Baltimore, each car being drawn by six horses, one in front of the other, at full trot through the crowded streets and without reins, the conductor blowing a tin horn to give notice to people to get out of the way. There were no railway bridges nor even gates at the crossings, nor men stationed with danger-flags to warn the public. The public must keep its eyes open or be run over. I did not see much in Baltimore to induce me

to stop, although I had heard much of its attractions, and had an invitation from a resident to pay him a visit. I believe it is chiefly noted for the beauty of its women and the flavour of its oysters, also for canvas-back ducks from Chesapeake Bay.

At Philadelphia I dined with Mr. Cartwright, the British Consul, and left for New York, having accomplished my grand tour round the United States to the extent of about ten thousand miles.

CHAPTER VII

RETURN HOME

STONELEIGH—MARRIAGE—AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' STRIKE

I RETURNED to my parish at Stoneleigh in March 1870. That spring Miss Butler came to England with her sister, Mrs. Wister; visited me at Stoneleigh, and afterwards stayed with my sister, Mrs. Newdigate, in Needwood Forest, near Burton. Here I asked Miss Butler to become my wife, to which she consented. She had, however, to return to America the following month. In the spring of 1871 I met her and Mrs. Kemble at Queenstown, and in June we were married at St. Thomas's Church, Portman Square, by my brother-in-law, the Rev. Lord Saye and Sele, my friend Arthur Sullivan presiding at the organ After a short honeymoon spent at Titsey Place, the beautiful home of my twin sister, we returned to my parish at Stoneleigh, where a most hearty reception was given us, arches being erected in the village. The carriage was drawn through the village preceded by the school children accompanied by a drum and fife band. Flowers were thrown in our path and on arriving at the entrance to the vicarage the band struck up the American National Anthem. The company then retired to a large tent in which about five hundred men, women, and children partook of tea. A handsome silver inkstand was presented by the parishioners of Stoneleigh, Mr. Weston, one of the churchwardens, acting as spokesman. I returned thanks for the warm welcome and the handsome present they had given me, and

my wife made a short speech concluding with the words, "the welcome you have given me has made me forget the distance I have come."

In March 1872 the squires and farmers of Warwickshire were much astonished by the agitation on the part of the agricultural labourers, who threatened to strike. That these men should bind themselves together passed the comprehension of their employers. For generations they had toiled on steadily and uncomplainingly; in early boyhood they frightened crows at 1*s.* 6*d.* a week. In manhood they earned on an average about 12*s.*, and in old age they lived on the parish. Their cottages for the most part belonged to the neighbouring landed proprietors, whose farmers employed the labourers, and were let at a rental of 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* a week. In winter there were gifts of coal to the most necessitous families and at the hardest seasons the distribution of a few pints of soup. The labourers doffed their caps respectfully to the squires and parsons, and seemed satisfied at their condition.

The light of revolution flashed in upon them all of a sudden. In Barford village, near Leamington, there dwelt a man who was a day labourer and a Methodist preacher, a man superior to his class, not greatly enlightened by culture, but with a keen, restless, inquiring mind, a boldness of thought and independence of character, and a rough, fervent, natural eloquence. To this Barford preacher and toiler, whose name was Joseph Arch, came a Wellsbourne man, who asked him whether he would speak if they held a meeting. He assented. No circulars were issued calling the meeting. From farm to farm by word of mouth spread tidings of a new movement.

On Wellsbourne Green a noble chestnut stands, under whose spreading arms the labourers of South Warwickshire met to put forward their claims. Notices were served upon the farmers asking for wages of 16*s.* per week; the farmers

declined the advance, and the men struck. My first connection with the movement was driving over to Barford to see Arch upon the subject of one of our farmer's shepherds who was receiving 16*s*. a week. Mr. Arch was from home, but I saw his wife and had a chat with her. She asked me if I was one of "them" pressmen; I said, "No, I am a clergyman." She then said, "You must be Parson Leigh." I admitted I was, and that I was interested in this agitation, and wanted to talk it over with Mr. Arch. From that time I became much interested in the movement, my object being as far as possible to bring the employers and the employed together. Later on, I was able to have a meeting of farmers and labourers at the Stoneleigh Reading Room, with the view of bringing about an amicable settlement as far as this parish was concerned. The room was well filled with farmers and labourers. I was voted to the Chair. I received a letter from Canon Girdlestone of Dorsetshire, the friend of the labourers, who said that his advice to me was to take any steps to ensure the continuation of that cordial understanding between masters and men which it was desirable to increase rather than diminish. "I can see no better means of settling all differences than the meeting which you propose to call. Our labourers have some 8*s*. a week, none more than 9*s*., bad cottages at a high rent which they have to pay out of their wages, unless they are carters or shepherds, and no other privileges, except two quarts of cider, bad both for body and soul. Let your labourers compare their conditions to ours in Dorset, and then if they are anxious to unite let them unite to pay something toward their poor neighbours in the west of England, to unite against masters who, I regret to say, as a rule, have little, if any, of that good spirit which seems to prevail in your neighbourhood."

This meeting, which was, as far as I know, the only meeting held by employers and employed, was a success, notwith-

standing an attempt made on the part of certain agitators, (not labourers) to disturb the meeting.

The good feeling existing between employers and employed and the parson was due, in a great measure, I think, to the Co-operative Store which was started some years previous by the vicar and was managed by the labourers themselves.

In writing to the papers to correct certain misstatements which had been made about the meeting which had taken place at Stoneleigh, and about Stoneleigh itself, I felt bound, in justice to the landlords, farmers, labourers, and myself, to make a few statements about the Parish of Stoneleigh. It had been sneeringly said that I represented it as a perfect arcadia and earthly paradise, which was certainly not my intention, as I was well aware that here as well as elsewhere many flaws might be found in the system, some suffering discovered, and a little of the whited sepulchre and, perhaps, even of the gilded padded collar.

What I did say was that I particularly wished to impress upon the people themselves that they had greater advantages and privileges than many of their less fortunate neighbours, and that steady and successful efforts had in many ways been made to improve the condition of the labourers, not by charities or doles of soup, to which I have always more or less objected as taking away the proper self-respect and independence of the people, but by good schools, reading-rooms, and co-operative stores, firmly established friendly societies and clubs, all of which are so many aids to self-help and prudent forethought. The success of these efforts was to be seen, first, in the Government report of the schools which placed them among the highest (town schools not excepted); secondly, from the fact that four of the labourers' children of this parish held positions as teachers in first-rate schools; thirdly, of the young men attending my evening classes, two were stonemasons, six were domestic servants in good places,

two were market gardeners, two carpenters, two went to America, two were railway porters, and one was a clerk in a post office at Burton; fourthly, that the Reading-room was well attended every night by men anxious to read the newspapers and books provided, and that the lectures on historical, scientific, and other subjects, which were delivered once a month during five months in the year, were well attended and eagerly listened to; lastly, the Co-operative store was a very flourishing one, doing a business of nearly £3,000 per annum on a capital of about £600, almost all the shares being owned by the labourers themselves, and the management entirely in their own hands.

I would gladly see co-operative farms established everywhere in the country, such as was to be seen in Assington in Suffolk, where the labourers could have their own farms and reap the profits therefrom. I should also be glad to see co-operation introduced as it has been successfully into Briggs's colliery and many other commercial firms. I am sure that much might be done in the way of co-operation to put an end to the evils which often necessarily arise from Trade Unions and strikes.

On May 29th, 1872, a great public meeting was held at the Circus, Leamington; it was estimated there were two or three thousand present, chiefly of the labouring class. Mr. G. Dixon, M.P., presided; on the platform were Sir Baldwin Leighton, Dr. Langford, Messrs. J. S. Wright, Jesse Collins, and myself (Jesse Collins is still alive).

Letters were received regretting their inability to attend the congress from the Hon. Auberon Herbert, M.P., Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Professor Fawcett, M.P., and others. Many matters were discussed and I read a paper on co-operative farming in which I quoted the great success of the one at Balahine, Ireland, under the superintendence of Mr. E. T. Craig, and I received a letter from him thanking me for

what I had said about him, and supporting my statement with regard to the success at Balahine.

Joseph Arch became M.P. for a constituency in Norfolk, and recently died at the age of ninety, in his old freehold house at Barford, in which he had been born.

The great success of the movement was no doubt due to the remarkable articles which appeared in *The Daily News* written by Archibald Forbes, the well-known correspondent. He was succeeded by a correspondent whose remarkable career I may here mention (although the incident occurred much later), and was as follows: On one occasion when I was walking in Broadway, New York, I met a gentleman who asked me to step into the office of the White Star Line to have a talk with him. He asked me if I remembered him, and I said that I knew his face. He said he succeeded Forbes as special correspondent on *The Daily News* in connection with the labourers' agitation. He asked me what I was doing; I said I was going to a plantation in Georgia, and had brought six labourers over to work on it. He said he was going to a farm in Virginia. Some little time after, being in New York, I made inquiries about him, and was told that he had married a wife in Virginia, and was found drowned in the river there. I did not think much more about it, until a few years after, when I was at Leamington, I read an extract from *The Melbourne Argus*, in which there was an account of a party going to the races at Kineton, near Melbourne, when one of the party said: "I do not suppose that anybody knows where Kineton in the old country is." He then proceeded to give an account of old Kineton and of the labourers' strike which took place in that neighbourhood: he mentioned that there was no better friend to the labourers than Jimbo Leigh (my nick-name), and that I had gone out to a plantation in America and taken some labourers with me. When I read this account I at once said that "only one man

could have written it, and he was supposed to have been drowned in Virginia." Some little time after I was in London on the day that Garfield, the U.S. President, was murdered, and I looked in at the American Exchange, where many Americans were congregated, discussing the terrible fate of Garfield. A man in a slouch hat came up to me, and said, "I believe you're Mr. Leigh?" and I replied, "I am, and who are you?" "Henry Vincent, who conducted the labourers' *Chronicle* at the time of the agitation." "What are you doing now?" I asked, and he told me that he was in Melbourne, and engaged with a quartz-crushing machine. "I am glad to see you," I exclaimed, "and you can tell me something I am anxious to know. You remember the correspondent, S. J., who succeeded Archibald Forbes in *The Daily News*." He said that he did. I continued, "He is in Melbourne now, but under another name, and he writes for *The Argus* under the *nom de plume* of 'The Vagabond.' I presume you have met him?" "I have," he replied, "but what makes you ask?" "Because," I said, "he was drowned in Virginia, and I believe left a widow to deplore his loss."

CHAPTER VIII

SECOND VISIT TO UNITED STATES

LIFE ON THE PLANTATION—ST. SIMON'S ISLAND—NEGROES AND THEIR SONGS —SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH—CONDITION OF THE SOUTH

IN September 1873 we started for America, in the *Celtic*, a very different vessel from the old *Russia*, fitted with all the modern luxuries.

Mrs. Kemble accompanied us because, as she said, if we went to the bottom she might as well go with us. The *Atlantic* steamer had gone down some little time before off Newfoundland, and some people were rather doubtful about the safety of the new fast steamers of the White Star Line.

At length we reached our island home in Georgia, to which I had gone on my visit South, when it was in the sole charge of Miss Butler, who afterwards became my wife. What she went through during those years after the war is described in her book *Ten Years on a Georgia Plantation*. She told me when we first met, how she had gone down South the year after the war, with her father, to look after the property and to see what could possibly be done to bring it into order again. How they found the South still treated as a conquered country; the whites disfranchised; the local governments in the hands of the military men or adventurers (carpet-baggers), the latter with no desire to promote the good of the country or the people, but only to advance their own private ends, and to encourage the negroes in all sorts of foolish and extravagant ideas of freedom.

Along the route she had travelled were marks of General Sherman's work, ruin and desolation. At Columbia scarcely anything was left of the town, as street after street was one long line of blackened ruins. Going in a cattle van they reached the Columbia river, the bridge over which had been destroyed, and they had to cross over a pontoon bridge, then to walk a mile and sit down for two hours in pine woods till the rickety old car came to fetch them. Starting off again, at the rate of five miles an hour for several hours, they found the rails torn up, and they had to remain in woods until an old army wagon came and picked them up; and in this they were jolted and banged for five more hours. At 10 p.m. they reached the log cabin, where they had to sit on the floor until 3 a.m. when the train arrived, and for twenty-four hours they were jolted about over the roughest of roads until they reached Augusta, where they were permitted to take rest for three hours, and then to proceed to Savannah, which they reached late at night. They would have starved had they not been supplied with a good basketful of provisions. In August 1867 Mr. Butler died, having caught fever on the plantation, his daughter at this time being in the North. She went South as soon as she was able, to carry on his work and look after the negroes, who loved him so dearly and to whom he was so much attached. She had a terribly hard time of it on the plantation all by herself, until she married. These things are graphically described in her book.

My new home, a rice plantation, was about four thousand miles away from my friends on the other side of the water, but I heard every day the same language spoken, although it must be confessed in a very peculiar and scarcely intelligible manner, by our sable brethren (I believe brethren is the proper term in these enlightened days). The Island consisted of about sixteen hundred acres surrounded by a broad river,

called by the romantic Indian name of Altamaha. How far prettier sounding are these Indian names than our Anglo-Saxon! Take, for instance, Chicago, Indiana, Ogeechee, Cincinatti, Omaha. What a pity they did not in every case retain the old names and call New York Manhattan, which is really the Indian name.

Our castle was a neat little framewood house, with a piazza in front of it, from which you descended into a garden, or rather, a small grove of orange trees, oleanders, and roses. The fruit was unsurpassed anywhere in the world for size and sweetness. We packed the oranges for the market, and sent over a hundred barrels to the North. Behind the colony was a Settlement, No. 1, where the coloured people resided. There was an avenue of orange trees, on each side of which were rows of wooden houses, and at the end facing the avenue was what was once the hospital, but was afterwards partly a church used by negroes, and partly the residence of eight English labourers. Immediately in front of the garden was the Altamaha river and the landing-place for the boats, and from which all the water supply was drawn. The rest of the island consisted of rice fields, of which about a thousand acres were under cultivation.

I fitted up a good-sized room in the overseer's house, as a little chapel, where we held our church services. I read the service on Sunday, and spoke to the negroes on the Gospel for the day. I always endeavoured to speak to them in the simplest language, as they were very ignorant, although they had a minister of their own, and I found them very attentive. On Sunday afternoons I had school for the children, which was also attended by very old people. Once when taking a wedding, the bridegroom was a grandfather and the bride a grandmother. The little chapel was crowded, and the bride, although she had reached years of discretion, having gone through the ceremony before, was as bashful and coy as

blushing seventeen. Her bridesmaid, a lady about the same age, clutched her by the arm as if she was afraid she might escape. When I put the all-important question to the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the answer was promptly given, "I will, massa, I will." And when I asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the father of the Island, old Angus, spoke out boldly, "I do, massa, with all my heart." The behaviour of all, however, was reverent throughout, more so than on another occasion, when the old black preacher came over from a neighbouring island to marry a couple and was requested by their mistress to use the prayer-book service, which, although he was able to read, he did not understand. Consequently, he read through all the Rubrics, and was going on with the service for the Visitation of the Sick when he was judiciously stopped. He also ventured on explanatory notes, and having said, "Whereof this ring is given and received as a token and a plague," he went on to observe, "Yes, bredren, it is a plague, but you got to bear it."

November 28th, 1873, was likely to be long remembered by the inhabitants of Butler's Island. The 27th was the day appointed by the President as the annual thanksgiving to be observed throughout the States. It would be well if our Civil and Ecclesiastical authorities in England would follow the example of America in this, and have one special day set apart for thanksgiving to the Almighty for the ingathering of the fruits of the earth. In the American prayer-book there is a form of thanksgiving to be used yearly on this occasion.

We had made every preparation for the due observance of that day, but the elements were unpropitious. Rain fell in torrents, so we postponed our festival to the 28th, and were well rewarded for doing so, as the sun once more shone brightly, and the air was fresh and balmy.

We assembled in a small room, decorated with illuminated texts and branches of palmetto, cedar, and evergreen, whilst in the centre was suspended a big orange-branch, laden with ripe fruit. We sang some of the well-known hymns, all the people joining in, specially in the last two lines, "For His mercies still endure, ever faithful, ever sure." The service ended, we marched in procession to the New Barn, a youthful black leading with a banner on which was inscribed the words, "The Lord of the harvest." Behind the bearer I walked, and then the three black captains followed, after which the men came two and two, and then the women dressed in Sunday best, with picturesque turbans on their heads. The barn, consisting of two storeys, was the banqueting hall and had only just been completed. The feasting was to take place in the upper storey, and great preparations had been made in the way of decoration. . . . About one hundred coloured people sat down to a substantial repast of stewed oysters, sweet potatoes, rice, rounds of beef, hominy, oranges, and coffee, and it is needless to say they did ample justice to the good things set before them. Sports followed, and there were some exciting boat and canoe races, along the Altamaha, which flows at the foot of the barn. The way these negroes manage their small vessels is remarkable. The canoes are cut out of a single log of cyprus, and each nigger paddled his own canoe with great dexterity. When the regatta ended it was nearly dark, but the young people requested that they might "shout" in the New Barn. This was not done, as you might suppose, by cheering. The girls and boys assembled in the upper storey, and having formed in a circle, commenced dancing, or rather shuffling round (they do not lift the heel), each one following close behind the other, singing as they danced a sort of dirge or hymn. As they continued they got louder in their song, and more shuffling in their gait. It was curious but not elegant. I could not help thinking it was a

remnant of their old country, as I have seen in Africa a very similar performance, only rather more heathenish.

Soon after this festival the Bishop arrived on board our steamer from Savannah. He was not on a diocesan visitation, but a pleasure trip, having been ordered by the doctor to cease work for three months. He had obeyed so far as only to officiate on Sundays, and on week days shot duck, in a knitted woollen waistcoat, no coat, collar, or tie. When seen in his robes and heard from the pulpit, there were few more imposing or eloquent bishops in the Southern states than the Bishop of Georgia. He was very pleasant company and asked me to go for an expedition to Florida, which was not possible for me to do.

Major W., the rice factor at Savannah, induced me to go on board the *Morgan* for a couple of days, whilst he called at some neighbouring plantation to take in rice, and a very pleasant time I had, roughing it in company with a bishop, a major, a colonel, a naval captain, and a planter. We slept in a row on the floor of a small cabin, which served us in the daytime as dining-room, and were up before sunrise with our guns to find ducks and other game for breakfast and dinner. The first evening Major W. had to visit a rice planter who lived on a branch of the river impassable for the steamer, and about three miles distant. As he wanted a companion I volunteered, and we started about 8 p.m. We had not gone far, however, before we met with an obstruction in the form of a big tree across the narrow stream. There was nothing for it but to get on the log and haul the boat across, but the tree being slippery, and the night rather dark, my companion slipped off into the water. I hauled him out and we continued our journey; after landing in the mud, we reached the planter's house an hour later, just as the family were retiring to rest, for planters follow the maxim of "early to bed, early to rise." Having announced ourselves, Colonel P. came down

and lit a large wood fire, at which the Major dried himself, and took a good dose of rye whisky (the medicine and wine of the country). Having transacted business we set off again and found the tide had gone down, and so the negroes, who were rowing us, had to get out from time to time and push the boat off the sandbanks. We reached the steamer before midnight, glad to arrive safely. Two days after I got back to Butler's Island, having business to transact at Savannah, I accepted a second invitation of the Major's and went in his steamer to town for Christmas shopping. It was arranged that I should meet the steamer at 7 p.m. at Darien. I rowed over there, but after waiting for two hours, neither seeing nor hearing anything of the steamer, and supposing that she had either altered her course or was lying on a sandbank, I returned. I had not, however, been at home more than half an hour before I heard the whistle in the distance, and immediately ordering the boat out with two fresh rowers, set off again for Darien. Here I found her coaling, and received a hearty welcome from all on board. Two hours later we started up the winding course of the river, and through the treacherous marsh, where in places you can touch both shores with a long pole. We arrived at Savannah without any mishap, having taken twenty-four hours to do sixty miles. At Savannah I was entertained by my old friend, Mr. Low. His beautiful garden of camellias was in full bloom, just as when I had last visited it. Having accomplished my commissions, bought mules and ploughs, I recovered my dear old retriever, Toby, who had been a passenger on the steamer *Darien*, and had made great friends with all the officers and crew. I then decided to return by rail, and booked to Jessup Junction, and thence to No. 1. No. 1 proved not to be quite A 1. It was situated in the middle of a pine forest, which stretched away inland for many miles. A few negro shanties showed that it was inhabited. To one of these shanties I

and three other stranded fellow-passengers were guided by a small darky with a lantern. We found that one of the wooden erections was a store where rice, potatoes, corn, calico, and whisky were dealt out to the negroes of those parts. The store was full of these gentry making their purchases, and dancing and singing to the tune of a fiddle. A large log fire burnt at one end of the store, and around this we gathered waiting to be shown to our apartments for the night. After about an hour had elapsed, a boy came with a light to show us the way. He first led us outside the house and then up a ladder which seemed to lead into a hayloft, but which really led to two roughly-boarded rooms, with beds and nothing else. The washing apparatus, which consisted of one small tin basin, was placed in the passage between the two rooms. Being an old traveller and well acquainted with the customs of the country, I immediately took possession of the smallest room, taking my dog Toby with me, thus effectually guarding myself against any stable companion. The other room, which was larger, with two beds, I left to my three fellow-travellers. This may appear selfish, but "*cha'que un pour soi meme*" is my motto when travelling in unknown regions with unknown friends. I found the bed comfortable, the lights of the room below shining through the chinks of the floor, and the sound of music and revelry, though very distinct, did not prevent me from sleeping.

Early next morning I was up and got the first wash in the basin, and then awakened my fellow-travellers. After a substantial meal of wild venison and eggs and bacon, we set off in a two-horse vehicle through the pine forest, to a place called Hammersmith Landing, seven miles distant, where we found a very small steamer, about the size of a fishing punt, waiting to take passengers to Darien. I persuaded the captain and crew (one and the same person) to land me at a convenient spot at the head of Butler's Island which we had

to pass, and after a walk of two miles across the Island I reached home at 11 a.m., having accomplished the return journey in nineteen hours. The result of my shopping proved satisfactory, and the Christmas tree, exhibited in the New Barn, gave great delight to young and old, who had never seen a Christmas tree before.

The cultivation of rice, that most useful of grains, which forms the staple food for a vast number of people in India and China, and through lack of which so many of our fellow-subjects in the Indian Empire have suffered terrible distress, is interesting. A plantation here is not one's idea of a plantation in England, and is certainly not a particularly pleasant place to the casual visitor. The best land for the purpose is the flattest, in order that a plentiful supply of water may be flowed upon it at different seasons of the year. It consists, for the most part, of land redeemed from the pine marshes, and a great deal of trouble it must have cost those bold pioneers of civilisation who originally undertook the task. Forests had to be cut down, marshes drained, high embankments thrown up round the whole plantation, before planting could be done. The chief expense of such property is keeping up the banks, and the care of the canals every year. If this is neglected for two or three years, the plantation relapses into its original state, and becomes once more a desolate marsh, fit only for wild duck, snipe, water snakes, and mud turtle. The old planters were completely ruined by the war; the planting had been, in many cases, carried on by the negroes on their own account in small patches. Even in our own neighbourhood there was scarcely a planter whose plantation was not mortgaged, and whose crop was not the property of the factor who had advanced him money to plant it. They planted on sufferance, and lived from hand to mouth as best they could. To return to the subject of planting, operations may be said to commence toward the

end of the fall, after the first frost, about November. The fields are first burnt off—that is to say, the dry grass, rice stubble, and reeds are in this manner cleared off. The work of ditch-cleaning and banking was generally done by gangs of Irishmen, who came down from the North each winter and did the work admirably. Our own labour on the plantation consisted of several Irishmen for ditching and banking at two dollars per day, an English carpenter and blacksmith at two and a half dollars each, six English labourers at one and a half each, two coloured carpenters and eighteen negroes, full hands, three-quarter hands, half hands and quarter hands, rating at 24, 18, 12, 9, and 6 dollars per month, added to which there was a trunk-minder, who looked after the trunk or locks which shut out the water from the ditches, a coloured minder, an ostler (a black man), and a boatman. This seems to be a large staff for the cultivation of five hundred acres, but we did not find it enough, as most of the negro hands were women and children, and the men did as little work as possible. We leased a neighbouring island to an energetic planter, who brought down thirty Chinamen to work it. Whether they could do better than the negroes remained to be seen; they could not do much worse. Our two small islands thus represented four quarters of the globe, as we had inhabitants on them from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. As for the religious sects, there were the followers of Confucius and of John Wesley, besides Roman Catholics, English Episcopalians, Baptists, and I know not what besides.

On one occasion, news reached us of a great "freshet" coming down from the up-country. A telegram was received to that effect, and as it took ten to fifteen days for the freshet to travel five hundred miles, we received ample notice but could do nothing to keep out the flood, and the following week the whole island was under water, and all agricultural operations brought to a standstill at the most important

season of the year. British farmers may be thankful that they have not freshets to overwhelm and negroes to vex and harass them.

ST. SIMON'S ISLAND

" Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where mild Altama murmurs to their woe,
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling,
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake."

Deserted Village.

A pleasant picture this of where we resided, but then Goldsmith never visited it himself and was rather fond of drawing upon his imagination. In all probability he got some account of the Altamaha from General Oglethorpe, a friend of Dr. Johnson, who lived for some time at Frederica, on St. Simon's Island, when he was Governor of Georgia. It is a base libel on the beautiful island, and would not have done much to encourage the emigration of the agricultural labourer of those days. St. Simon's has witnessed many changes since the day when Oglethorpe first settled at Frederica in 1739, and called the wild spot after Frederick, son of George II. Charles Wesley accompanied him and acted as his chaplain and secretary, whilst his brother, the great John, took up his abode at Savannah, as the rector of Christ Church, the only cure he ever held. Both brothers were unfortunate in their first enterprise. The reception of John at Savannah was most hearty, and the enthusiasm with which he began his work was great ; but alas, enthusiasm on both sides soon passed away, and John Wesley found himself in difficulty with his people, some say on account of an unfortunate

love affair, others on account of rigid adherence to high church views, and because he refused to administer Holy Communion to the Chief Magistrate's niece. Whatever was the cause, he left Savannah after twenty-two months' residence, and thus ended rather ingloriously his mission to Georgia.

He was succeeded in his work by his friend, the great Whitfield, whose labours there were more successful. Charles Wesley was not much more fortunate at Frederica. He found enemies there, who tried and succeeded, for a time, in setting Oglethorpe against his chaplain and secretary, and by whom he was treated with much harshness. He left Georgia about six months after and resigned his office. The old ilex oak is still to be seen at Frederica under which Charles Wesley is said to have preached the Gospel. In justice to Oglethorpe it must be stated that he soon found out that he had been deceived, and he sent Charles Wesley a ring in token of his friendship. There is a good deal that is interesting of Wesley's brief stay in Georgia which one might write about if one had the time and space. Frederica was in the early days a rival of Savannah and was fortified, and had a residence for the Governor of Georgia. Now it has two or three nigger shanties, and one white man's tumbled-down house. The remains of the fortifications are still to be seen, and the situation is a pretty one on the banks of the Altamaha. A great battle was fought by General Oglethorpe at St. Simon's, against the Spaniards in 1742, when the latter were defeated with considerable loss. The scene of action is marked by a place called "Bloody Marsh." St. Simon's was a resort of many wealthy families who had fine houses, beautiful grounds, and flourishing cotton plantations, where the famous Sea Island cotton was raised to perfection. Fine, hard, shell roads were made from one end of the island to another, a distance of twelve miles, and the gentlemen used to meet at

their club house, to play at quoits and billiards or to arrange for deer-drives or fishing excursions. Great hospitality was shown and open house was kept for all comers, whilst picnics and regattas were constantly taking place. The Civil War changed all this. The fine houses have all fallen into decay or been burnt down; the grounds have been neglected and grown over with weeds; the plantations, with few exceptions, left to the negroes; olive groves choked up with undergrowth; stately date palms ruthlessly burnt down by negroes to make room for a small patch of corn, when there were hundreds of acres untilled close at hand; a few solitary white men eking out an existence by growing fruit trees and cabbages, by planting small patches of cotton or corn, by hunting deer, or by selling whisky to the negroes. "*Sic transit gloria*" (*si*) *mundi.*

I made an excursion to St. Simon's, in company with Mr. James Cooper, whose father once had a fine house and large plantation there, before the war. We started from Butler's Island early one morning and rowed down the river to St. Simon's, a distance of about fourteen miles. After crossing the Altamaha Sound, we entered the Hampton River, which is really an arm of the sea, separating Little St. Simon's Island from its larger namesake. On our way we shot ducks and an alligator that was slumbering on the marsh. We saw many others about, but they were very shy of letting us come near them. We also heard the old bull-alligators roaring like fat bulls of Bashan on every side.

We landed at Hampton Point, where our property lay, and where formerly a cotton plantation, a good house, negro dwellings built of tabby (a compost of oyster shells and mortar), a hospital, and other buildings flourished. The residence had been burnt down three years before; the other houses were rapidly falling into ruin, and the sole occupants now of this part of the island were Uncle John and Mum

Peggy, a venerable pair who had been faithful servants in the old times, and who had now reached the allotted term and remained as pensioners on the place. Uncle John had a fine face and a very pleasant manner, and was altogether a good specimen of a faithful old negro who had served his master well on earth and was prepared to meet the great Master of all men. I was delighted with the place and fine old evergreen oaks with the long grey moss hanging from the branches like the hoary beard of some venerable patriarch; peach, wild plum, and orange trees in abundance and in full blossom, semi-tropical vegetation and beautiful flowers, especially the yellow jessamine which twines itself in golden clusters among the tangled and luxuriant vegetation, whilst flitting about were many coloured butterflies and the beautiful red cardinal bird. What would not, I thought, some of the wealthy capitalists give to transport this spot to the old country to form a magnificent park for some modern palatial mansion, and here Uncle John and old Mum Peggy had it all to themselves.

After wandering about the place for some time we started in our boat for Canon's Point, a mile distant, and separated from Hampton by a creek. At Canon's Point stands what once must have been a very fine three-storey mansion with a veranda running all round, and having a large portico on each side of it, whilst surrounding it were vestiges of pretty grounds and gardens which had once been tastefully laid out. Stately date palms reared their lofty heads above the portico, and oleanders and other flowering shrubs were dotted about. My companion, I then discovered for the first time, had not been to his old home for sixteen years. What a change it must have seemed to him from the days when that home was the scene of unbounded hospitality and full of merry children. There among the tall grass and reeds he could still make out the little garden which was the children's own and

from which he was able to dig up some roses and bulbs to carry away as a memento. There on the old oak tree near the house used to hang the swing on which the young ones were wont to amuse themselves, and there actually was the old negro woman who had been a faithful servant in the family, old Rina; and was she not delighted to see Massa Jimmy once more, and would she not do everything she could do to make us comfortable in the old deserted house, even though it had not a scrap of furniture in it, and did she not send a "heap of howdy" to all the members of his family?

Leaving my friend to recall bygone days of his childhood, I attached myself to old Rina and went off with her to the kitchen to see about dinner; she did not much like me interfering with the culinary department, but one dish I was determined to superintend myself, and it was to be a *surprise agréable* for my companion. Our bill of fare (I cannot give it all in French) was Scotch broth, cold beef, duck, potatoes, hominy, rice, and last, but not least, my dish, which I shall call, "*Filet de Queue de l'Alligateur à l'Altamaha*," and very good it was. I had heard that the tail of the alligator was considered a delicacy, but had never met anyone who had actually tasted it, so I was determined to do so myself. I cut a small piece off and cooked it in butter with plenty of pepper and salt. I will venture to say that if it had been served up in a Paris restaurant with spinach sauce, epicures would have taken it for *filet de veau aux epinards*. The meat was whiter than veal and quite tender. Altogether we made an excellent repast and afterwards slept soundly on the hard boards of the chief apartment. Next morning we were up early and after a good meal started off in a mule cart to the other end of the island. The road, which was an old shell one, was tolerably good, and lay, for the most part, through primeval woods which formed an arched avenue and protected

us from the heat of the sun. Here and there on the road were cleared spaces where the negroes were lazily tilling the soil in a rough sort of manner for their own benefit. Many of them left their ploughs and came to have a shake of the hand with Massa Jimmy. At St. Clair we stopped to have a good look at the ruins of the house once occuped by General Oglethorpe, which was difficult to find owing to the vegetation which had grown up all around it. We also stopped at a place called the Village, where stood a house belonging to my friend which was then occupied by two white men and their families, who seemed to get their chief living out of deer hunting. At length we reached our destination, a pretty place called Hamilton, situated on the seashore, with another house belonging to the Cooper family, and in which his elder brother lived a regular hermit's life. The doors and walls were covered with texts, and the young hermit lived chiefly on oysters and unleavened bread, and rendered the negroes aid to satisfy their temporal and spiritual wants. He was evidently quite a character, and I should have liked to have seen more of him, but we had to find our way over to Brunswick, having sent our own boat back. So we got three stalwart negroes to row us across the sound, and reached Brunswick, thirteen miles distant, in the evening, after having enjoyed our expedition thoroughly.

Brunswick might be called a city of great expectations which have never been fulfilled. It was a prettily-situated town by the sea with a fine harbour. Jekyl Island and St. Simon's Island lay in front of it, about two or three miles distant, while at the back were the pine lands and many pretty drives. Our agent, Major D., resided there, and had many thrilling tales to tell of the place. The most terrible tragedy happened only about two years and a half before I first visited Butler's Island. A beautiful and accomplished young lady was married at eleven o'clock in the morning, and

at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day her husband was shot dead by a rival. The murdered bridegroom was E. W., an Englishman of good family, who held the office of Vice-Consul for the City of Brunswick. He was a young man of good education, refined and accomplished, a partner in a saw-mill business. His rival and assassin was a Virginian, who entered into partnership with General G., who planted rice on the Altamaha River, and there made the acquaintance of the young Englishman with whom for a time he was on friendly terms, but a coldness grew up between them as they were both admirers of the young lady. They both became her open and avowed suitors and each one thought that his own chance was the best. Young W. was the favourite lover and secretly engaged to the young lady, but there was violent opposition on the part of her parents to his attentions and he was forbidden the house. A note written by him to his fiancée fell into the hands of her mother. She reproached her daughter, who was firm and avowed her determination to marry W. The parents obtained the marriage licence, sent for a minister and had the young pair married. No sooner was the marriage ceremony ended than the young couple were told to leave the home. The marriage had taken place at eleven in the morning; W. was on the doorstep of the house of a friend to whom he and his wife had gone after the ceremony; the young bride was in an inner room preparing for her departure by the steamer that evening. M. walked deliberately up to W., drew a pistol, and without a word fired. W. rose and said "My God, what have I done that you should shoot me?" M. fired again, upon which W. fell dead. The steamer which was to have borne the youthful pair on their bridal tour carried the murderer instead to the Savannah Gaol. Some years after, the young lady came and stayed with us on the island, and Major D., who was much attached to her, rowed her about in the canoe. I told him that now was the

time to bring the matter to a conclusion, but I cannot help thinking that he, a Northerner, had a dread of the fiery Southerner, for another suitor had arisen, De B. by name, who pressed his claim. He was not acceptable to the parents, who would, I think, have preferred the major. But when the yellow fever raged at Brunswick, De B. was seized with it. The lady nursed him through and then fell ill herself. She was supposed to be dying and sent for her father (her mother being dead) and entreated him that she might be married on her death-bed to De B. The father, in tears, consented, and they were married, after which both recovered from the fever. They had little to live on, although he owned the Island of Jekyl, which was covered by a thick forest, the only white inhabitant being an old uncle of De B.'s with one eye, the other having been shot out in a duel. Here the couple retired and lived a solitary and hard life, the lady doing all the house work, seldom meeting anyone else on the island. But a wonderful change came about unexpectedly. Some friends of De B. in New York boomed the island as a suitable place for a sporting club, and induced some very wealthy men to take the matter up and purchase the island for a large sum of money and to erect a club-house, and fine houses by the seaside, to which they could resort for yachting, fishing, and shooting. The amount paid made the couple suddenly wealthy, and they built a fine house on Jekyl Island and another in Brunswick.

What I have said already shows that there was still a feeling of affection between the old planters and their negroes, but even in Georgia and in our immediate neighbourhood there was a very bad influence at work among the negroes which caused us no small difficulty in our dealings with them. Most of these difficulties between the negroes and their former masters were due to the pernicious influence brought to bear on them by unscrupulous and bad men. Naturally they are

quiet and peaceful enough, and I do not believe they would ever have caused any trouble if they had been left to themselves. It is only surprising that there was no insurrection among them during the war.

When the war commenced the Butler's Island negroes were all taken by one of their captains into the interior, and immediately on the conclusion of the war they returned to the island, although they were free to go where they would. A gentleman in the South, who went all through the war, told me that a negro boy of his accompanied him all the time, and on one occasion when he was going into battle he gave him his great-coat and sword to take home to his family in case he should be killed. After the battle the boy made inquiries, and it was reported that his master was dead, so he set off straight home with his master's belongings, although he had many liberal offers from Northern officers. Mr. C. was not killed or wounded, however, and after the battle got leave to go on furlough for a short time. On his way home he was walking through a Southern city when he saw a strange-looking figure coming towards him, which, on getting nearer, he perceived was his negro boy clad in his long military coat, and the sword trailing by his side, grinning from ear to ear with delight at the sight of his master. Many other tales have I heard of their faithfulness and attachment to their masters which I have not space to relate. The fact is they are very like children, not hard to manage if kindly treated, but very easily led astray by bad advisers. They were encouraged in the idea that freedom meant no work, twenty acres of land, a mule, a gun, a watch, and an umbrella.

An old negro man who used to live at St. Simon's before the war came one day to see my wife. The poor man seemed much broken, and burst into tears on seeing her. He then told her this sad tale. After the war he had bought a patch of

ground, about twelve acres, in the pine wood on the main land. He began well and had a few heifers and some fowl, but of late misfortunes had come thick upon him. His crops, which could never have been very good, had entirely failed. All his stock of chickens and heifers had been stolen by the coloured gentry in the neighbourhood, his son had set up for himself and, alas, his wife, for whom he had great affection, had died, and he was left alone in his old age with no means of support. At the conclusion of his pitiful tale he again broke down and sobbed like a child.

In a private letter dated 1874, written to my brother-in-law Sir Charles Adderley (afterwards Lord Norton), who was President of the Board of Trade, I sent an account of the condition of the Southern States. I was much surprised to read an extract from it in *The Times*, and I received letters from Philadelphia saying it had given some offence, which did not surprise me. It seems that Adderley happened to meet Delane of *The Times* at dinner, the day he received my letter, and showed it to him; Delane asked for it that he might insert it in *The Times*. It is too long to quote here, but it gave an account of the political situation in the North and the conditions of the South.

Lord Rosebery, who had stayed with us in the North, came to see us on the plantation and seemed interested and amused with the life we led on the island, so different from life in the North. He enjoyed the songs and dances of the plantation negroes. He shot ducks and snipe and I took him to Little St. Simon's in the hopes that he might get a wild deer, but unfortunately, on our way, we met a party who had been poaching on our property and had secured a fine buck which was hanging in their boat and so the prospect of our getting any sport was spoiled. We went over another day to Darien, where I introduced him to the old ante-bellum doctor who had many queer tales to tell him of the good old days when

duelling was the fashion and the planters lived in grand style. I introduced him to some of the poor planters, who had difficulty in getting a living at all. We also went to the Court House and heard a very amusing negro case.

The case was "Scipio *v.* Juba." Juba, the old lady, had a daughter called Lina who had a daughter called Ella. Lina had handed her daughter Ella over to the old lady at the age of seven months, and for thirteen years she had taken care of her. As she said to me when stating her case, "Massa, Massa, through upridings and downfallings I fight wid dat chile until she ole enough to sarve, and den dat Scipio and Lina they take the chile away from me." The child was taken away a year ago and I suppose ill-treated by her mother and Scipio, who was her stepfather, for a fortnight later she ran away and went back to her granny. Whereupon, according to the old woman's statement, Scipio came over at second cockcrow, or in the middle of the night, and pulled the old lady out of bed and "did pound and did tump me did Scipio, and den took the chile forcibly away." Scipio, as is usual with the negroes, tried to prove an alibi, but was unsuccessful, and was committed to trial at the next Assizes, and I hope he got his deserts. The trial was very amusing and the Counsel for the Defence was most energetic and vociferous, and old Juba was a very stubborn witness to cross-examine.

Our market and post town was Darien. Readers must not confuse this Darien with the Isthmus of Darien near Panama. The only thing approaching to an Isthmus is a strip of land which formerly joined two parts of General's Island, which island lies between us and the city of Darien. This piece of land had a canal cut through it, long before the land of the great Isthmus of Darien was ever talked about, and was accomplished in this wise, so tradition tells us: General Oglethorpe being with his soldiers at Darien and finding himself hemmed in by the Spaniards, who had blockaded the river

of Altamaha above and below the town, adopted a bold plan. He sallied forth at night, and with his soldiers cut through General's Island a canal about three quarters of a mile in length. As their only tools were their swords, and the obstructions in the shape of cypress roots were very great, it was a big undertaking. But they did it, so we are told, and escaped to St. Simon's Island. And the name of that canal to this day bears testimony to the deed, as it is called "General's Cut"; and it was through that cut that we had to row whenever we went to market, and when the tide was low we often stuck and had to wait for high water, which was not pleasant, especially on a very hot day. At Christmas the thermometer stood at 78 degrees; the muddy banks at low tide were not picturesque or sweet. Having struggled through the cut we emerged once more into the broad Altamaha and arrived at Darien. It was not an imposing city, I freely confess; it stands on a bluff, the one piece of high ground between it and Savannah, marshes to the right of it, marshes to the left, marshes in front of it. Adjoining the city of Darien should have been the city of Mackintosh, which, however, never existed. I have seen the plans of that city; it is marked out in wide streets, fine squares, a cemetery, and town hall, but it never existed, except on paper. The site had a fine frontage of marsh and reeds, and very much resembled Charles Dickens's "Eden," to which poor Mark Tapley was allured by the glowing description of the Yankee speculators! I wish it had existed, as we owned the greater part of the land. But Darien did exist and had several wharves along its banks, where occasionally you might see a steamer from Savannah or a sailing vessel from Liverpool loading timber. It was a timber port and had done considerable business. The Georgian pine is considered the finest in the world, and there have been as many as sixty vessels waiting to be loaded at Doboy, about four miles down the river. The leading men

were timber merchants, who all came to make their fortunes and then depart. Whilst residing there they did a good deal for the place, and not the least of their meritorious acts was the erection of a Protestant Episcopal Church built at the expense of three of them—a Presbyterian, Unitarian, and Methodist. This was indeed liberal in every sense of the word, and the sort of liberality not to be met with in the old country. The plans were obtained by me from a Manchester architect, and the church proved a great success, and an ornament to the town. The inhabitants consisted for the most part of Jews and niggers. Their tumble-down shanties and cheap-jack goods were heavily insured, and the fires, of which there were many, generally began in this quarter, and the owners were not losers thereby. The Insurance companies at last declined to insure any more buildings in the city of Darien. The stores were emporiums of multitudinous articles. A purchaser might go into one store and purchase furniture for his house, a stove to warm it, flour and grocery and potatoes to satisfy his wants, medicine to ease his sickness, a dress and bonnet for his lady, toys for his children, ploughs and harness and other requirements for the farm, and a drop of Pinetop whisky for himself. The chief customers were the negroes, who delight in spending their money as soon as they get it and who were not particular as to quantity and quality or price of the article. They always chose the brightest of colours and gaudiest of bonnets for their womenkind. Amongst other buildings consumed by fire was the post office, and the postmaster, a genial, accommodating, and important personage, was for the time perplexed as to a temporary post-box. He, however, solved the difficulty by perambulating the street in a loose coat supplied with large pockets on each side. The citizens, recognising his genial countenance in the distance, came out with their letters, which they dropped into the receptacles of the perambulating pillar-box.

Talking of pillar-boxes reminds me of pill-boxes and brings me to an account of our doctor. As you approached the city of Darien in a boat your attention was drawn to a peculiar erection standing alone on the edge of the bluff, and you wondered for what purpose it might be used. It was about the size of a gipsy's caravan, but instead of being set upon wheels it rested on one side of the bank, the side facing the river being supported by two posts or stilts. There seemed to be a door on this side, but as it was about 10 feet from the ground, and had no steps up to it, you came to the conclusion there must be some other way of egress and ingress. From the riverside it presented the appearance of a large Punch and Judy show, and you could almost imagine life-sized marionettes going through a performance in the opening which you mistook for the door. On a nearer inspection you found a board hanging below this opening on which was inscribed in large letters THE DOCTOR. This was our doctor's office and probably you would see him sitting in a rocking-chair at the opening, smoking a long pipe and scanning the last paper that the weekly steamer had brought down. On going up the bank and round to the other side of the wooden erection there was the door, on a level with the bank, and you there discerned that the opposite door served as a window, there being no glazed windows about the establishment. Probably in the doorway you would find the doctor's sole attendant, a hideous-looking boy, pitted with small pox and without shoes or stockings, generally with his back against one door-post and his legs stuck up against the opposite one. This youth had been reared by the doctor from early infancy, and seemed to have a dog-like attachment to him, only he irritated his master not a little by his insisting on calling the people of his race "gentlemen and ladies." "Sare," said the boy, "there is a gentleman outside wishes to see you." "What sort of a gentleman is he?" asked the

doctor. "He is rather a dark-faced one," the boy replied, and retired with a malicious chuckle. The boy's duties were devoted chiefly to attending to a lean, shaggy, white pony that lived under the erection and between the stilts, and who had to draw the doctor about in a rickety old buggy. On entering the office you received a hearty welcome from the old gentleman, who bade you take the only chair and offered you the pipe of peace. The office was about 12 feet by 12 feet, with few articles of furniture, an ancient stove that smoked as hard as its master, a deal table, a few shelves of empty medicine bottles and well-worn magazines. The doctor was about three score and ten, small of stature, with grizzly hair and a genial countenance not much careworn considering his many troubles. He had seen better days, and delighted to tell the patient listener about those pre-war times, when the houses of all the wealthy planters in the neighbourhood were thrown open to him, and when he received a fixed yearly salary from them for attending to their negroes. Those, indeed, were palmy days for our doctor, and he could boast of fine trotting-horses, elegant equipages, and a retinue of slaves; now, owing to the Yankees, whom he did not love, matters were considerably changed; he had hard work to find clients; his only horse the old grey pony, his only attendant the negro lad. Notwithstanding this let-down in the world, the doctor was still cheerful, and could entertain you by the hour with tales of Southern life in former days, enough, indeed, to fill a volume, and curious times they were, by his account; semi-barbaric, semi-luxurious, taking one back two hundred years or more to the olden times of English society when hard drinking and sharp duelling were the fashion. Our doctor had in his medical capacity to be present at many a duel, and many a tale he told of fatal results. He had never been a principal in one, although once he was very near it, as he thought at

the time. It happened thus: There was in the neighbourhood a very eccentric old General who was a great patron of the little doctor's; the doctor, who posed as a good mimic, was in the habit of taking off the gentleman's eccentricities behind his back. This came to the ears of the fire-eating General, who sent a note by a friend to the doctor, in which he demanded instant satisfaction for certain liberties taken by him, the nature of which would be explained to him. The little doctor trembled in his shoes, for he well knew the fiery temper of the General and, moreover, that he could snuff out a candle with a pistol at twelve paces. He tried to obtain some explanation of the General's intentions from the friend, but he could extract nothing more from him than that the doctor should attend the next evening at the hotel where the General was staying, when he would himself give the explanation and demand satisfaction. There was nothing for it but to obey, and so next evening the doctor went with fear and trembling to see the General, whom he found with a few friends round him. "Sir," said the General, "I understand that you have been in the habit of imitating certain peculiarities of mine behind my back, and I sent my friend, the major, to demand satisfaction of you for the liberty you have taken; the satisfaction that I require of you" (and here the little doctor felt his legs tremble under him) "is that you proceed to give your entertainment in my presence, omitting nothing." The doctor felt immensely relieved, and proceeded at once to do as he was bidden. On another occasion he was on a visit to the same General, when the latter proposed a ride. A couple of steeds were brought out of the stables, one of which was assigned to the doctor. The General shortly appeared with a vizor on his head and a lance in one hand, whilst in the other he held a heavy sabre which he presented to the doctor, and then mounting his steed he informed the doctor that they would have a tournament, and that he would use

the lance whilst the doctor should defend himself with the broad-sword. The doctor was aghast. He knew not how to use the sword, and yet he saw that the General was in earnest. There sat the tall gaunt figure, ready to charge like Don Quixote, and Doctor Sancho Panza shook in his stirrups. A friend who was standing near advised the doctor to fly, and he took the advice, turned his steed whilst the knight fairly couched his steady spear and fiercely rode at him with rigorous might. Away rode the doctor with the General close at his heels, and never drew rein until he reached a neighbouring planter's house, and rushed in. The fleetness of his steed had saved him, and he could bear with equanimity the reproaches of this modern Quixote. Many other tales I could tell of the doctor, if space allowed, but these are just two specimens illustrating the ways and customs of the Southern gentlemen in the days of prosperity.

At Christmas I gave notice that the Bishop of the Diocese intended to hold a Confirmation in the early spring, and that I should be glad if any of our people who felt disposed to join our Communion would give me their names in order that I might prepare for their confirmation, and baptise such as had not already been baptised. On Low Sunday fourteen black youths met me in a room at the overseer's house, which served as a vestry, and from there marched two and two into the church singing, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war." The behaviour of the youths was reverent throughout. After the second Lesson I baptised the fourteen young negroes, admitting them into the Church of Christ. At the close of the service I delivered a short address on the text, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised." I reminded them how, more than five years ago, when I had visited the island as a perfect stranger, I had been asked to preach to them and had selected the same subject, Philip and the Ethiopian, and how at the conclusion of that service

one of the old veterans, Commodore Bob by name, who soon after was called to his account, had come up and shaken me by the hand and said that he had seen a vision of Philip coming to him, and that there was to be a great movement upon the island. The old man's prophecy became true, although he was no longer amongst them to witness it. This was the movement, and it rested with them to show whether it was destined to be a successful one or not.

The following Friday Bishop Beckwith of Georgia came to hold a Confirmation, accompanied by the Rector of the parish. In addition to the fourteen youths there were six young women who had been baptised in the Baptist Church, and one old veteran, Captain Angus, our negro foreman, who was a Wesleyan. We all met in our vestry room and marched into the church preceded by a white banner with a red cross on it, borne by a mulatto boy, singing as we entered a favourite song of the negroes.

The church was crowded, not only with negroes, but with many of the planters and their families from the other plantations. After the laying-on of hands the Bishop addressed the candidates. He made a deep impression on them, as perhaps there was no more eloquent preacher than Bishop Beckwith.

I went to Darien to witness the confirmation of some more coloured people. The service took place in an old warehouse, but later, with the help of the negroes, I put up an Episcopalian Church for them on a good site close to the town.

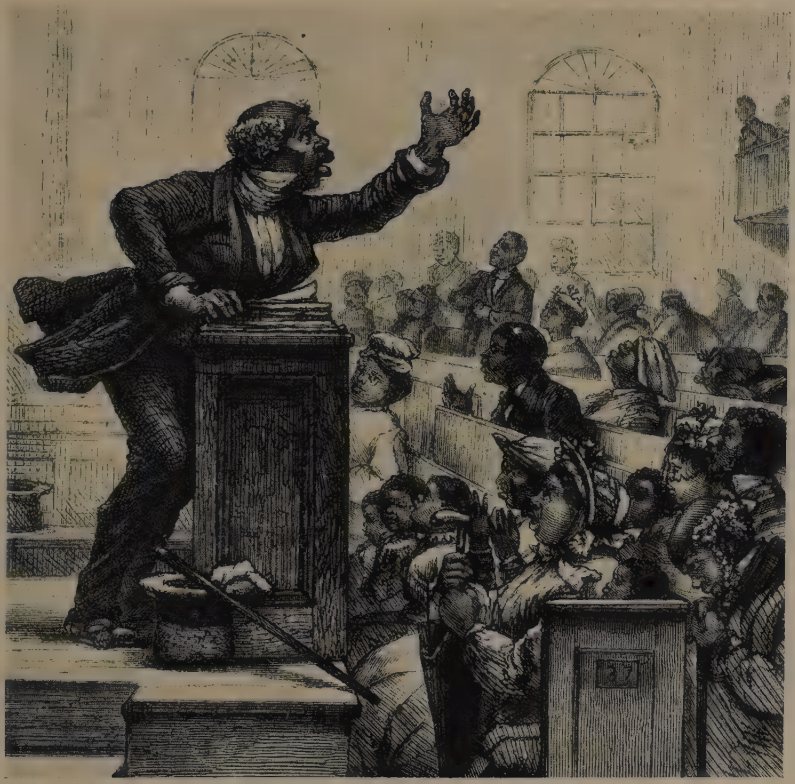
I have already mentioned the poor "Emancipated African," but I feel that there is a good deal more to say about him, especially about his religious notions and superstitious practices. Strange to say, although having lived amongst them and having had constant communication with them, I felt I knew but little of their convictions and practices. The fact was, they were very shy of letting me know much on these

points, but, from what I was able to gather, they seemed in many parts of the South, where left entirely to themselves, to be fast relapsing into the ways of their ancestors, who dwelt "where Afric's sunny fountains rolled down their golden sand." They are naturally a superstitious people, and like a somewhat sensational religious service, and so, as a rule, the ranting of the revivalist or the gorgeous paraphernalia of the Romanist suited their tastes better than the more sober service of the Anglican Episcopalian.

They were always very earnest in their devotions, and in preaching to them one had to adapt one's addresses to their understanding, and one might at first be rather embarrassed by their exclamations of approval. One of our old captains was in the habit of indulging in such phrases as "quite true, quite true," "Bless the Lord," "Hallelujah."

On one occasion a small boy sitting in front of him, called "Dirty Dick," looked round with a grin on his face, and Captain Henry, who had a large Mother Gamp umbrella, struck him on the head, and then went on solemnly uttering his words of praise, whilst the boy rubbed his head and his smile disappeared.

When at Charlestown one Sunday I was anxious to attend a coloured church where there were no whites. The hotel porter directed me to a Baptist chapel, and on entering it I found it full of negroes, but there was one bench in front which was kept for any whites who might attend, and I was ushered up there. The preacher on seeing me indulged in somewhat poetical language, and talked of "de Cerulian Concave Vaults of de Heavens studded with de diamond stars," and at the conclusion of the service said: "My dear brudders and sisters, dere is to be a collection for de coloured Methodist Episcopal Missionary Church, but, dear breddren, you know that I am about to leave you, and so after de collection for de missions I will take up a collection for myself,



NEGRO PREACHER AT CHARLESTON.

and everybody who contributes half a dollar will have my picture." It is needless to say that the second collection was a great deal larger than the first, and the young coloured women of the congregation contributed their half dollars for his picture.

The negro seems by nature a songster, and to the manner born. As soon as he can talk he can sing ; and as soon as he can walk he can shuffle or dance, and so you can see little dots of woolly-haired nigger children shuffling round, clapping their hands and shouting. Hitherto the idea of negro minstrelsy has been confined to the popular Ethiopian serenaders, who I can remember making their first appearance in London more than fifty years ago with songs like "Lucy Long," "Uncle Ned," "Oh, Susanna," "The Old Folks at Home," and the more modern Christy Minstrels, who warbled forth their sweet melodies at St. James's Hall for so many consecutive years. But these gentlemen, with their lamp-black faces and white ties, bore no closer resemblance to the true plantation nigger than a dean does to a bell-ringer in the belfry, and their melodies are about as like the plantation songs as Jackson's "Te Deum" is to a Gregorian chant. No doubt many of their tunes were originally suggested by plantation songs, as for instance, "Near the Lake where Droops the Willow," which was taken from a song "Way down in Racoon Hollow," and "Coal-Black Rose," now sung as a hymn tune, was an original melody. But to hear nigger minstrelsy in perfection you must hear it "where dis nigger is raised," for even the fine negro minstrels of Hampton College, who have visited England and drew large audiences, only give a faint idea of what their music is when heard in their religious gatherings, or on the water when they are rowing. There is really nothing in the words, which if written apart from the music seem mere nonsense, but it is the way they *sing* the words, and the natural seconds they take, and

the antiphonal mode they unconsciously adopt, also the remarkable minors that many of their songs are sung in, which is almost impossible to imitate. They have their boat songs, and their church songs, but whatever they sing is of a religious character, and in both cases they have a leader (in boating generally the stroke oar) who starts a line, the rest answering antiphonally as a sort of chorus. They always keep exquisite time and tune, and no words seem too hard for them to adapt to their tunes, so that they can sing a long-metre hymn to a short-metre tune without any difficulty. Their voices have a peculiar quality, and their intonations and delicate variations cannot be reproduced on paper. The leading singer starts the words of each verse or line, often improvising, and the others who base him, as it is called, strike in with a refrain. The basers seem often to follow their own whims, beginning when they please and leaving off when they please, striking an octave above or below (in case they have pitched the tune too high or too low), or hitting some other note that chords, so as to produce the effect of a marvellous complication and variety, and yet with the most perfect time and rarely with any discord. Mrs. Kemble, no small authority on the subject of music, has written thus of them : " The high voices are all in unison, and the admirable time and true accent with which their responses are made always makes me wish that some great musical composer could hear these semi-savage performances. With a very skilful adaptation and instrumentation I think one or two barbaric chants and choruses might be evoked from them that would make the fortune of the composer." I once invited Arthur Sullivan to come down and stay with us to hear their singing and to produce an oratorio to be called *The Queen of Sheba* or some such name, with these negro choruses introduced, but he was unable to find the time.

It is almost to be regretted that many of their old original

tunes (which were, I suppose, of African origin) are rapidly being grafted on to the Modern Methodist melody. I will endeavour to give some idea of the words of their songs, arranging them so as to show the part taken by the Leader and the Chorus :

Leader.	*Chorus.*
Preacher glad.	Oh, when I get home.
Member glad.	Oh, when I get home.
Deacon glad.	Oh, when I get home.
	Hark the Angels shouting.
Heaven glad.	Oh, when I get home.
Angels glad.	Oh, when I get home.
Heaven open.	Oh, when I get home.
	Hark the Angels shouting.
Jump for joy.	Oh, when I get home.
Jump for joy.	Oh, when I get home.
Jump for joy.	Oh, when I get home.
	Hark the Angels shouting.

What make the Preacher Preach so hard,	Oh, yes, now.
The prettiest thing I ever saw,	Oh, yes, now.
The study of religion while you're young,	Oh, yes, now.
Lean on the Rock and never fall,	Oh, yes, now.
O march with the members,	Bound to go.
Ain't you a member ?	Bound to go.
Ain't you a member ?	Bound to go.
	Believer, fare you well.

My sin is heavy, I can't get along.	Can't get along.
My sin is heavy, I can't get along.	Roll, Jordan, roll.
I throw my sin in the middle of the sea,	Middle of the sea.
I throw my sin in the middle of the sea.	Roll, Jordan, roll.

Graveyard, you ought to know me,	Graveyard, O Graveyard.
Graveyard, you ought to know me.	Ring Je-ru-sa-lem.

Leader.	*Chorus.*
I call for Zion's mourners,	Graveyard, O Graveyard.
I call for Zion's mourners.	Ring Je-ru-sa-lem.
My poor feverish body,	Graveyard, O Graveyard.
My body bound in grave clothes.	Graveyard, O Graveyard.
We are going to Zion's Court House.	Graveyard, O Graveyard.
	Ring Je-ru-sa-lem.

The number of their songs is legion, and although I heard them sing so much during the many winters I was among them, they always seemed to have some new song I had never heard before. The leader was very fond of addressing the person who might happen to be in the boat; thus they introduced me as "Dear Massa," "Massa Preacher," "Lubbly Massa," and "Massa Jimmy," and I recollect when I met Sir Michael Hicks Beach down there, his being amused at their singing:

"O do, Sir Michael, remember me,
O do, Sir Michael, remember me,
As the years go rolling on."

The second Sunday after Easter, 1876, was a day of Church rejoicing and festivity. In Savannah the Roman Catholics had a grand festival on the occasion of their opening their new cathedral. Bishop Beckwith received a polite invitation to attend, although he had just been fighting them in their own paper about the Pope's infallibility. But he, good man, was better employed on that day, consecrating my church for the negroes at Darien.

The day was most beautiful, which was fortunate, as our roof was not completed. At the church, which was prettily decorated, the Bishop was met by three black wardens, whom I had appointed, and the senior warden presented him with the papers conveying the Church in trust to him. The church, which was a large one, was crowded, one side of it being filled with white citizens, the other side with coloured citizens,

whilst in the chancel was the choir, which consisted of about thirty coloured singers.

At the close of the Consecration Service an admirable address was delivered by the Bishop, upon the subject of the grand old African Bishop, "St. Cyprian," after whom the church was named. The bishop confirmed nine coloured women after the service, seven of whom I had baptised on Easter Sunday. The long service was concluded with the celebration of Holy Communion, at which there were thirty communicants, and amongst them I was glad to see six white vestrymen of the parish church.

The Bishop expressed himself delighted with the church, which had been entirely built by the negroes themselves, all the interior being executed by them from designs I had furnished them with.

After evening service at Darien and the meal at Butler's Island, the bishop and I started off to catch a train for Savannah, and after an hour and a half's hard rowing got to the landing in the pine woods. Here I had ordered a vehicle to meet us to take us to the station about seven miles off. Arriving there we found no vehicle; it had come and gone away as we afterwards found. There was nothing for it but to shoulder our baggage and walk to the nearest planter's house. On reaching it there was no sign of life, the planter having gone to his home in Brunswick for the Sunday and taken his buggy and horse with him. I sent one of our boatmen to the nearest nigger settlement, nearly a mile away, and after considerable delay he brought the black ostler back with him, whose name was "Hard Times," and whom I knew. After some consultation, he managed to get a rice cart without any springs and an old mule, and having put plenty of rice straw in the bottom of the cart, his lordship and I started in this episcopal conveyance on a drive of about seven miles through the pine woods, over a road in many parts strewed with logs over mud-holes,

which is known as a corduroy road. Of course we could only travel at a slow walk and even then were much jolted, while small flies, which we tried to keep off by smoking hard, bit us persistently. I lay down at the bottom of the cart, put a handkerchief over my face, and went fast to sleep, but was awakened by the bishop calling to me that we were near the station. I started up and told him we could not be near it yet, upon which he said, "I really could not stand seeing you there peacefully slumbering whilst I was being so jolted and bitten. You must be composed of indiarubber and iron to slumber so peacefully." On arriving at No. 1 we found we had plenty of time before the train started. We looked into the waiting-room, such as it was, and there found two coloured prisoners in chains, with their keeper. The bishop seemed averse to such company, and so went on to the platform. Here a rough-looking lumber man with a red shirt, and trousers stuck into his boots, came up and asked if he could have a word with me. I went a little way off to speak to him, and when I returned the bishop said, "What did that man want with you?" "You never would guess," I replied. "He asked me to change him a cheque." "Change a cheque?" said the bishop. "Yes, and I would have done it, too, if I had enough money, for the timber merchants at Darien are in the habit of giving cheques instead of cash to the poor raftsmen who bring the timber down the river, and they have to change these cheques at the country stores, being charged by the traders a considerable discount. I know the signature on the cheque and could have got it changed in Savannah." Besides ourselves and the driver we had my dog Toby, a small negro I was taking north with me, and our baggage. I could not help exclaiming to the Bishop, "Oh, that I could only have a good picture of this party that I might send it home to one of our great dignitaries in the church and show them our worthy bishop in this country travelling through his diocese."

CHAPTER IX

ON THE PRAIRIE

MINNESOTA—DELAWARE WATER GAP—LEBANON—THE SHAKERS

IT is a considerable distance from Georgia to Minnesota, to which State I went in search of the prairie hen which then inhabited the plains. Excess in shooting has rendered it almost extinct, and, once for sale in all markets, sale of it is now forbidden. Two friends accompanied me on my expedition, an American and an Englishman. On our road we passed through Chicago, that most wonderful Phœnix city. Four years and a half previously I first visited it, and then sent home an account of my impressions, and how in forty years it had sprung up to be one of the finest cities in the United States. But if my astonishment at its progress was great then, it was considerably increased by my second visit, for I saw what wonders could be done, not in forty, but in two years. In 1871 the city was devastated by fire, hotels, business houses, offices, all the finest buildings in the very heart of the town being burnt to ashes; no less than 7,485 houses were utterly demolished. In three years the city had risen like a Phœnix from its ashes, and scarcely a trace was left of the first fire. The new streets and buildings far exceeded the old ones in splendour and were supposed all to be fire-proof. Chicago is to-day the second city in the country. Two disastrous fires devastated it. The last would have been thought a very considerable one if it had not been for the first, and indeed it

created a greater panic amongst the citizens, as they thought, and had good reason for thus thinking, that the whole city was going to be burnt down. The energy of the people was to be seen in the fact that within two months they recommenced building, and I saw one big store that had sprung up in the midst of the ashes, and only wanted roofing in to be completed. Another store I saw on the edge of the fire, which had the whole of the upper storey burnt off and one side burnt through, and in which, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the proprietor was still carrying on his business. We stopped at the Palmer Hotel, which for magnificence surpassed any hotel I had yet seen. It had been erected since the first fire and its walls were fire-proof throughout. Marble staircases, bronze balustrades, massive carved and gilded furniture, marquetry tables, handsome clocks in every room, were some of the appointments with which it was fitted up. We spent Sunday there and I went to the cathedral, where I heard a funeral sermon in memory of Bishop Whitehouse, who had died ten days previously. I had arranged to spend the Sunday at Chicago in order that I might see and hear the Bishop again, as he was an old friend of mine and one of the most eloquent and learned bishops in the American Church; besides having a thorough knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and being well versed in the Scriptures, he had studied chemistry, knew something of law, and was somewhat of an artist. I shall never forget the effect he produced at a Church Congress at Wolverhampton in 1865, when he carried away a large audience by the eloquence of his address. His grand-daughter is now the Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry.

I must now pass on to give an account of the prairie in Minnesota. This Indian name, signifying "standing water," was given to the region because of the number of pretty lakes dotted about over its plains. It was

first formed as a territory in 1844, and admitted into the Union as a State in 1857. The prairie was very fertile and has become a great field for emigration. Here, however, as everywhere else, the immigrant had to rough it, and to bear reverses with equanimity. Thirty miles off the locusts had completely devastated a large area of about 150 miles by 60, not leaving a single grain of corn. I saw a young farmer who had just come from that part of the country and had lost everything; he had given up his homestead and had come with his wife to do harvest work for the farmers in the district. The farmers were mostly New Englanders or Scandinavians; the latter seemed to me honest, simple sort of people, who worked hard and were frugal and saving. I had a talk with a Dane who farmed 130 acres and had no help, even in harvest time, except what he got from three young men. He said that it was not a very profitable business then, as the crops were light owing to the long drought, and wheat only fetched 65 to 80 cents. He longed to return to his old Faderland. A young man of energy and some capital might do well in this country, or a strong, hard-working, agricultural labourer ready to work for good wages, and to put by his savings carefully, but it was no place for the thriftless pauper.

The country itself was very fine, being what is called a rolling prairie, consisting of gradual undulations. There were no fences to interrupt the boundless expanse, but here and there were small groves of poplars and melons, which had been planted round the homesteads by the owners to protect them against the violence of the wind, and which resembled somewhat the farms seen in parts of Normandy. Every few miles there was a lake or pond, and round the largest of these was a grove of scrub oaks, among which were interspersed the wild cherry, plum, and filbert, which at this time were very pleasant eating. The prairie, except a few patches here and

there, which were sown with grain, was one mass of lovely grasses and flowers of every hue. Here you saw in their wild state the dwarf rose, sunflower, cineraria, and many of the plants which grew had medicinal uses known to the Indians and some of the old settlers. Talking of Indians, these wild men of the plains were no longer to be found in this state, although only as far back as 1863, during the civil war, a terrible massacre was committed by them on a settlement about forty miles north of this State.

The sport we had was good though the heat was great. The shooting on the prairie was very similar to grouse-shooting on the Scotch moors. We had some good wild-duck shooting also. The farmers were pleasant to deal with, and mostly belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church. On several Sundays I conducted services in houses belonging to the farmers, when we had good singing to the accompaniment of the American organ played by one of the daughters of the house.

In the autumn of the same year my wife and I, with our little girl, spent three weeks enjoying the beautiful scenery and the autumnal foliage in the highlands of Pennsylvania, and it would be difficult to give an adequate description of either the one or the other. The opening in the Blue Ridge chain of mountains for the passage of the Delaware River, known as the Delaware Water Gap, is an extraordinary geological phenomenon, the solution of which has taxed many scientific men. The waters of the Delaware at this point approach the mountain with a gentle current, and turning suddenly, pass through the Blue Ridge, cutting it to the base, while its rugged cliffs tower to a height of 1,600 feet on each side. That these two hills on each side of the river, which are known by the names of Tammany and Minsi, were once but one, there can be little doubt; but when the terrible convulsion which must have shaken the earth to its very

centre took place, what force was put into motion by th Divine artificer to accomplish this destruction will probably never be satisfactorily explained by geologists. There is much to attract the visitor. Whichever direction you take there is pretty scenery to visit: rippling streams in the midst of woods and rocks; fine waterfalls tumbling over curiously shaped rocks; hills on all sides to be clambered up, from the summits of which glorious views are to be seen, some of them extending nearly a hundred miles. It is a charming quiet retreat for the geologist, the botanist, or the invalid. I had already heard much about an American "fall," when the foliage is in perfection. It is impossible, either from description or even from a painting, to realise fully the rich colouring of the autumnal tints in this country. The surrounding hills are all ablaze from base to summit with every variety of shade, from the dark green of the pine to the bright yellow of the beech, looking like some magnificent piece of tapestry spread over the mountains against the clear blue sky. The dark-green setting of the more brilliant tints, the rose of the maple, the chocolate of the Spanish oak, the claret-colour of the dog-wood and hickory, the bright scarlet of the shumac, the yellow and red sassefras, the bright yellow of the beech, the brown of the chestnut, all these colours of every variety of shade blending harmoniously together, presented a gorgeous scene which it was well worth going a long distance to see. Then if you penetrated into the woods along a rugged path, by the side of which a pretty rivulet dashed amidst the moss-covered rocks, you had other charming harmonies of colour presented to your view, toned down by the overhanging trees. There you would find the wild rhododendrons and the kalmia, with their dark foliage contrasting with the green of the maidenhair, polypodium, and other ferns, some of the more delicate of which had put on their autumnal garb, which consisted of ivory-white, making them look as if they were

made of wax or carved out of ivory by some fine-fingered Chinaman. Of course connected with such a romantic place as this there are many Indian legends, one of the prettiest of which is told in connection with a spot on Mount Minsi overlooking the Delaware Water Gap. A lovely Indian princess, whose name was Winona, the daughter of Wyssimoning the chieftain, fell in love with a young Dutchman called Hendrick, who had been sent by the Government to prospect the country. With him she explored these mountains, and talked to him of the extent of the territory owned by her father and the war-like prowess of her people. With him she hunted the deer and the wild fowl and showed her skill in the use of the bow and arrow. But these charming excursions were not to last long. The English had gained possession of New York; the Dutch had to retire, and Hendrick received orders to return home. He was sorely distressed at having to part with Winona, but little knew how deeply she loved him. They took their last scramble over the Minsi Mountain, and when they came to the rocks overlooking the Gap whither they had been wont to resort, he tenderly broke to her the sad news of his departure. She listened in silence, and when he had finished answered in measured tones, and with a sad, low voice bade him farewell for ever. As she concluded her speech she made a dash towards the precipice and he rushed forward to save her, but too late, for they both rolled down the precipitous rocks together.

Another of the fairest spots in this country is Lenox, which was the favourite resort of my mother-in-law, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who for many years had a house there. Here the scenery was more extensive than at the Delaware Water Gap, and consequently the rich autumnal tints were seen to a greater advantage, presenting a wider variety of shade and colour. Whichever direction the eye turned, fine mountain scenery,

pretty lakes, and woody glens were visible. Whichever way you went, whether to Stockbridge with its Tay Glen or to the Echo Lake, or Monument Mountains, or Lebanon and the Shakers, glimpses of beauty met you at every turn. On one occasion I paid a visit to the Shakers; they lived about ten miles from Lebanon, and to get to them you had first to pass over the vast hills, along a winding road, and through woods abounding with flowers, ferns, and lichens. Arrived at the summit and looking back you got glimpses of the pretty village of Lenox and of Stockbridge Lake in the distance, whilst in front of you is the Lebanon Range, not capped with snowy peaks or boasting ancient and glorious cedars like its Scriptural namesake, but still most beautiful in its quiet way. Crossing the valley which intervened, was here and there a solitary homestead. You then ascended the slopes once more, and having reached the highest point of the road, a fresh and glorious scene is opened to your view: just below you in a secluded nook in the slope you see the Shaker village, with white houses, big barns and storehouses, whilst in the valley beyond lay the pretty village of Lebanon Flats, and further on the slope of the opposite range of hills was the favourite resort of the tourist, called Lebanon Springs. Descending a rather steep road you entered the Shakers' Village, and were immediately struck with the air of homeliness that you saw around, also with the size of the houses and barns.

The first person I called on was Elder Evans, one of the leading councillors of the Church. He was a hale, hard-looking old fellow, with a sour face and rude manners. He wanted to send me off immediately to one of the offices or stores, where visitors were always welcome, seeing that they are good purchasers of Shaker goods. He said he himself only received converts from the world, and did not suppose that I intended to become a Shaker. I acknowledged that such was not my

intention, but being an Englishman and understanding that he had visited England I was desirous of seeing him. He said he had been over to my country, and that Hepworth Dixon had presided at one of his meetings in London. His opinion of London was that it was a big Babel full of lunatics. On my asking him what he thought of the Shakers of the New Forest he said they were "a spurious lot, and that Mother Girling was a handful for anyone." He had a long letter from her, and had written to tell her that he did not consider her or her followers orthodox, as they believed, like the world's people, in the resurrection of the body as well as of the soul, whereas the Shakers of Lebanon only believed in the soul's resurrection. On my venturing to argue with him on the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, he cut short the argument by telling me that I talked stuff and was a ninny; that the world had its interpretation of that chapter and that the Shakers had theirs, and of course the latter were right. After a few more words in which he expressed his opinion pretty strongly, we turned to secular matters, and he went so far as to show me over the large barn belonging to his family, and a wonderful erection it was, built of stone and four storeys high. It was a model barn, and many an English farmer might get a wrinkle from it. Leaving my friend the Elder, I wended my way to an office or store at the other end of the village, which was kept by two very neat-looking Shakeresses, dressed somewhat like Quakeresses, in close-fitting white caps and blue stiff gowns. These were Sisters Caroline and Fanny, and they received me kindly and showed me their dairies, which were the perfection of cleanliness, and their large storehouses for preparing, storing, and drying sweet corn, which was sent to all parts of the States. From there I went to another store, where they sold the well-known Shaker rocking-chairs and mats and cushions made of a peculiar sort of plush manufactured by them. It was quite

evident that these Shakers did not agree with the English Shakers about not selling, for they did a considerable business, not only in meat, corn, and vegetables, but also in cheeses, sweet dried corn, dried herbs, baskets, flower-seeds, and various other articles, and were, moreover, not at all particular about trading on Sundays to the world's people. Their church, which I visited, was just like a large ballroom, with a well-polished floor and three tiers of seats arranged all round against the wall for the spectators amongst the world's people, and sometimes, they told me, they had as many as a thousand. The service of the Shakers in the ecclesiastical ballroom is, to say the least of it, peculiar. They form in a large square, and commence by shaking their bodies from side to side, at first slowly, but getting faster as they go on. They then shuffle round in pairs, the men by themselves and the women by themselves, something like a band of Christy minstrels, previous to commencing their dance. The men and women then face each other and dance backward and forward, letting their arms drop in front of them like so many kangaroos, and singing mournful strains. They are supposed to dance with joy, and quote the cases of Miriam and David as Scriptural authorities, but the performance to look at is rather melancholy, and to see their faces one would scarcely suppose they were carried away by transports of joy. In the centre of the square, some old crones assist the service with shrill unearthly sounds. Their doctrines are peculiar: they call themselves the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing; they believe that the Second Advent came in the person of Ann Lee. Mother Ann, as she is called, was the daughter of a blacksmith in England. She received her first ideas of these doctrines, which were afterwards held by Shakers and some Quakers, from a man named Wardley, who started a spiritual revival in 1747, and they considered themselves ruled by the spirit, the manifestations of which

were visible by mighty tremblings of the body, shouting, leaping for joy, running and dancing; which exercises, so strange to beholders, got them the name of Shakers. The Shakers may be and are a very inoffensive and harmless people, but they certainly do not contribute much towards the building up of this great republic.

CHAPTER X

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

1776–1786

PHILADELPHIA—THE CENTENNIAL—LORD DUFFERIN—SAM WARD—LORD HOUGHTON—"MOLLY MAGUIRES"—TILDEN AND HAYES ELECTION—LORD ROSEBERY—YELLOW FEVER

JULY 4th was a long-looked-for day, and the people of the great Republic, old and young, did their level best to celebrate with proper solemnity and enthusiasm the great occasion. In Philadelphia the ceremonies began on July 1st, and were carried out with untiring energy, notwithstanding that the thermometer stood at 95° in the shade. The chief business began at Independence Hall, where there were orations delivered by gentlemen from some of the thirteen states, representing, where possible, the families of the early settlers. Patriotic hymns were sung, and the lives of distinguished men and women of the past, written by distinguished men and women of the present, were handed in to be laid up amongst the archives.

Sunday was a day of rest, and in almost every church appropriate prayers were offered up, and sermons preached upon the subject. A special form of prayer and thanksgiving was set forth for use in the Protestant Episcopal Church, by Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania.

On Monday I went to the old parish church of Christ Church, where special services were held to commemorate the centennial anniversary of American Independence, Whittier's Centennial Hymn being especially well rendered, followed by

a sermon from the Bishop, in which historical facts of the Revolutionary period were related, facts with which the old church was closely connected: How the first prayer was offered in continental congress by the Rev. Jacob Duché, Rector of the Church; how on July 20th, 1776, before the Declaration of Independence had been proclaimed from the State-house steps, the vestry assembled and passed a resolution with regard to omitting from the Liturgy the petition for the King; how in 1784 a convention of clerical and lay representatives from the Church of Pennsylvania met, and how here Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, and many other celebrities worshipped. These facts and many others of interest did the Bishop tell his earnest hearers, warming their hearts with fervent zeal for their country. In the evening a great procession of trades and other corporate bodies took place; the whole line of the procession was crowded with spectators, but the densest mass was assembled at Independence Hall, which was the centre of attraction. Here at midnight a hymn, "My Country, 'tis of thee," was sung by a large choir, the immense crowd joining in; and as the last verse ended, the new bell struck the hour, and a perfect *feu de joie* of pistols and crackers accompanied the shouts of the assembled thousands and ushered in the new centenary of the great Republic. The night was clear and lovely; the moon was nearly full, and the whole scene of the long torchlight procession and the vast mass gathered round the old historic building, waiting anxiously for the striking of the bell, was perhaps the most interesting of all the sights connected with the celebration. Conspicuous in the procession were the Emperor of Brazil (better known as "Don Pedro"), Prince Oscar of Sweden, and the British Commissioners, all of whom had special escorts allotted them. The reception was enthusiastic, and an American gentleman who accompanied the procession through the streets told me that all through

the lines the representatives of Great Britain were received with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, which showed that the old animosities were happily forgotten. An Italian gentleman remarked to me how much struck he was with the good behaviour of the crowd, so different from what he had seen in France and elsewhere abroad. Notwithstanding the late hour at which the multitude dispersed, by eight next morning the streets were filled again to witness the parade of soldiers, who assembled from all parts of the United States. Later, a great crowd assembled in Independence Square to listen to a poem in honour of the day by Bayard Taylor, and to the reading of the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, by Lee, of Virginia, grandson of the Lee who had read it a hundred years before. Although I had a seat on the platform, I could scarcely hear a word, but was much interested in the enthusiasm of the people when the original document was held up by the Mayor for their inspection. Their cheers resounded again and again through the old square, where just a hundred years before they had resounded when they were proclaimed an independent people for the first time. The "Hallelujah Chorus" and the "Old Hundredth" closed this eventful scene. Assembled on the platform were the Emperor of Brazil, the Prince, Commissioners, judges, generals, senators, orators, poets—only one man was absent, and he of all others ought to have been present, namely, the President of the United States; he neither came nor sent any excuse, and so added yet more to his unpopularity, which had of late been growing. Ten years previously he was the most popular man in the country, but by his own folly he was at this time one of the most unpopular.

On leaving Independence Hall I attended a meeting of strong-minded women, over which the veteran Miss Lucretia Mott presided, and at which Mrs. Stanton was the chief speaker. They assured their audience that although the

independence of man had that day been celebrated, the independence of women had yet to be brought about, and that they had that morning given in their protest at Independence Hall, so that the women of 1976 might learn that the women of 1876 had fought for their independence. In the evening there was a great show of fireworks in the Park, and a large reception of all the distinguished people at Mr. Drexel's, the leading banker of Philadelphia.

A great fair was opened in connection with the Centennial Celebration. Fairmount Park, in which the exhibition was situated, is at all times worth strolling through. It was then the largest park in the world, containing 3,000 acres, full of natural beauties. Through it flows for five miles the broad Schuylkill River, and a beautiful stream called Wisahicon wound through a narrow valley between steep and lofty hills which are wooded to their summits, not unlike the Dargle, near Bray, in Ireland, and formed a tributary to the Schuylkill. The Centennial Exhibition buildings were situated in a broad meadow at the foot of what was called George's Hill, and covered a large space of ground fenced off from the rest of the park. The buildings consisted of the main exhibition, a light and imposing erection of iron and glass, the machinery building, and the Art Gallery or Monumental Hall, which was to be a permanent building, and serve as a monument to succeeding generations of the Centennial and the great International Exhibition. It would be difficult to say what style of architecture was intended by its designer—a mixture of Egyptian and Italian, perhaps—with a large dome, at the top of which was a figure emblematical of the Republic, but which was more like a young lady with a "tie-back," as I believe it was called, about to step over a gutter. In addition to these buildings there was a Woman's Pavilion, in which women's work only was to be exhibited; the United States Government Building, Horticultural Building, Agricultural

Hall, the Judges' Hall, and some specimens of black-and-white houses of the old English days, erected by the British Commissioners, for ornament and for their own special use. These were a few of the chief buildings, but the number on the ground amounted to 150. Most of the buildings were remarkable for their hideous architecture. Some, however, were interesting and curious from their associations with the history of their country, such as copies of the old timber houses of England, models of New England farmers' log-houses, Canadian buildings, made up of large logs of timber for pillars, and rough planks of pine, piled one on the top of the other for sides, Japanese Commissioners' houses and bazaar, built with material all brought from Japan. In the Machinery Hall the Americans showed to the greatest advantage. It is their special department, and in ingenuity of contrivance they lead all competitors. You see this not only in their potato-peelers, their sausage-makers, sewing machines, typewriters, Waltham watches, but also in their steam engines, centrifugal pumps, and ice-boats. Two mighty giants occupied a prominent position in the large hall of glass. The name of one was "Corliss" and of the other "Krupp," the first of American origin, the second of German. "Corliss" was a giant of peace, his position was in the centre of the building, and seated all round him were to be seen, from morning till night, numbers of admirers from all parts of the world. They watched his movements in a sort of abstracted manner, not unmixed with feelings of awe and reverence. Not one visitor to this great show but carried back with him to his home in the far west, or elsewhere, a distinct remembrance of this giant; not one American whose heart did not swell with pride at this emblem of his nation's greatness. With mighty limbs and sinews of iron and steel he used his enormous powers quietly, and with unerring intelligence controlled all about him; so when he stopped for dinner, every worker in that

large hall ceased from his labour until the giant once again gave the signal for renewal of business, when in a moment every loom and shuttle, printing-machine, and pumping apparatus, filled the air with throbbings of busy life. His power was that of 1,400 horse, his arms were 18 feet from the ground and extended almost the entire length of the building.

The other giant, "Krupp," towered aloft at the entrance to the building. His mouth, 14 inches wide, turned upwards, motionless, and uttered never a word; for were he but to speak one word it would shatter every pane of glass in the building. But these were halls of peace, and his work was in the field of battle; I need not dwell on particulars with regard to his destructive work, for, alas, during the last few years we have had terrible experience of his awful power.

The ice-boat or yacht may be a peaceful contrivance, but it seemed a very dangerous one. It consisted of a simple frame-work of wood, 21 feet long, with some narrow boarding at one end, on which the yachtsman sat or crouched down. The frame-work rested upon a kind of a sleigh, and was impelled by large sails. It travelled at the rate of a mile a minute, faster than the wind, and its sheets were flat aft under all circumstances. It might have been safe, but I would as soon trust myself in an iron-clad, even with a Krupp gun firing at it. In the winter they had races with these yachts on the Hudson River, which were wildly exciting.

An old proverb says "Necessity is the mother of invention," and nowhere could this proverb be better illustrated. "Necessity," i.e. the want of labour in a large and thinly populated country, has made America the mother of invention. The struggle from nature to civilisation has developed keen inventive genius—a power to make the most of things; and here we saw the results. Naturally there were many distinguished visitors from all quarters, and amongst them

many Englishmen. The Brevort House, New York, was in those days the hotel where the Englishmen met. Earl Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Dufferin, spent several weeks there. During his stay his Excellency went over to Washington to pay his respects to the President. He was good enough to invite me to stay at Government House, which I much regretted my inability to do, as I was obliged to go South. He once told me a good interviewer's story. While at Chicago a representative of the Press came to his hotel and asked to have an interview with him. His *aide de camp* said Lord Dufferin was tired and resting, upon which the interviewer said, tapping his forehead, "It does not matter, I have it all here." There appeared a paragraph in the paper in which it said that he had been interviewed as to his opinions on the United States in general and Chicago in particular, and the account of the interview ended with the statement that his Excellency was found clad in a sky-blue satin dressing-gown, sipping iced lemonade through a straw. Lord Dufferin paid more than one visit to New York, and I remember, on one occasion, meeting him at a breakfast at Del Monico's at which there were present Mr. Tilden, candidate for the Presidency, Senator Bayard (afterwards Ambassador to England), James Gordon Bennett, Sam Ward, and other distinguished men.

On another occasion when Lord Rosebery was staying with us in the South, he told me that when at Washington a coloured waiter devoted himself to him, and indeed he had difficulty in getting rid of him. One day when busily engaged writing letters, he said to the negro: "I don't require you any more, Sambo," and he answered, "Yes, sare." "You can go," he said again; and the negro again answered, "Yes, sare," without moving. "Don't you see I'm writing a letter to my mother?" upon which he said, "Hope de old lady well."

Lord Houghton also came and stayed with us at York Farm. He was very anxious to see Mrs. Kemble, who was with us. She told us that she didn't know much of Monckton Milnes, and wondered why he was coming, so we were much amused when on his arrival he embraced her and called her "Fanny." He was one of those few men who thoroughly enjoyed being interviewed. He was a good deal banqueted, and used to send for me to New York to attend the parties, I presume as sort of *aide de camp*, which was very pleasant for me. I gave him a small dinner at Augustine's, in Philadelphia, at which were present Senator Bayard, Sam Ward, a witty Irishman, Dan Dougherty, the British Consul, Kortright, and others, and we had a typical Philadelphia menu, including canvas-backed ducks, terrapin stew, and other delicacies, together with some very dry old Butler Madeira, called "Pale Harriet." We had some little distance to drive home, over a very bad road, but Lord Houghton managed to slumber peacefully, and I heard murmurs proceeding from him and the words, "dear Pale Harriet." He wished to see everything and know everybody, and when in Boston a beautiful young lady was pointed out to him and they told him that she had many young men at her feet, upon which he said, "wretched chiropodists."

At the Brevort, New York, Hepworth Dixon and his son were staying. He was another instance of a man who liked to be interviewed. His popularity was not very great in the United States just then, owing to his books on spiritual wives and new America. He was not pleased with me when I told him that in order to understand the negroes, he should go down and live among them in the South, and not take his ideas of them from a waiter at Richmond, as he had done. An American might as well get his idea of an English agricultural labourer from a waiter at the Langham Hotel.

Amongst other lecturers in the country were Bradlaugh

and George Dawson of Birmingham. The latter was a friend of mine and had a good reception at Boston and Philadelphia, where he lectured on "Wives of Clever Men." When I heard him in New York, his voice seemed to be failing, and he had difficulty in filling the large hall in which he was called upon to deliver his lectures. I invited him to meet Lord Rosebery and Sam Ward at breakfast, but he seemed rather low in spirits; and not long after his return to London, he died. To write an account of Samuel Ward, or Uncle Sam as he was generally called, would take a chapter in itself. Sam Ward inherited a large fortune, and his connections and surroundings made it possible for him to choose from a great variety of careers. He had a distinguished sister, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe of Boston, but he himself was a regular Bohemian. One of the most genial and hospitable of men, ever ready to do a graceful or kindly act, but of a restless, roving disposition.

One year he might be found in Washington society, and the next recuperating his damaged fortunes in a Californian mine. Wit, scholar, poet, and politician, he had seen about as much of the world, from "Piccadilly to California and from Cochin-China to Peru," as any man living. Sam Ward was long known as the king of Washington Lobbyists, and when making a speech before the Pacific Mail Investigating Committee he gave a sketch of the duties of the lobbyist which represented that profession as one of eminent usefulness, but of uncertain pecuniary returns. It was as a lobbyist that Sam engaged in dinner-giving, and he held that the first step towards inducing a Senator or Representative to vote in any desired way was to clear his judgment and remove his prejudices by a comfortable dinner. Sam Ward was a great friend of my wife's and very kind to me. Lord Rosebery was much attached to him, and just before his departure from the United States wrote a poem, which possibly furnished the best portrait

of this celebrated uncle. The concluding lines were as follows:

"Counselling statesmen on finesse,
Counselling ladies on their dress,
A wit, scholar, and a poet,
A rake we fear, a friend we know it.
It is the lion and the lamb,
There's your portrait, Uncle Sam."

I once acted in the capacity of a lobbyist. It happened thus: I was chairman of the Rice Planters on the Altamaha for the regulating of the wages of the negroes and for other purposes. When the Hawaiian treaty was about to be carried in Congress, there was some fear among the rice planters that it would interfere with their interests. Many consultations were held at Charlestown and elsewhere as to what measures should be taken to prevent the treaty, and a deputation of representatives from various parts of the South, headed by Mr. Talmadge, the great rice factor, was appointed to attend at Washington. I was sent as a representative of the Altamaha planters, and my duty was especially to bring pressure to bear on Senator Bayard, with whom I was well acquainted, to use his influence in opposing the treaty. I did not, however, have to give a dinner at Washington, but, on the other hand, was invited to dine with Senator Bayard, and to meet several members. Amongst those present was a Southerner, who was looked upon as a scallawag, having gone over to the North. He said to Senator Bayard, "There seems to be a lot of 'rice birds' up here" (meaning the delegates), "and they're making a great fuss over the Hawaiian treaty; I don't know why." Upon which Senator Bayard replied, introducing me, "This is one of the 'rice birds,'" at which he was much astonished, thinking that I was only an English traveller. I regret to say our efforts were all in vain and the Hawaiian treaty was passed, but after all it did not do us much harm.

It was while we were residing near Philadelphia in the seventies that great excitement occurred in the coal-fields of Pennsylvania in connection with various violent assaults and murders, which had been carried on for some time by a gang of ruffians against the bosses and superintendents of the collieries in the county of Schuylkill and elsewhere. The gang was called "The Molly Maguires" or "The Ancient Order of Hibernians." They had created terror throughout the whole district, and had baffled every effort on the part of Mr. F. B. Gowen, president of the "Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company," to bring them to justice. Witnesses were terrorised and alibis were easily manufactured when any scoundrels were apprehended. At length Mr. Gowen determined to consult the head of the great Pinkerton Detective Agency in Chicago, with the result that a smart, good-looking young Irishman was employed, Macfarlane, who under the name of MacKenna took up his residence among the miners, and so ingratiated himself among them all by singing Irish songs and dancing Irish jigs, that he was at last admitted as a member of their secret society. For nearly three years he went among them, taking his life in his hands when he entered into the secret council of the Order, and knowing well that any false step on his part or the slightest suspicion of his real character on the part of any of the members (some of whom were already jealous of him on account of his popularity) meant instant death. For three years he continued to send reports of their doings every week to Mr. Gowen and Superintendent Franklin at Philadelphia. His adventures and the risks he ran would surpass anything in *Sherlock Holmes*. Suspicion of his real mission increased, and at length the place became too hot for him and he was compelled to get away. Plots to assassinate him were made and ambushes laid to catch him, and had it not been for some friends, who still stuck to him and warned him, he would have certainly

been murdered. He managed to escape to Philadelphia and to give a full report to the authorities, in consequence of which seventy or eighty men were arrested. Ten were condemned to death and the rest had various terms of imprisonment. Mr. Gowen, who had formerly been District Attorney for the County, and who was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic (as was also Macfarlane, the detective), conducted the prosecution, and in the course of a long and eloquent address spoke these words:

"Where are the honest Irishmen of this County? Why do not they rise up and strike these assassins that usurp the name of Irishmen? Why do not they come together in a public meeting and denounce this organisation? Upon what principle do these men, outcasts from Society, the dogs of the earth, assassins, claim to be Irishmen and arrogate to themselves the national characteristics of the Irish people? It is a disgrace to Ireland that the honest Irish should permit wretches like these to say that they are the true representatives of this County (Schuylkill)." How truly might these words be applied by Loyal Irishmen to their countrymen to-day.

I was supplied with the full account of the Molly Maguires and the official report of the trials by a friend of mine, Mr. Eckley Cox, a colliery owner, who with his brave wife resided in the immediate neighbourhood of the scenes of these terrible events, and who were not molested, owing probably to the fact that Mrs. Cox was such a friend to the wives and children of the miners.

There was wild excitement in November 1876 over the result of the elections, which remained for some time in uncertainty. The election took place on the 7th, but for a very long time the result was not known. Being in New York, I saw a monster torchlight procession in honour of Tilden, the democratic candidate. The night was wintry

and wet, but it did not seem to damp the enthusiasm of those who followed the procession. The sight was a very striking one, a thousand men marching in Fifth Avenue in good order, four abreast, and clad in various costumes, some as Zouaves, some in Garibaldian costume, others in a sort of Spanish get-up, according to the clubs they belonged to. Each member carried a torch, whilst, from carts drawn by two horses, rockets were discharged at intervals and red fire added to the strangeness of the scene. The next day was election day, and a most quiet, orderly one it was. I roamed with Lord Rosebery about the streets, looking for excitement, and found none. Towards evening, however, the excitement began, and at eleven o'clock every place where any news could be got was thronged.

An immense concourse assembled in the City Hall Square, where all the newspaper offices were situated, and the bulletins of the office of *The New York Herald* were eagerly watched for. Madison Square was another great rendezvous for the crowd, for here on the roof of the Corner House, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue meet, was a huge transparency by means of which some enterprising individual advertised on truly American principles, with a magic-lantern and slides, and here appeared alternately well-known advertisements and election returns, and the advertisers did not fail to take advantage of the situation. Thus you would read the overwhelming vote of New York in favour of *Baba* at Niblo's Gardens, the unanimous vote of the country for Somebody's Corn Beef, which appeared alternately with "60,000 majority in Kentucky for Tilden." The crowd was, as Americans generally are, well behaved and good-humoured, although it was raining all the time.

At midnight Uncle Sam arrived at the Brevort House quite exhausted, saying "that boy (Lord Rosebery) will be the death of me." "What have you done with him?" I asked.

He replied, "I have handed him over to Morrissey, the prize-fighter, who will take good care of him."

After the election there was a great rush to the South, and as I had to go down too, I found myself in company with many carpet-baggers and scallawags. I was down South alone for nearly two months winding up our affairs, previous to leaving the country for some time at least. Yellow fever had been raging at Brunswick and Savannah, in which places it had never appeared before. I was anxious to avoid those two cities on my way to Butler's Island, and so by another route I got as far as Jessup Junction, from which the branch line to Brunswick goes. There I found many refugees from that city. After considerable delay I was able to get on as far as No. 1, twelve miles short of Brunswick. On arriving there, I asked a negro if Mr. George Washington, who was a white stable-keeper, could supply me with a buggy. The negro replied, "He died of yellow fever last week, Massa." I asked if Mrs. Washington was at home. "She dead too," he replied. So I had come a long way round to avoid the fever and found it had been here. However, I managed to get a conveyance to take me to the landing, where I had a boat to convey me to the island. Fortunately the yellow fever had not touched Darien. I was the only white on the island, and on one occasion when I was talking to one of our captains on the pier by the river, we heard great shouting and yelling, and saw coming toward us a number of negroes, with a man after them flourishing a big axe and yelling. It was Abraham (son of Captain Sye, to whom I was talking), who was mad drunk. I did not like to run away, although he was coming toward us, and I did not know what he might do. However, he passed by, chasing the people as far as the barn. Then he put down his axe and made as if he were going to jump into the river. Some of them were anxious to prevent him, but I told them to leave him alone, as I thought

the best thing for him was to get a thorough good wetting. I ordered two negroes to have a canoe ready to take him in. Having hauled him out of the water I told them to take him straight home, where I gave him a good dose of whisky and ginger, wrapped him up in a blanket and laid him before the fire. His poor father was in a great state of mind about him, but the son soon got over the attack and was all right. When in the North at a reception given by Mr. George W. Child, the editor of *The Bulletin*, I noticed that a special correspondent to *The Times* was being got hold of by some of the Northern pressmen, who were giving accounts of the South from their point of view. I told him that I hoped he would not get his ideas of the South from what these men told him ; that the only way in which he could get true ideas was for him to go down there and to judge for himself of the real condition of things, and I should be glad if he would accompany me. He agreed with me, and said he would cable to *The Times* and impress upon them the necessity for him to go down South, but later, just before I was starting, he received a cable to say they required him on the other side. However, as will be seen further on, he considered the matter of such importance that he obtained leave to go through the South. Later, there appeared some excellent letters in *The Times* from their special correspondent, giving a fair idea of the real state of affairs, which had hitherto been so much misrepresented. In one letter from New Orleans he was good enough to refer to a conversation he had had with me at Charleston on the subject of the two races in Georgia, and mentioned a certain incident which I had related to him to illustrate the good feeling that existed there between the whites and blacks : " Lewis Jackson, a black man, who by the way acted as churchwarden of my coloured Church at Darien, was put up by the white democrats of the place to fill the position of Ordinary of the City, and he was opposed by a white man who was chiefly supported

by the black republicans." This would scarcely have been believed by the North, who declared that in Georgia no negro had a chance of office, and that no negro would vote the democratic ticket unless he was intimidated into so doing. Another Darien negro who held office as Constable, named Gyton, not only voted a democratic ticket, but happening to have twins born at the time of the election, named one Tilden Centennial and the other Hendricks Centennial, which I do not suppose he could have been intimidated into doing.

Curiously enough, when I was appointed to the Rectory of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, I found that the name of the old parish clerk there was Gyton; as that is not a very common name, next time I went to Georgia, I interviewed my friend, the Constable at Darien, and asked him how he came by the name Gyton. He said it was that of his father, who was overseer of the plantation next to ours. He joined the Southern army during the war and was killed in Louisiana. On my return to London, I ascertained from my parish clerk that he had an uncle, who went to America, was overseer on a plantation in the South and was killed in the Civil War. So my old clerk was first cousin to a mulatto constable in an out-of-the-way nigger town in Georgia!

The Northerners took it for granted that every negro must be republican because the republic released them from bondage, but since the war the republicans had really done nothing for the negroes nor fulfilled the many promises they made to them. "The Freeman's Bureau" strove only to set the Freemen against their old masters. "The Freeman's Bank," after getting hold of all their savings, broke and they lost all. "The Freeman's Mission" had, with all its promises, done scarcely anything for their spiritual welfare, and they were still left in the hands of ignorant, unscrupulous, and immoral political preachers who were mere tools in the hands of a party. Was it to be wondered at that, having been cheated and defrauded

in every way by those whom they looked upon as their saviours, they should have turned again to their old masters whom they found after all were their best friends. They were called down-trodden, but anyone who witnessed in Charleston their wonderful annual procession to celebrate their emancipation —so graphically described by the special correspondent to *The Times*, and which he and I witnessed together—would certainly have come away with the impression that the whites, and not the blacks, of Charleston, were down-trodden.

But to return to our negroes; we parted from each other with many mutual regrets; on the last day of the old year, Sunday, I held two full services for them and celebrated the Holy Communion, besides having a service and celebration for the whites at their church, five miles the other side of Darien. The evening service I held at my own little chapel on the island, which was crowded, several of my congregation from Darien coming over in boats to attend. They sang many of their favourite hymns and the service was not over until nearly ten o'clock. After service, being a beautiful moonlight night, I took it into my head, feeling rather excited after my day's work, to start for our favourite St. Simon's Island, fifteen miles off; so, much to the astonishment of the old foreman, I ordered a long dug-out boat, and with four good rowers we started on our journey. A most pleasant journey it was, the rowers singing their quaint songs all the way, whilst I was wrapped up in the stern, steering We reached St. Simon's at midnight, and so saw the New Year in. Arriving at the hut there, we quickly had a blazing fire of pinewood, and, drawing up the sofa in front of the burning logs, wrapped in my blanket I was soon fast asleep, whilst the negroes lay round the kitchen fire perfectly happy. Next morning the St. Simon's people came up to the house to bid me God-speed, after which I wandered about in the solitary woods of the beautiful island. The following Thursday I

held a farewell service at the new church at Darien, and charged my hearers to do their utmost to carry on the work that had been thus auspiciously begun. After service every member of the congregation came up to shake hands and bid me farewell, and I was much touched by their affectionate and respectful manner.

This was not by any means our last visit to the island. Sometimes my wife went alone, sometimes I, and sometimes all of us together.

On one occasion my wife and I, arriving at Savannah, found that a lawsuit, postponed from time to time, connected with a plot of land on which we had erected a church for the coloured people, was actually coming on the following day. I went to the island to secure some plans and papers, whilst my wife stayed in Savannah, and on my return found a party from Darien on their way to Savannah in connection with the lawsuit.

We had to remain at No. 1 station in the pine woods for the arrival of the train from Brunswick, and were entertained by my friend, the owner of the store—who was also station-master and postmaster—with a good supper of venison and quail, after which we spent the time in spinning yarns. Our host, who was a great sportsman, had some good stories about his experiences, and I contributed one which might be called "The Tale (tail) of an Alligator."

"The Bishop was very anxious to shoot an alligator, so I hired the small launch at Darien and we started off for St. Simon's Island, an English friend, G. Douglas, being one of the party. On our way we saw a young alligator lying on the bank and I handed my small Wesson rifle to the Bishop for a shot at him. He hit him hard, and the beast slid down the bank and lay in the mud in the shallow water. I took the small rickety boat we had with us, and with an oar I raised his tail and slipped the rope of the boat round it and

fastened it securely. I then called on my friends in the launch to throw me a rope and to haul me in as the boat was sinking, which they did, and the small boat was pulled alongside just as it sank. I scrambled on to the launch, and then we pulled up the boat out of the water with the alligator attached to it, and got it on to the launch. Thinking it was dead, I undid the rope and placed it in front of me, when suddenly the beast revived and made straight for me with open jaws. I had just time to shove the butt-end of my rifle into its mouth, which closed upon it, making four big notches in the wood, which might have been in my leg; we then dispatched it."

After the lawsuit, which, I am pleased to say, we won, we returned by boat to Darien.

We assembled on deck and resumed our yarning. I said that our host had told some good stories, when one of them said: "We are of opinion that you deserve the first prize for your alligator tale."

On board the boat was the man who had actually piloted the last shipload of slaves from Africa, and who, on being pursued, had dumped them down on Jekyl's Island.

Whilst on the subject of sporting yarns I might mention my first experience of a rattle-snake. I was on a shooting excursion to an uninhabited island with a planter, Jimmy Dent. When following his trail I saw in front of me a big snake, coiled and ready to strike. My friend had stepped over it without knowing what it was. I called his attention to it, and then shot it. Jimmy Dent, who had all his life been a hunter, was evidently quite overcome by the narrow escape he had had.

Here is another snake tale which was told me, but the truth of which I am not at all prepared to vouch for, and it goes to show that there is one good use to which alcohol may be put; namely, as one poison to counteract the evil of

another. A farmer in the up-country was returning from market on horseback, having partaken freely of Pinetop whisky and with a flask of the same in his pocket. In the way lay a big rattle-snake coiled, at which the horse started suddenly back and pitched its rider over its head, and he landed plump on the snake, which bit him. The farmer consumed the contents of the flask, and when his friends came to look for him, they found him asleep and the snake dead under him.

Here is another tale: In Brunswick there was a well-known character who had fought duels and tackled sharks, by name Tom Burke. When the yellow fever raged in the city in 1876, he took to his bed with a supply of whisky. He did not die of yellow fever, but he died of D.T.

In 1886 I went to the island with my wife and child. On the way, between Charleston and Savannah, we had a terrible smash, the two trains meeting on a single line. We were in a Pullman, which owing to its solidity and being at the rear of the train withstood the force of the concussion. I got my wife and child out and placed them on a log in the wood close by, and then went to see what had happened at the front. Both engines had been overturned and one poor negro stoker lay underneath; altogether there were six killed and many wounded; I at once got mattresses and blankets out of the Pullman sleeping cars, and when the coloured attendant told me not to take Mr. Pullman's property, I informed him I should do what I liked with it, and if he did not help me he would have to get out of the car. There were some wonderful escapes. Two men in the mail car were sorting the letters when the crash came; the ends of the car met and were broken to splinters. I saw one of the men at Charleston on my return North, and asked him how he escaped being killed. He said that he scarcely knew, but he found himself among the wreckage, and the only thing that could have happened

was that the floor of the car must have opened and let him through. As we were only twelve miles from Charleston the passengers and wounded were taken there in a short time, but we, being over sixty miles from Savannah, had to wait all day before we were fetched.

After my farewells I returned North, and joining my wife, little girl, and Mrs. Kemble, we started on our journey back to England. We had a wonderful trip in the White Star steamer *Britannic*. The first three days the weather was fine and calm ; the rest of the journey it blew a perfect hurricane. Fortunately, the wind was with us and carried us along. We arrived at Queenstown on January 29th, having accomplished the journey in less than eight days. It was the first time I had seen a really big sea, and although the mountainous waves were awful to behold, they were, nevertheless, very grand, especially by moonlight. On Sunday I performed divine service and it was hard work to keep my equilibrium, and I was not sorry to be once more on terra firma and back in my own country.

CHAPTER XI

STRATFORD AND LEAMINGTON

I BECOME A TEETOTALLER—SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTION—FUNERAL OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH—APPOINTED TO ST. MARY'S, BRYANSTON SQUARE

HAVING arrived in England, I intended to look about for some clerical work, but was in no hurry to do so. However, I received several offers, and finally I accepted one with my old friend, Dr. Collis, who had been head-master of the school at Bromsgrove when I was curate there, but had become Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon. He asked me to undertake the charge of the district church of St. James's in Stratford, which I consented to do, provided, as I told him, that he did not interfere in any way with my work there. I had to make this stipulation, as he had had a good deal of trouble with one of his clergy, and was rather an excitable Irishman. He promised not to interfere, and we worked harmoniously together. I leased a charming old Elizabethan Manor House, just the other side of the Stratford Bridge, but in Alverston parish. Here Mrs. Kemble came to visit us, as well as Henry James. Shakespeare's house was in my district parish, and on one occasion Mrs. Kemble went with me there. The custodians were two Miss Chattaways, whose family had long resided in the old house. They showed my party over the house and garden, where they presented Mrs. Kemble with various flowers and herbs mentioned in Shakespeare's

works. Mrs. Kemble seemed somewhat indifferent to their remarks about Shakespeare, and one of them said: "Ah! no Shakespearean scholar, I perceive." Little did these good ladies know that they were speaking to possibly the greatest of Shakespearean students.

My stay at Stratford was very pleasant, but of short duration, as I was offered the living of Leamington Spa, owing to the death of the eccentric Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Craig, who, for nearly fifty years, had been the Incumbent of this large parish. An extremely clever man, he rebuilt the parish church, acting as his own architect, and a remarkably fine Gothic building it was. He also invented the Craig telescope, which was to cut out the great Ross one; yet in later years he became neglectful of the parish and involved in pecuniary difficulties, and died a pauper. A thorough reorganisation of the parish had to be made, and it was heavy work, but was lightened by the numerous volunteers, especially ladies, who gathered round me. We had to keep on the old Manor House at Stratford, which meant my coming into Leamington every day. Mrs. Leigh deeply regretted having to give up the Stratford home, and I shared in her regret, but I felt it was my duty to undertake this new work. I preached my first sermon at Leamington on October 21st, 1877. Although I had a difficult work before me, yet it was easier for me than it would have been for others, as I was not an entire stranger, having been brought up at Stoneleigh, in the immediate neighbourhood, from my earliest youth.

Leamington Spa, like many other watering-places, was the happy hunting-ground for tramps, rascals, and impostors. These pests of Society were patronised by a kind-hearted public, and fostered by old ladies of benevolent intentions, who gave freely without first making inquiries in quarters where they might have obtained reliable information; so as they listened to the tale of woe of the wanderer,

their hearts melted, and the string of their purse became loosened as:

> "He tells them of his starving wife,
> His children to be fed,
> Poor little lonely innocents
> All clamouring for bread,
> And so they kindly help to put
> A bachelor to bed."

From the position I held not only as Vicar, but as Chairman of the Warwick and Leamington Board of Guardians, and Chairman of C.O.S., I was well acquainted with the ways of these gentry who made a good living out of the benevolent. There was a poor woman who sat at the corner of one of the streets selling flowers and other goods. She wore a respirator given her by a kind lady, and which was a help to her in creating sympathy. The money she received went to her husband, an idle good-for-nothing rascal who lived on her gains. One day she was found weeping, and in great distress, on being asked by a lady what was the matter, she said her poor husband had just died, and she had not sufficient money to pay for the funeral. The good lady said she would accompany her to her home; on arriving she saw the "corpse" laid out on the bed, and covered with a sheet. She gave the poor woman money, and departed; but found on leaving that she had left her gloves, and went upstairs to fetch them, where she found the "corpse" sitting up counting the money.

Soon after my arrival the first Sanitary Congress held its meeting at Leamington, presided over by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, and it was on that occasion my attention was first drawn to the great temperance movement.

A breakfast was given to the members of the Sanitary Congress by the National Temperance League, which was presided over by Mr. Samuel Bowley, the President of the N.T.L. I was much impressed by the speeches of Dr. Richard-

son and Mr. Bowley, and made up my mind that I would do some temperance work in my new parish. Not long after this, Canon Wilberforce came, at my invitation, to address a meeting in a public hall, on Temperance. He made a most eloquent speech, and I was so moved by it that I rose and said: "I will join the total abstinence section of the C.E.T.S. if twenty-five others will do the same."

At once fifty rose up and prepared to follow my example, and among them the lady patroness of the living and another dear old lady, who came up and signed the total abstinence form. They went back to their seats proud of what they had done, but it was rather a surprise for them to hear an old woman out of the slums say to her neighbour: "Well, I didn't know as 'ow they drank before." This was the commencement of a great temperance revival, in connection with the blue-ribbon movement, of which I shall have more to say later.

In carrying out many reforms it was natural that I should meet with some opposition, although I had plenty of earnest supporters. A Church Council had been established, whose chief duty seemed to have been to try and keep the Vicar in order, which was no easy task. Some repairs had to be done to the church, and the Council were desirous that the Vicar should have nothing to do with the financial arrangement of the contract.

I met the contractor, who resided at Coventry and was a friend of mine, and found that he was raging because he had been done by the Rev. Mr. C. "How is that?" I inquired; to which he answered, "I received orders from the Leamington Council to do certain repairs to the church, and I had to erect a scaffolding to do this. The old Vicar came into the churchyard and said to me: 'What is this all about?' I replied, 'I have received orders from the Church Council to do certain repairs.' 'Yes, yes,' said the Vicar, 'but how about the scaffolding?' 'I had to put it up to carry on my work,' was

my reply. 'That's all right,' he said, 'but it's on my freehold and you'll have to pay me £30 for the use of it.' Which I had to do, much to my disgust."

The new organ which was erected by Hill & Son, London, was opened on October 31st, 1879, by Sir Herbert Oakeley, professor of music, Edinburgh. A sermon was preached on the following Sunday by Rev. Sir F. Gore, Ouseley, Mus. Doc., St. Michael's College, Tenbury, and on November 5th and 6th Handel's grand Oratorio *The Messiah* was given, in which I had the voluntary assistance of Mr. Santley, besides that of Mr. Henry Guy, the Misses Robertson, and others. The chorus was local and the band came from Birmingham. It was altogether a great success, and brought in a considerable sum for the organ and church restoration. One of the great gatherings that took place about the same time was the celebration of the centenary of the Sunday Schools. The proceedings served several good purposes; they induced a grateful reminiscence of the good work which Robert Raikes of Gloucester inaugurated so quietly and carried on so successfully, and also served to bring into prominence the important and extensive volunteer agency which all sections of Christians were employing in the great work of training the young.

There was great excitement on the occasion of the first Board-school election held in Leamington. A deputation, headed by me, went up to London to interview Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Education, as to whether it was actually necessary for a school board to be formed, as the Church schools and Nonconformist schools were working very well. Mr. Mundella took me on one side and told me that the best thing I could do was to go back and settle matters with regard to the school board in an amicable way. I said, "Mr. Mundella, you do not know Leamington, but I will try." We returned to Leamington, and I called a meeting

of representatives of the Nonconformist as well as the Church of England and Roman Catholic Schools, and the meeting resolved to put forward nine candidates. We thought that we had arranged everything, as the nine, who were composed of different denominations and holding different political views, had agreed to waive their opinions and enter into amicable arrangements in order to carry on the school board harmoniously. But it was no good. Individuals started up to stand as candidates, and we had to fight it out, and very bitter was the fight on the part of the opponents of the selected nine. At one meeting a young man from Birmingham, who was conservative agent, got up at the meeting and said that I had " prostituted the pulpit for political purposes," a fine alliteration which he had prepared, but he got no further. There was one yell at him and he had to disappear. I remarked that no Leamington man, whatever his opinions were, would have said such a thing as that. Fortunately he was not from Leamington, but from Birmingham. It so happened that Mr. Willes, who presided over the meeting, was chairman of the Conservative party and my Churchwarden. My other Churchwarden was also a Conservative ; he said he would never vote for the Conservative party again if they did not get rid of that young man from Birmingham, and the chairman wrote to him to apologise in the papers for his remarks about me. The majority of the nine was returned on the school board and I was elected chairman.

About the same time that I commenced my duties as Vicar of Leamington, the Salvation Army appeared on the scene, and great posters were to be seen all over the town advertising " Hallelujah lasses," " Josh, the Fiddler," and " Blood and Fire " and other awful notices, for in those days there was a great deal more sensationalism in connection with the Salvation Army than there is now. I invited them to come to a special service at the parish church, on condition that they left their

trombones and drums outside. They came, and indulged in certain exclamations, such as "Hallelujah, bless the Lord." Some friend asked me if I was not disturbed by these exclamations. I said, "No one who has had to address a negro congregation can be disturbed." The leaders of the Salvation Army were anxious to take up positions in the town from which they could address open-air meetings. But this was forbidden by the corporation. In one of the worst streets they obtained a site for the erection of a hall, but they were so long making up their minds as to the erection that the builder came to me, showed me the plans and asked me if I was prepared to take it over, to which I at once agreed, and got a most useful Mission Hall erected, which later on became a beautiful church. This was another blow to the Salvation Army, but we continued on good terms, and later on I became acquainted with their great General.

On Sunday, May 7th, 1883, the terrible tidings reached me as I was on my way to church of the assassination of a very dear friend of mine, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had been appointed Chief Secretary of Ireland, and who was murdered in Phœnix Park, together with Mr. Burke, on the previous day. He was at Cambridge with me, and a more charming, amiable man it would be difficult to find. He went to Ireland with the great idea of a reconciliation, which, owing to the atrocious crime, he never had an opportunity of carrying out. The funeral took place at Chatsworth on May 11th, when a large number of M.P.s came down from London to be present. I joined them at Rugby, and I shall never forget the deeply impressive ceremony. I and Major the Hon. E. Bourke, who was also at college with us, stood apart on the lawn in front of the house, whilst the procession was being formed. Mr. Gladstone came out of the house with his hat off and his grey locks floating in the wind, waiting for the old Duke to come out leaning on the arm of his son,

Lord Hartington. The aged father was bent down with grief for the loss of his beloved son. I felt deeply touched by the sight and turned to Bourke to express my feelings, when I found him in tears, and remembered how, not long before, his eldest brother, Lord Mayo, the Viceroy of India, had been assassinated. We walked in procession to the quiet village church of Ensore, where a simple grave in the churchyard had been prepared.

On September 1st, 1883, after a strenuous but pleasant time, in which I was assisted by Nonconformists as well as Churchmen, I bade farewell to my Leamington parishioners with much regret, having accepted the offer by Mr. Gladstone of the living of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. During my stay at Leamington I was elected Chairman of the Warwick Board of Guardians, and Chairman of the new School Board. I left many kind friends among all classes, but from no class in the community in Leamington did I receive on my departure more genuine expressions of regret than from the poorest of the people from my Mission Hall in Satchwell Street.

Mr. Gladstone, who took an interest in Leamington, as he did in everything great or small, asked me a good deal about the place on my attending his first reception at Downing Street, after my appointment. He wished to know how it was that Leamington had increased in numbers so rapidly. "Is there any manufactory," he asked. "No," I replied, "except kitchen ranges; it is also a hunting centre, and there are the mineral waters, but the wonderful progress is due to the energies of Dr. Jephson." "Ah," he said, "that is so; he saved my eldest brother from death, and I have always had a great regard for him."

Dr. Jephson was still alive when I was Vicar of Leamington, although he had been quite blind for nearly thirty years, and few people were aware that he was still living. He had a

great idea of walking exercise, and I often took him for walks in the country, which I was glad to do, as he was full of reminiscences of the past, when Leamington was the great resort of well-known personages, who came after the London season to drink the waters and to consult him. Among them was the great Maria, Marchioness of A. He paid no special attention to her, at which she was indignant, and said, "You do not seem to be aware to whom you are talking?" He replied, "An old woman with a stomach-ache." She was furious and marched out of the house. A lady, afflicted with hysteria and under the idea that she could not possibly walk, consulted him. He offered to take her out for a drive in his carriage, which she accepted. On their return, when about a mile from Leamington, he showed her a bank of primroses and violets, and asked her whether she would not like to get out of the carriage and rest on the bank. She consented, and no sooner had he got her there, than he jumped into the carriage and drove away, leaving her to get home as best she could.

CHAPTER XII

WORK IN LONDON

AN ADVENTURE—"WHITE-GOWN" AGITATION—UNEMPLOYED—DEATH OF MY NEPHEW, GILBERT LEIGH—SAD ERRAND TO AMERICA—QUEEN'S JUBILEE—MAX O'RELL—MR. GLADSTONE

PREVIOUS to entering on my duty in London, I went to Switzerland and acted for a short time as chaplain at Champery. On board the steamer crossing the channel I made the acquaintance of a young clergyman, who was on his way to Chamonix as chaplain. I missed seeing him at Calais and took my seat in a first-class carriage, where I fell asleep. I was awakened from my slumbers between Boulogne and Amiens by a tap at the window; and looking up I saw a man with his face covered with blood looking in at me. I let down the window at once, pulled him in and laid him on the floor, upon which he opened his eyes and smiled, and I recognised my clerical friend. He was just able to explain to me how at Boulogne a young man had jumped into the carriage where he was alone; he had not taken much notice of him, but went to sleep, when he was suddenly awakened by a cut over the head, followed by several other cuts made by a carpenter's chisel. He jumped up, and after a desperate struggle with the would-be assassin, managed to open the door and to get out on the footboard. He worked his way along, but the first carriage was a ladies' one and he did not like to disturb them; the next was occupied by an American and others, and the blinds being drawn he could

get no assistance. When he was about to faint from loss of blood, he reached my carriage. I rang the alarm-bell at once and told the conductor he must secure the assailant. He was afraid to go himself, but got two of the brakesmen. Suddenly, an English lady in my carriage who was feeling faint at the sight of blood and was leaning out of the window, cried out that a man had jumped out of the train. I rang the alarm-bell again and told the conductor he must at once secure the man if possible. He hesitated, but with the help of the brakesmen he went back and found the man had sprained his ankle and could not get away. He tried to shoot himself with a pistol, but only grazed his head, and was secured and brought on to Amiens. At this place I helped my friend out and took him to wash his face. As I was bringing him back to the carriage, the station-master hurried up and said he must stay to give evidence. I got out with him and offered to stay, but he said his sisters were to meet him at the Gare du Nord and he would be glad if I met them instead; so I had to leave him, although he hardly knew a word of French. The trial did not come on for months; but the man was found guilty and condemned to imprisonment for life. It seems that he was an architect from Amiens, and his only defence was that he mistook the clergyman for another man from whom he wished to get money, as he had a wife and children to support. I saw my friend afterwards at Chamonix, when he had partially recovered, but although he lived for many years I do not think he ever got over the shock. I believe there had been several cases of murder and attempted murder on that line previously.

After a delightful time at Champery I returned to London to commence my work, which was begun under rather curious circumstances. I received letters from two semi-lunatics; one was the aged Mr. Francis Lyne (father of Ignatius), who attacked me because he heard I was going to introduce what

was called the "white gown" into my pulpit in London; he declared that "no language could give his feeling of horror as to the progress of the white-gown movement, the pulpit teaching has been 'dishonour your father and mother, dishonour your bishops, and so cloud the prospects of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.' I know this is all bound up in the 'white gown' in the pulpit. You will cease to wonder that I shudder at the name of your late leader, as I assume him to be, when I tell you that Dr. Pusey, by a stupid act, caused fifteen years of agony to my wife, and by that agony sent her to a premature grave, making my agony almost too heavy to bear. I have been called upon to deal with more than one of the 'white-gown' party, and I know to my own knowledge that more dishonest men, who appear to have no knowledge of honour, do not exist."

A great deal more of this sort of rubbish did this old gentleman write. About the same time I was attacked by a Calvinistic clergyman at Leamington, who had been employing a person, named T. Aplin Taylor, Superintendent of the Free and Sovereign Grace Mission, to endeavour by underhand means to sow discord among my new parishioners, and to set them against me, but I am happy to say without the slightest effect.

Although I received many more letters from these two men, I did not trouble to answer them. Eventually, Mr. Lyne and I became great friends, and I took him to vote for a Church of England candidate for the School Board. As we walked together arm-in-arm to the election booth, I said it was a case of the "lion and the lamb." My twelve years' residence in London was full of activities of various kinds. My temperance work took me to all parts of the East End of London, and I frequently visited the Mission House at Bethnal Green, where my nephew, James Adderley, then a layman, was a worker, and the Rev. Winnington Ingram, now Bishop

of London, was the head of Oxford House. He was especially successful in meeting the arguments of the infidels in Victoria Park. In this he had the assistance of a coloured man of the name of Clementine Edwards, who had a remarkable way of turning the arguments of the atheists into ridicule.

I saw a great deal of Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London. Many amusing stories have been told about him and his somewhat rough manner, but he was always tolerant to me, even when we did not agree on certain points. He was a very strong temperance advocate.

The Church Army had its chief quarters in a district of my parish, and the men used to attend my early celebrations. Carlyle was doing a splendid work, assisted by my dear friend, Edward Clifford. He had secured a proprietary chapel called Brunswick Chapel, and he sent me a notice of the opening of St. George's Church in my parish. I wrote to ask him where St. George's Church was ; he told me it was Brunswick Chapel, and he wished to change the name, and that the Bishop of Marlborough approved of it. I wrote that it was not possible for him to make this change, as it was not a consecrated building, and that I should lay the matter before the Bishop of London. I accordingly went to the Bishop, and showed him the notice about St. George's Church. He said it was all wrong, and I replied, "But the Bishop of Marlborough approves." Whereupon the Bishop exclaimed, "He knows nothing about it!" which concluded the matter.

I had leased a large hall in Crawford Street, at which I had great gatherings of all sorts. One Good Friday, with the assistance of Carlyle, I started a lantern service illustrating the last days of our Lord. The Church Army men distributed tickets all over the neighbourhood. We had a splendid gathering of the poorest people out of the slums, and it was a great success. I believe this was one of the first places where lantern services were introduced, which have since

become so popular. The work of my dear friend Carlyle has wonderfully increased since those days, and has brought happiness and Godliness to thousands of wretched homes.

About the end of 1885, at the time of the industrial depression, when there were numbers of unemployed, it will be remembered the Mansion House Fund was started. I did not approve of it, as I considered it would be bringing people up from the country to add to the number of unemployed in London, and I declined to receive any grant from the Fund, as I considered we were quite capable of meeting our own wants. I, however, offered the use of my hall, and was appointed secretary for the whole of Marylebone, including Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, and was able to get some idea of the parochial machinery in the various districts of Marylebone. Wherever possible, I got work for the unemployed, and amongst other beneficial results an old graveyard near High Street, Marylebone, was converted into pleasant gardens for the people. All letters dealing with Marylebone sent to the Lord Mayor were forwarded to me from the Mansion House, which was not what the writers expected, and which caused me some amusement. Here is part of one from a publican of the King's Arms. Writing to the Lord Mayor, he says :

"As agents for distributing the Mansion House Fund I contend we are more serviceable than the clergy ; it is a plain fact that outside the ' cadging recruits ' who sing about seeking Sal, seeking Sal-vation, about our streets, I should say howling (after the manner of Baal's priests), the working-classes are little known to their pastors, and, maybe, will get relief in proportion to their Godliness. . . . We publicans, as I said, are little able now in our distress to help them much, though they hang about us with empty pockets. . . . It may be very wicked to give them a good pint of beer now and again, but we think

it a cheerful variety on the soup tickets we also give; but if we had the power given us of recommending cases to the local centres of aid (we do not want to handle the funds, let the saintly sift them), I think many a deserving case of sad distress might be relieved.

"I remain, my lord, etc. . . ."

I called together in my big hall a meeting of the unemployed; my friends asked if I wasn't going to have tickets of admission, as otherwise there might be a row. I said no, it should be open, and I would take the risk. The Hall was quite full, I should say about a thousand men were present, and I felt a bit nervous as to the result. I would not allow any papers to be distributed, whether they were religious tracts or any other kind, and I made the rule that the speakers should have five minutes each. Curiously enough, the difficult position I was in was saved by a partially drunken man who was the first to come up on the platform to speak. He was somewhat incoherent, and the multitude laughed at him, at which he got very angry and called them names. I said I could not allow this language to be used against those gentlemen who had come to discuss matters quietly, and that he must step down, which he had to do. Towards the close of the meeting, a young man said a friend of his wished to speak. I said, "Certainly, who is he?" He answered, "Mr. John Williams," a man whose name I knew as a Hyde Park agitator. I asked him to come up on the platform, which he did, and was just beginning to show signs of abuse when I told him his time was up. After trying again to speak, I rang the bell and he had to step down. Thus ended peacefully this big meeting. Later on I tried to start a Labour Exchange. I first brought the matter before the Marylebone Vestry in hopes that they would take it up, but failed. I then tried to start one myself, and raised some subscriptions, engaged

a clerk, and for some little time went on well, but found I could not get sufficient contributions to carry it on, and had to give it up. Mr. William T. Stead, having heard about it, wrote to me on the subject, as he wished to start something of the kind himself, and said he would be very glad to have any suggestions from me. I sent him my papers, but do not think he was any more successful than I had been; but this was the first attempt made at Labour Exchanges, which have now become universal, having been taken up by the Government. I made a great effort to get ladies placed on the Board of Guardians, and I persuaded Miss Scott, a friend of Miss Octavia Hill, to stand. We made a good fight of it, but she was defeated. The following year I again persuaded her to stand and again she was defeated. The third year she declined to bear the expense; I asked her to allow me to put her name on, and we got two other ladies to stand at the same time, and I am happy to say all three got in, much to the disgust of the old gang.

I was attacked in *The Pall Mall Gazette* by an anonymous writer, who said that I had brought pressure to bear on some of the tradesmen in Oxford Street, which was, of course, absurd. I went off to the office of the *Pall Mall* and asked to see Mr. Stead, the editor: "What made you insert that letter in your paper from Endean?" I asked. "I thought there must be something in what he said," he replied. (Mr. Stead failed to see that I had thus obtained from him the name of the writer.) I asked him to let me write an answer in his office, which he did, and I accused Mr. Endean by name of making false statements. At the vestry meeting the following day I saw Mr. Endean, who was naturally not pleased at my inserting his name as the writer of an anonymous letter.

In September 1884 a very sad incident occurred while great rejoicings were being held to celebrate the "coming of

age" of my nephew, Ronald Leveson-Gower, at Titsey Place, Surrey. There had been a dinner to the cottagers on Monday, and on Tuesday the tenantry were entertained by the Squire, Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, when an address and handsome testimonial were presented by the tenants. On Wednesday there was a large gathering of the County at a garden party at Titsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury being among the guests. Alas, in the middle of these festivities a sudden gloom was cast by a telegram received, announcing the death of my nephew, the Hon. Gilbert Leigh, M.P., in the Rocky Mountains, where he had gone for shooting. I offered at once to undertake the painful duty of bringing the body back to England. I telegraphed to Liverpool and found the *Britannic* had left for America. I knew she stopped at Queenstown, so I telegraphed that I would join her there. Arriving in New York, I was met by Mr. Duncan, and telegraphed to Mr. Morton Frewen, at whose ranch my nephew's body lay. Every arrangement was made for the dispatch of the body, and I met the train in which were Mr. Grenfell (now Lord Desborough), and my nephew, Dudley Leigh, who had come from New Orleans to Cheyenne, where he met the party. The coffin was placed in Gracechurch Chapel, and next morning we were able to return in the same ship that I had come out in. I was met at Liverpool by my brothers, Lord Leigh and Chandos, and the following day the remains of my dear nephew were interred in the family mausoleum at Stoneleigh Church. Amongst the numerous wreaths and crosses was one with this inscription: "From the Western Ranchmen in memory of the friend of many camp fires."

In 1887 efforts were made to worthily celebrate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and we determined to do our best in St. Mary's parish. I obtained the use of the yard of the Philological School, on Marylebone Road, and we had grand doings there: a tea-party to the aged people, when Mr.

Mortlock of Oxford Street presented 250 Jubilee teapots for their use; and we had all the school children, Sunday and day, to a tea-party in the yard, when mugs and plates were given to them. A large platform was erected on one side of the yard, where we had concerts and a band playing, and the whole place was lit up with coloured lamps. In Hyde Park there was a great tea-party given for thirty thousand children, and a special mug was presented by Her Majesty the Queen to the child who had made the greatest number of attendances and had never been absent or late for school. The mug was gained by one of my school girls, who had never been absent or late from school for ten years. I had to take charge of her in the middle of the ring, and the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Prussia came up to where I was to see the child. Her picture appeared in the illustrated papers, and I am afraid she was not good for much after being so highly exalted.

On August 3rd, 1889, the great Naval Review took place at Spithead, and I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Mr. Ismay (chairman of the White Star Line) to take a cruise on board the R.N.R. merchant cruiser *Teutonic*.

There was a large assemblage of guests; members of both houses of Parliament, painters, authors, and special correspondents, among them the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir F. Leighton, R.A., the Rt. Hon. Sir M. Hicks Beach, J. Chamberlain, M.P., Childers, and John Morley.

At Spithead our boat was the centre of attraction, many distinguished visitors came on board, including H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Emperor of Germany, and Prince Henry of Prussia, the two latter naturally taking a warm interest in the new mercantile cruiser.

In the evening a banquet was given on board to M.P.s who came down in a special from London. A striking speech

was made by Mr. Chauncey Depew, the well-known American orator. Among my personal friends on board, besides the captain, doctor, and purser, was M. Paul Blouet (better known as Max O'Rell), with whom I had been acquainted some years, and to whom I gave letters of introduction to friends at New York when he was going over on a lecturing tour. He was a very agreeable companion and had many amusing tales of his experiences as a lecturer.

On one occasion at Liverpool, an Alderman was to take the chair, and was fussing as to what he should say when introducing the lecturer. "What do you think I should speak about?" he asked. "About one minute," was the answer.

When on his tour in the States he found himself in one city in a Presbyterian Church, and had to speak from the pulpit, and the minister offered up a prayer that the minds of his people might be enlightened to receive the wise sayings of the lecturer.

At Baltimore he was informed that a deputation of ladies had called to see him, and three charming young women were ushered in. He was highly pleased, and asked what he could do for them; they told him they were the President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Women's Club in the town, and had come to request that he would lecture on a subject he knew something about, and not on the one he had selected (women), which made him feel somewhat small.

In 1889 a great effort was made to get a Progressive majority on the London County Council, and I was asked by Mr. Arnold Morley, the Government Whip, to find a candidate for West Marylebone. I failed to obtain one, and then he suggested that I should stand myself. On my saying I could not afford to do so, he replied the money would be found for me. So I started as a Temperance candidate against a well-known whisky distiller. We already had a gin distiller for our M.P., and Chairman of Licensed Victuallers as a vestryman, and I

considered that the liquor traffic was sufficiently represented. Unfortunately, I only allowed one week—that is, from the time of my nomination to the election day—in which to canvass, and I put in two or three meetings a day during that week. I was a good deal heckled by the representatives of "the trade," but was quite accustomed to it and rather enjoyed it. The dear old ladies of my congregation did not approve, and voted against me, and I got my chief support from the neighbouring parish in Lisson Grove, which was a poor and not very reputable quarter. An old Irish road-sweeper, employed by the Vestry, was a friend of mine, having attended many of my temperance meetings. He told me that he could get the Irish vote if I would accompany him to their place of meeting in Lisson Grove. I accordingly went, and found myself in a large basement chamber full of Irish, who I suspect were most of them Fenians. I was introduced by my friend the road-sweeper, and they asked me whether I was for Home Rule. I said, "Certainly; that was what I was standing for. Home Rule for London." They seemed satisfied, and gave me their support. After a sharp fight I was defeated, but brought down the majority from 600 to 48, and if only I had had another week I should have won easily.

I met Mr. Gladstone at dinner the next day, and he congratulated me on the fight I had made, at the same time thought it as well that I did not get in, as I had so much other work to do. Arnold Morley was annoyed at my not having taken more time, but I reminded him that it was at his special request that I started at a late hour of the day.

At one time Mr. Gladstone thought well to address meetings of his friends and followers at private houses, his speeches being reported in the daily papers. A reception was held by the Marylebone Women's Liberal Association at the house of Mr. Bryce (now Viscount Bryce, O.M.), in Bryanston Square,

Lady Sandhurst, the President of the Association, acting as hostess. I was requested by her to produce a good specimen of a working man to attend the meeting, which I had no difficulty in doing, as I knew one for whom I had a real personal regard and who had given me much help in my Temperance work in the parish; I stipulated that I should also bring an old lady who kept a small newspaper and tobacco shop, who was a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone. I was a little apprehensive as to how she would dress for the occasion, as she was generally very untidy-looking. However, she appeared in black silk gown, smart cap, and white gloves. I gave her refreshment and then took her upstairs to the reception room, and when Mr. Gladstone had taken up his position, I informed him that there was an old woman who said she would die happy if she could shake hands with him, and I then introduced her to him and he shook hands with her, and she retired with great joy.

On another occasion I was invited by Sir Wilfrid Lawson to dinner to meet Mr. Gladstone and the Members of Parliament for Westmorland and Cumberland. After dinner, at which there was no strong drink, we adjourned to the drawing-rooms, where there was a large company assembled and a bevy of reporters. Mr. Gladstone made one of his famous speeches, which was reported at full length in *The Times*. He from time to time refreshed himself with a mysterious-looking mixture which I believe was egg-flip. After the meeting I had the chance of a short conversation with him, and told him of a big meeting my brother had arranged in the riding school at Stoneleigh, a few days previously, at which Sir Vernon Harcourt had been the chief speaker. Mr. Gladstone said to my surprise, "Is Lord Leigh a strong Liberal?" I replied, "Of all your supporters, sir, in the House of Lords, he is the staunchest of those who hold no Government office." I then remarked that it was curious how one man (Joseph Chamber-

lain) could have turned a large and important city like Birmingham from being the stronghold of Radicalism to become the support of the Conservative Party. He replied, "It is not one man." "That has been the case," I said, "for if he had not had Mr. John Bright and Dr. Dale on his side at the start, he probably would not have been able to bring about such a transformation, but he is now capable of carrying on the campaign single-handed."

CHAPTER XIII

MRS. KEMBLE

DEATH OF MRS. KEMBLE—HER CHARACTER—HENRY JAMES—CHICAGO EXHIBITION

IN the commencement of 1893 we sustained a very great loss by the death of Mrs. Kemble. My wife had started at the beginning of the year for America, having no idea that her mother was seriously ill. She had not been gone long when Mrs. Kemble, who was living with me in Gloucester Place, passed suddenly away. I telegraphed to our friend, Mr. Henry James, to come at once, which he did, and was of great assistance in interviewing the pressmen who crowded in for information.

Henry James was one of Mrs. Kemble's devoted friends; she used to call him and Hamilton Aïdé her two young men. With the death of Mrs. Kemble, we lost one of our most distinguished women. She came of a Herefordshire family, which county and city could boast of having produced the greatest of delineators and interpreters of the works of the immortal Bard of Stratford. David Garrick was also born in Hereford in 1717; John Philip Kemble and his sister, the renowned Sarah, known as Mrs. Siddons, Charles, and others of more or less talent, were the children of Roger Kemble, living in the city of Hereford, whose wife was Sarah, daughter of John Ward, and their grave-stones may still be seen in the churchyard at Leominster.

I consider that no member of that large histrionic family

MRS. KEMBLE IN LATER LIFE.

was endowed to the same degree with the natural dramatic temperament as Fanny Kemble. She inherited through her father, Charles, a theatrical descent of two generations, but it was from her mother, who was French, that she got that vivid and versatile temperament which was the especial delight of those remarkable men and women with whom she was brought in contact. Her brother, John Mitchell, was at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, and a friend of Tennyson, Hallam, Milnes, Trench, Fitzgerald, and Spedding. She was early introduced into this pleasant circle, known as "the Apostles." Later on she became acquainted with an equally distinguished set at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and so was a kind of link between the circles on each side of the Atlantic. Longfellow, Emerson, Channing, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Agassiz, Prescott, Motley, and many others. Added to this list I might mention Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, Sidney Smith, Tom Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Campbell, Rogers, Thackeray, Hooke, Carlyle, Browning, Lady Byron, and Miss Mitford. There are not many who can boast of such an array of friends and admirers. As someone said, she had, in two hemispheres, seen everyone and known everyone; but she was indeed the most remarkable person, the most talented and versatile of any I ever knew. Mrs. Beecher Stowe once said to me, "I guess that mother-in-law of yours would make six clever women, and then there would be a remnant."

A good story is told of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and Mrs. Kemble. At one time Mrs. Beecher Stowe took up planchette very keenly. She came to Mrs. Kemble much agitated, and exclaimed, "My dear, what do you think planchette has said? That we are all d——d fools!" "The first thing that makes me believe in it," replied Mrs. Kemble.

An intimate friend of hers once had the temerity to tell her that he had found out what was the matter with her:

"There are too many of you, you must have been meant for twins."

It was a superabundant tumultuous dual nature partaking of the extreme characteristics of her parents: actress, authoress, poetess, Shakespearean critic and reader, musician, linguist, proficient in all—and I have omitted to mention her horsemanship and Alpine climbing. No wonder she was an ornament of the circles in which she moved; her journals of many volumes are delightful and easy reading. They leave a feeling of having spent many pleasant hours with a brilliant, cultivated, and high-principled woman, full of keen energy and determination of purpose, but who was at the same time guided by a loving, sympathetic heart. Curiously enough she had a great dislike for the stage and had no intention of appearing on it, but she was persuaded to do so, owing to the financial difficulties in which her father had been involved as lessee of Covent Garden. She made her first appearance at Covent Garden in October 1829 as Juliet, her father playing Mercutio and her mother appearing as Lady Capulet. Her greatest success in that season, however, was the part of Julia, in Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*, written for her by the author. So great was her success at Covent Garden that her father was enabled to pay off a debt of £13,000, and thus to mend his failing fortunes. After performing at Covent Garden she accompanied her father to America, where, we are told, from first to last this joint venture of father and daughter was a great triumph. Returning to England in 1847 she for a short time played a round of parts at the Princess's, among others, Julia and Lady Macbeth; but soon after she gave up appearing on the stage and devoted herself to readings from Shakespeare, and of all her various gifts and accomplishments, her reading was the most remarkable and gave the highest pleasure. As a reader of Shakespeare she was unsurpassed, the versatility with which she changed from

one character to another without in any degree confusing or mistaking them was as remarkable as it was surprising, and her grasp of the situations has never been equalled.

Her affection for Switzerland was intense; the Alpine guides loved her; she knew them all, and those for whom her name offered difficulty identified her as "*la dame qui va chantant par les montagnes.*" She had sung over hill and dale all her days. Punctually on June 1st every year she went to Switzerland; punctually on September 1st she came back. During the interval she roamed as far and as high as she could. For years she walked and climbed, and when she could no longer climb she rode, when she could no longer ride she was carried; and when her health ceased to permit the *chaise a porteurs*, it was as if the great warning had come. Then she sat with tearful eyes for hours on the balcony of high-perched hotels, gazing away at the paradise lost.

Four years previous to her death she wrote some touching lines as a farewell to her beloved mountains, dated from Brieg. I believe they have never been published, so I give them here:

"The angel walking with me took my hand
And said: 'No longer here may'st thou abide;
To the soft valleys and smooth level land
Come down, and humbly looking up, reside.
Till in thy lowest home thou'rt laid to dwell.'
'My mountains! oh, my mountains! fare ye well,'
Weeping, 'Oh, look on me once more!' I cried.
But thickest mist encompassed every head
And darkness round each pinnacle was spread.
One milky stream from a great snowy breast
Came with me down, singing to my unrest,
Bidding me not lament, since, too, it came
From the wild mountains to the meadows tame,
Leaving the rocky turrets of the earth
And the dark fragrant forests near its birth,
Whose hairy talons clasp each mossy stone
Lest by fierce lightnings they should be o'erthrown.

Below these iron-footed giants lay
Soft velvet carpets with sweet blossoms gay,
Spread on the lowest steps of that steep way;
And here disconsolate I weeping lay
Until the angel on my shoulder laid
A tender, pitying hand, and to me said:
'Lo! I have come to smooth thy downward path,
And lead thee gently to thy home beneath.
Cease thy vain tears and hush thy weak lament,
To strengthen and support thee I am sent.
Look up once more, look!' and each awful head
In the departing light glow'd ruby red.
'Now hast thou seen that last great glory well,'
My angel said, and at her feet I fell.
'My mountains! now for ever fare ye well.'"

F. A. K.

To her intimate friends she was always charming and devoted: to strangers she was reticent and somewhat terrifying. I remember when we were in Switzerland, a young Oxford student, travelling with his tutor, happened to find himself next to her at table d'hôte. As she never opened a conversation with strangers, he ventured to make a remark. "I believe, Mrs. Kemble, you have very fine hotels in America?" To which she replied in a tragic voice: "Young man, I have no hotels in America." On another occasion we were dining with Dean Stanley at Westminster. It fell to the lot of the great Dean of Christchurch to take Mrs. Kemble in to dinner. I sat opposite them and noticed they never spoke to each other. I said afterwards to Mrs. Kemble: "What did you do to that poor man, for he never spoke to you?" "A very stupid man, my dear." "No," I said, "he is a very clever man; you must have said something to him, what was it?" She replied: "As he was taking me to dinner, he remarked, 'A very fine day, Mrs. Kemble,' and I said, 'I should have expected a less commonplace remark from the great Dean of Christchurch.' And he never spoke to me again."

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

FANNY KEMBLE IN EARLY LIFE.

She was very hard upon some of the actors of the day. Beautiful Mrs. Scott Siddons, a distant cousin, came to consult her, and said, "I should like to have your candid opinion upon my acting." She was sure to get a candid opinion, and it was this: "You have two things to recommend you, my dear, your face and your name, and that is all." She used to say to her nephew, Harry Kemble, "My dear Harry, you are not a great actor." To which he replied: "That is not the first time you have told me so."

She was of opinion that English actors of the present day had lost, for the most part, the dramatical and emotional temperament, and that the plays brought out and revised of late years bore doleful witness to this. "We have in them archæology, ethnology, history, geography, and upholstery—everything, in short, but acting, which it seems we cannot have."

I have mentioned Henry James as one of Mrs. Kemble's greatest friends, and how immediately on her death I sent for him to come to me. It was not until some years after, February 28th, 1916, this old and valued friend died, and I attended the funeral service at the old parish church, Chelsea, which, notwithstanding a heavy storm, was crowded with his numerous friends, literary and dramatic. Two volumes of letters by him to friends have lately been published, but, of course, there are many unpublished ones, and I venture to give one of those I received from him, as it bears testimony to his thoughtfulness for others when himself in the midst of great trouble, mental and physical.

95 Irving Street,
Cambridge, Mass.
February 9th, 1911.

My very dear Dean,

I should sooner have made you a sign of all faithful and all tender remembrance and participation had I not been myself in trouble—been sharply unwell, with the return of

a bad state that I hoped I had seen the end of—ever since hearing of your supreme bereavement. My condition for several weeks made sad havoc with all letters—I mean the attempt at writing them; but I constantly thought of you and now I am better again and can tell you so.

I see you both as you were during my happy stay with you for the last Festival, a year ago last September, and though she seemed to me then weary and a trifle sad, I got the impression of a beautiful security, a fine equilibrium in your life, that has made me, with a sharp pang, feel your catastrophe a thing of violence. My long friendship with her mother and her sister gave me a sense of warmth to her that grew stronger after they were gone. Now that she has followed them a wonderful chapter has closed—but you and your daughter know that still better than I.

I should like to tell A. that I take great comfort in the thought of your happy possession of her—not less than in hers of you. But these things I don't presume to linger on. I only want to remind you both of my ancient loyalty. I am afraid I turn away my head from the vision of your own personal solitude; but, at any rate, find myself reflecting that when a man is so beloved as you are some lightening even of the worst heaviness may somehow, as a result of it, rest upon him. I came to America last summer and am emerging, on my own side, from the shadow of great losses and trouble, and the death of my eldest admirable brother just a month after that of my only other, and younger; and a dire, a dismal illness of my own which began thirteen months ago, and the hampered convalescence from which I am still struggling. But I return to England all yearningly, in two or three months.

I wish you, my very dear Dean, all possible peace and ease and strength, and I am affectionately yours,

HENRY JAMES.

Early in the spring of 1893 my daughter and I started for Philadelphia to meet my wife, and with her to visit the great Exhibition at Chicago, which was opened in May. We saw it under very favourable conditions, for Mr. W. Butler Duncan had purchased a small house near the entrance to the Exhibition and let it to his friends. We, together with some members of the Cadwalader family, were among the first of his tenants, and a very good time we had, spending our days and taking our meals in the Exhibition grounds. Those grounds were wonderfully laid out; redeemed from a marsh which was inhabited by snipe, they had been converted into a sort of Fairyland, with white "palaces" made of sacking and cement (!), bridges over Venetian canals, and a multitude of statues. Trees of every kind blossomed in these beautifully laid-out gardens. Architects and landscape gardeners had been engaged from all parts of the States, but one master hand had superintended the whole. I have seen various Exhibitions from 1851 onwards—all attractive in many ways—but for general effect of buildings, I do not think any, not even the French, surpassed the Chicago Exhibition. I believe the cost was enormous, but the wealthy merchant princes of the City were prepared to make great sacrifices, and the big fire, which reduced most of the fine buildings, added to their losses.

Of the City itself I have spoken before; at each visit it had increased in size, and has now grown from a town of wooden huts to a city with granite sky-scrapers, twenty to thirty storeys high.

CHAPTER XIV

HEREFORD

APPOINTED DEAN—MUSICAL FESTIVAL—EARTHQUAKE—SIDDONS MEMORIAL—GOLDEN WEDDINGS—DEATH OF MR. GLADSTONE—FAMILY WEDDINGS—BECOME P.G.M. HEREFORDSHIRE—VISIT TO GERMANY—INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON ALCOHOLISM

IN 1894 I was appointed to the Deanery of Hereford by Lord Rosebery. At a public meeting of the L.C.C. in St. James's Hall presided over by him, I heard someone calling me, and looking round saw Lord Rosebery hurrying after me. He said: "I have sent your name to Her Majesty for the Deanery of Hereford, but as she is in Florence it may be some little time before we get her sanction to the appointment. I therefore do not want you to let anyone know until we get Her Majesty's reply." It was nearly a fortnight before the reply came, and during that time it was very amusing to see the surmises as to the appointment in the papers, and to hear the opinions of various people who thought they were in the know. It was Lord Rosebery's first appointment as Prime Minister, and it therefore created special interest. On June 29th a farewell reception was held for me at Zion College, when the chair was occupied by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, and a handsome illuminated address was presented to me, signed by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Whittaker, Benn, Archdeacon Farrar, Dr. Clifford, Hugh Price Hughes, Joseph Diggle (then chairman of the School Board), Wakeley (Band of Hope), Rae (N.T.L.), Eardley Wilmot (C.E.T.S.), and

Fred. Sherlock, on behalf of all the workers of London. I was also presented with a large photograph book, containing the portraits of over a hundred representatives of the London workers, including Bishop Temple, Lady Henry Somerset, and General Booth, signed with their autographs. There were many five-minute speeches, and I found it very trying to bid farewell to those with whom I had worked so amicably during my ministry in London.

We took up our residence at Hereford the first week in the September of 1894, and a week later entertained several hundred people for the Triennial Festival, knowing hardly any of our guests. However, it gave us a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with those among whom we had to live. The Festival itself was a great success, among the performers being Santley, Madame Albani, Edward Lloyd, Plunket Greene, Hilda and Agnes Wilson, Anna Williams, and many others.

On December 11th took place the laying up of the Colours of the 36th Hereford Regiment in the Cathedral. While at Aldershot, on the occasion of the presentation by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales of the new colours to the Worcestershire and Herefordshire Regiment, the Prince of Wales came across to me and said, "I am glad to know that you are going to have the old colours placed in your Cathedral."

The same month the Bishop of Hereford, who was very ill at the time of my appointment, died, and his successor was appointed by Lord Rosebery.

I had not long been in residence at Hereford before I commenced work on the cloisters and new library of the Cathedral, from designs by Sir Arthur Blomfield. Bishop Percival laid the foundation-stone of the library, which was to contain one of the finest, if not *the* finest, collection of chained books in Europe. On December 17th, 1896, when Sir Arthur was staying with me to superintend the work at

the Cathedral, there was a severe earthquake, which did much damage to various houses in the town and twisted one of the pinnacles of the Cathedral. I was awakened by the rocking of my bed ; there seemed to have been two or three shocks, followed by a great rumbling noise. I struck my repeater watch, and finding it was 5 a.m. turned over and went to sleep again. When I came down to breakfast next morning I said to Sir Arthur, " I think there must have been an earthquake last night." " Think there was an earthquake," he replied. " Why of course there was, a very bad one." And from what I heard afterwards he seemed to have got up and dressed himself, in a thorough fright. The curious thing was that my wife and daughter were at that time in the country of earthquakes, near Charleston, and were very much astonished to read, in the American papers, of an earthquake in Hereford.

The following April the new Cathedral library was opened by Archbishop Temple. I found a great deal more had to be done to the cloisters, which, on the south side, adjoining the new library, were in a terrible condition. They had been used as outhouses for coal, mowing machines, festival platforms, and all sorts of rubbish ; the windows were in a decaying state, and the roof was pronounced in a dangerous condition. All the bays of these windows were thoroughly restored and the windows glazed. The south cloister was utilised as a library for the clergy. The restoration of the different bays was the work of various Church people.

In June I came to London to take part in the unveiling of the monument to Mrs. Siddons, in Paddington Green. Sir Henry Irving gave an address, and there were many leading actors present. I always regretted that Mrs. Kemble never saw Henry Irving in any of his best parts—*The Bells*, *The Lyons Mail*, *Louis XI*, or as Shylock, and that she was not personally acquainted with him. It was a pity that he had

certain mannerisms on the stage which he had not off it. I had the privilege of being associated with him in connection with the erection and unveiling of the fine statue of Mrs. Siddons, and found him to be a courteous and agreeable gentleman: we all knew how ready he was to assist any brother actor in distress, and how he spared no expense in staging a play.

This was the year of the Queen's diamond jubilee, and on June 21st I was fortunate enough to obtain an excellent place on the steps of St. Paul's, and beheld that wonderful sight. In the evening there were great illuminations and enormous crowds in the streets.

During the year 1898 we celebrated two golden weddings in our family: one that of my sister, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and the other that of my brother, Lord Leigh. In that same year William Ewart Gladstone died at Hawarden, on the festival of the Ascension. There were many touching scenes connected with his death; the villagers of Hawarden, the sturdy miners, the assembled multitudes all along the journey to London, and then the most striking spectacle which I witnessed—one never to be forgotten—of the ever-flowing stream of silent mourners through the ancient Hall of Westminster for twenty-eight hours; the number, it was calculated, was not less than half a million persons. At night I was one of the watchers in Westminster Hall; between the silent solitude then and the multitude that assembled during the day there was a great contrast. I left London that night for Scarborough, and preached at the Memorial service in the Parish Church there next morning. The church was crowded, amongst those who attended being the Mayor and Corporation, members of Parliament, and other leading citizens. It was a great thing that the politicians should have laid aside their animosities to do honour to one who had been upwards of sixty years the leading figure of our times. At the funeral

in London it was a noble sight to see attending as pall-bearers two Princes, heirs to the Throne, the leading representatives of both parties in the House of Lords and House of Commons, all anxious to show their respect and deep reverence for the great Statesman. It might with truth be said that there was no man living in this or any other country who could have had such universal homage paid to his memory. Gladstone left behind him a memory that will live in the hearts of men long after other great men have been forgotten.

On October 5th in the same year I left for America, to perform the marriage ceremony of my nephew, Rowland Leigh, to Miss Mabel Gordon of Savannah. On my way South I stopped at Washington, and found that the Church Convention was being held there, and my friend, the Bishop of Delaware, introduced me to the President of the Lower House, Dr. Morgan Dix, who invited me on to the platform. Among the subjects discussed was that of the *Entente Cordiale* between the Anglican Churches of America and England. I was just leaving the platform after listening to this interesting debate, when on a motion of the lay deputy from Los Angeles I was suddenly called upon to address the house, which was a most unusual thing for a stranger to be asked to do. I was somewhat taken aback at having to address such an audience, including as it did representatives of clergy and laymen from every State and territory in the U.S.A. I dined with Mr. Pierpont Morgan, where I met the Bishops of New York, New Orleans, Albany, and Colorado, where Bishop Doane of Albany told a good story against me in reference to my first visit to Boston more than twenty-five years before. He said I dined with his sister, Mrs. Cleveland, and was a somewhat shy and silent young man. I spoke little until the dessert was placed on the table, when I took up my plate, turned it over, and said, "Crown Derby, by Jove!" I told the Bishop that no doubt I was shy and silent at such a large

party, none of whom I knew. I may have looked at the plate and said "Crown Derby," but I certainly never used the words "by Jove." I was very much surprised at his remembering such a trifling incident which occurred so many years before.

After a pleasant two days at Washington, during which I made the acquaintance of several deputies and bishops, I left for Savannah, where I was to stay with General and Mrs. Gordon, the parents of the bride-elect. On Sunday I preached at Christ Church, Savannah, of which church John Wesley was once rector.

On the Tuesday I started for Butler's Island, where there had been a terrible cyclone. Alas, our island was a perfect wreck, mill and barn had been blown down, and all the negro houses; the plantation house was knocked almost to pieces, and our rice crops, as well as those of our neighbours, were completely lost. I stayed with a neighbouring planter, Jimmy Dent, for the night, and was glad to get away from such a scene of desolation, and return to Savannah. I found that General Gordon, who had been to Puerto Rico, had arrived, and in the afternoon I went with him to the camp where the regiments from Louisiana, Texas, and Nebraska were quartered, under his command. The wedding between my nephew and Miss Gordon took place at Christchurch, and a large number were present, including many officers from the camp. An amusing conversation was overheard between two old negro servants of the Gordons, when the engagement was announced. The old mammie said, "Miss Mabel g'wine for to marry an English nobleman." To which the old cook replied, "No, she ain't, she g'wine to marry a Chinese washerman." "I tell you," the other said, "she g'wine to marry an English Lord." And the other persisted, "I tell you she g'wine to marry a Chinese washerman, and his name Ah Li (R. Leigh)." "My, ain't dat a

calamity for de Gordon family!" exclaimed the justly outraged mammie.

After the reception I left for the North, and in New York stayed with Mr. Peter Marié until I sailed for England.

In May 1902 Princess Beatrice unveiled the Women's Memorial window to the late Queen Victoria, in Hereford Cathedral. The window, a very fine one, was placed at the west end, and is the work of John Clayton. Princess Beatrice was entertained by Lord and Lady Chesterfield, at Holme Lacy, and she drove over in state to Hereford, with an escort of Herefordshire yeomanry. She also laid the stone of the new Town Hall, and opened a bazaar. The west end of the cathedral, designed by Oldrid Scott, was opened on March 25th by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Four years later I was installed as provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Herefordshire by Lord Amherst, the Pro-Grand Master of England. There were present at my installation Lord Barnard, P.G.M. for Durham; Lord Llangattack, P.G.M. for South Wales; Sir Offley Wakeman, P.G.M. for Shropshire; Sir E. Letchworth, Grand Secretary of England; and many other members of Grand Lodge.

On June 2nd, 1906, the wedding took place between my daughter Alice and Richard Pierce Butler. The ceremony was performed in Hereford Cathedral by the Bishops of Hereford and Massachusetts and the Rev. and Hon. B. J. Plunket, the present Bishop of Meath. After the reception, held at the Deanery, Captain Butler and his bride left for Ballin Temple, Ireland, for the honeymoon. On arriving there they received a real Irish welcome and were greeted with hearty Irish cheers. In the evening there was a tar-barrel and an enormous bonfire on the hill in front of the house; national dances were performed by old and young.

In August of the same year the fifth Hereford Musical Festival during my time was held in the Cathedral, at which

the chief performers were Madame Albani, Miss Muriel Foster, Miss Agnes Nichols, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Plunket Greene.

In 1907 the foundation-stone of the Masonic turret of the Cathedral was laid by the Earl of Warwick, Deputy P. Grand Master of England. The new west front of the Cathedral was completed in 1908, and among those who took part in the ceremonies connected therewith were the Archbishops of Sydney and Melbourne, the Bishops of North Carolina, Carpentaria, Oregon, and Bishop Mather. The North porch was dedicated by the Bishop of Hereford and the south by the Archbishop of Melbourne. The central porch had been opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury in March 1904.

On June 7th, 1909, I left with the Bishop of Hereford for Germany, as one of the representatives of the British Christian Churches for the promotion of peace and friendly relations between the two nations ! !

The company was rather mixed—Catholic priests, Baptists, and Congregationalists. Bishop Weldon called it Noah's Ark. Herr Specker, German representative, presided over a meeting on board, at which there were many speeches. Great hospitality was shown us everywhere, and all our expenses were paid. Special trains from Cuxhaven to Hambourg, from Hambourg to Berlin, and wherever we went. At Berlin the Bishop and I were conducted to the Kaiserhof, where we had a luxurious suite of rooms. Altogether we had a very good time, but peace and goodwill with Germany were not promoted.

One of the most interesting places we stopped at was Eisenach, the homes of Bach and Luther, and Wartburg where Luther wrote many of his works. In his room they show you the marks on the wall, where he threw the ink-pot at the devil who came to disturb his devotions. As tourists scrape off pieces of the wall as mementoes, the marks would have been utterly obliterated had they not been renewed from time to time. I met Monsignor H. and asked him how he

came to be in that room, to which he answered, "I prefer his room to his company." Another most interesting place we visited was Bielefeld, where there is a wonderful colony called Bethel, given up to epileptics and other afflicted persons. There was a chapel in the woods where services were held. We had a service there at which the Reverend de Courcy Laffan delivered an excellent discourse in German.

We concluded our journey at Southampton on the evening of June 20th. On board we had many yarns contributed by the various passengers: here is one told me by a prominent Roman Catholic: "A man was making his confession and when he had concluded, the priest asked what was his profession—he said he was an a-cro-bat. He was asked what that was, and he proceeded to give a demonstration outside. A stout old woman was waiting to make her confession, and when she had finished she said, 'I do hope your Reverence will not impose the same penance on me as you have on that poor man.'"

On July 15th, 1909, the International Congress on Alcoholism was held in London for the first time. It was the twelfth of a remarkable series which commenced in Antwerp in the year 1885. I was present at Antwerp, and read a paper and preached a sermon, and I believe I am almost the only one left who was present on that occasion. Subsequent congresses were held at Zurich, Christiania, the Hague, Basle, Brussels, Paris, Vienna, Bremen, Budapest, and Stockholm, at all of which, except three, I was present. I was very anxious that a Congress should be held in London, and found the chief difficulty was that foreigners expected a member of the royal family to be President, as at almost all the other meetings some head official of the Government had so acted. I was fortunate in being able to secure as our President H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, whilst Lord Weardale was acting President, the Rt. Hon. L. D. Harcourt, M.P., was

the representative of the Government, and I was Chairman of the Committee, and the Hon. Mrs. Eliot Yorke was Vice-Chairman. Official sermons were preached on the afternoon of Sunday, July 18th, by Canon Alexander (late reader in the Temple) in St. Paul's Cathedral, to a large congregation, and by the Archdeacon of Westminster, Dr. Basil Wilberforce, Chaplain of the House of Commons, in Westminster. Meetings were held at the Imperial Institute and at the Town Hall in Kensington: the speeches and papers were given in three languages. The principal sittings held at the Imperial Institute were those in the scientific section. The reception given by His Majesty's Government was a fitting recognition of the importance of the Congress, and the distinguished company of guests were received in the Marble Hall of the Imperial Institute by the Rt. Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M.P., First Commissioner of Works. Among the numerous guests were H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, President of the Stockholm Congress, to whom a number of persons were presented. I had the honour of conducting H.R.H. over the Imperial Institute. Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess of Sweden consented to attend a special meeting for ladies in Bechstein Hall, at which Mrs. Eliot Yorke presided. One of the most striking meetings of the Congress was held in Queen's Hall, when the value of abstinence in the public service was demonstrated in effective speeches by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Chief Justice, who presided; Miss Agnes Weston, LL.D., and Hon. Director of the Royal Naval Temperance Society; Field Marshal Sir George White, representing the Royal Temperance Association; the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, representing the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union, and others. During the Congress week the British Committee had many opportunities of showing hospitality to their visitors. A garden party was given to 600, at the Grosvenor River Club of Henley-on-Thames.

CHAPTER XV

TEETOTAL TATTLE

MY CONCESSION TO TEETOTALISM—CARE IN SELECTING A TEMPERANCE CHAIRMAN—LORD WOLSELEY PRESIDES AT ONE OF MY MEETINGS—ROWDY MEETING IN SHOREDITCH TOWN HALL—FRED CHARRINGTON—GREAT EXCITEMENT AT COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL—SOME ANECDOTES—SIR WILFRID LAWSON

I WISH to devote a chapter to the subject of temperance work. Of course I have, during active work in the temperance field for about thirty years, had some remarkable experiences. It is not my intention, however, to give any harrowing account of the awful scenes connected with intemperance, although I might fill a thick volume in recording the tragedies I have witnessed. Whilst there is a very sad side of the question, there is also occasionally a somewhat humorous one. The name "Teetotal" arose thus: In September 1835 a very small body of men started a Total Abstinence Society. These were known as the seven men of Preston, headed by Joseph Livesay. At one of their first meetings it was a question what their society should be called. Various names were suggested, when a character, known as Dicky Turner, who had a slight stammer, said "Let it be a T—teetotal one." The name was immediately adopted by Joseph Livesay and the others. This was the first total abstinence society prohibiting all strong drinks, for before that time wine, beer, and cider were not prohibited by temperance advocates.

I have already mentioned how I was led to become a total

abstainer in 1877 by the eloquence of Mr. Sam Bowley and Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson. Bowley was President of the National Temperance League and was succeeded by Archbishop Temple, and on the latter's death I was elected President. Bowley was a contemporary and great friend of Joseph Livesay, so I may say that I was in a way connected with these first pioneers; I preached the Jubilee sermon at Preston in 1883; I have spoken on the platform with old Thomas Whitaker (father of the late Sir Thomas Whitaker, M.P.) and others who worked with Livesay. During my many years as a Temperance worker in all parts of England, I have naturally met with various incidents, and some opposition. At Leamington we had some blue-ribbon revival meetings, when I had the assistance of Wilberforce, Conrad Dillon, Booth, Gough, and many other well-known speakers.

When I went up to London, James Weston, the great pedestrian, was about to commence his wonderful walk of 5,000 miles in 100 days, over all parts of England in all sorts of weather, and over rough roads instead of on a beaten track. Such a performance has never been equalled in the history of pedestrianism. His object was to show what could be done without the assistance of any stimulant. It was at first taken up by the Church of England Temperance Society, who, however, rather backed out of it when ridiculed by the Press. I determined to see him through, and acted as his treasurer. He would never have been able to accomplish the arduous undertaking unless he had been financed by Joseph Peters, the well-known carriage builder, and William Palmer, the biscuit manufacturer of Reading. We saw him start from Westminster bridge late at night. He accomplished the whole route under the time and finished the last four miles in the Old Vic, Waterloo Road, and seemed fresher than when he started. He, however, made no money for himself, and I had to make an appeal on his behalf, when I received con-

tributions from the late Duke of Westminster, Lord Rosebery and others, which enabled me to present him with a cheque for £300. Weston was a typical Yankee, with a great sense of humour. At one temperance meeting that he was holding a man came up to him and said, "How are you, Mr. Weston?" "Quite well, thank you, sir," Weston replied. "Do you know who I am?" said the man. "I am a converted wife-beater, a converted drunkard, a converted dog-stealer, and a converted pugilist. What do you think of that?" "Well," answered Weston; "I guess there is one thing you're not, and that is a converted liar." On his return to America I read in the papers that he had walked across from New York to San Francisco when he was nearly seventy years old.

I held many successful meetings in a large hall in my London Parish, and used to get men of position to take the chair. Lord Wolseley presided over a meeting of soldiers and I introduced him to one of the speakers, Gelson Gregson, a great temperance missioner in India, who had received the thanks of General Wolseley and General Roberts: but the former had never met him until this meeting.

I was not always quite happy in my selection of a chairman. At one meeting I had asked a very well-known city magnate, an M.P., who was a supporter of the U.K.A. for political purposes, but who was not a total abstainer, and who was partial to his glass of port. He had a genial countenance, somewhat rubicund, with a twinkling eye. I had got an old woman who was given to gin to attend the meeting, and I placed her in the front bench. Whilst the chairman was addressing the meeting, she was making remarks, and I called for silence. I asked my curate, who was sitting next to her, what she was saying. He replied, "It was fortunate that neither you nor the Chairman heard her, for as she gazed at the Chairman she said: 'I'll be blessed if ever I could be converted by a man with such a face as that.'"

At another meeting I had a speaker who thought a good deal of himself, and who was trying to adopt the style of the great orator Gough; pointing to a poor woman with a little child in her arms, he said: "Now what will become of that dear little baby when he grows up? What if he takes to the drink? What will be the feelings of his good mother?" The good mother only laughed, and the orator became indignant at his words being received in this way, and stopped his speech, upon which the mother called out: "Why, it's a girl," which raised a laugh and rather disconcerted the speaker.

I was at a meeting held at Pangbourne, and was disturbed during my address by a woman among the audience, who was somewhat abusive. I directed my attention specially to her, and mentioned sad cases of female inebriates that I had known. At the conclusion of the meeting she remained, and came up to me in a forlorn condition of mind. She said she was the wife of a well-known hotel keeper, and had got into this habit of drink. She was in a highly excited state, and when I tried to calm her rushed out of the building. The night was very dark, and I said to my hostess, Lady D., that I felt I must go and look after the woman, but would come back. Lady D. said she must come with me. On nearing the hotel we met a messenger who had a note, which he delivered to Lady D., for her friend. I found that it was from this poor woman, begging me to come and see her. We went there, and found her in a pretty sitting-room, still in an excited state. She gave me her sad history, and told me how she had come of respectable parents in the Strand, and had been a Sunday School teacher in the Ragged School near Drury Lane. She had been gradually led into drink, until she had got into this condition. We prayed with her, and did our best to calm her down, in which we succeeded. I then had to leave her, and asked Lady D. whether she would look after her, which she promised to do. Some little time afterward, I had a

letter from Lady D. saying that the woman had given up the business and gone to live in the Isle of Wight, and she hoped that she had given up drink.

I was often brought in friendly contact with publicans or their families.

I was speaking at a meeting in St. John's Wood, when a ladylike person waited to see me after the meeting. She asked me if I was acquainted with the Duke of Westminster. I was. "Had I any influence with him?" I said I didn't suppose that I had much, but asked why she inquired. She said that the Duke was pulling down some houses on his property, and among them there was a public-house, and she hoped that if it was pulled down it would not be built up again for the same purpose. I asked her why she was interested in the matter. "Because," she said, "my father keeps that house, and although there is a pleasant home for him in these parts, he prefers the company of the public-house servants to mine, and I cannot persuade him to give up the business." I wrote to the Duke on the subject, and in my letter I also asked if he would let me have the use of Grosvenor House for a concert, and I received a short, characteristic answer from him: "My dear J.L., I will look after your publican and sinner; when do you want to sing at Grosvenor House? Yours, W."

I had to speak on one occasion at Walmer. On my arrival there I was met by the agent of the U.K.A., who looked very pale and informed me that the hall had been packed with members of the trade, and asked me what I would do. "Of course, I shall hold the meeting," I said. The chairman was a young man who kept a private school. On taking our places on the platform, a stout gentleman got up in the body of the hall and asked whether anyone else would speak. I asked who he was, and was told that he was a Mr. Mayo, an agent of the trade. So I said: "Certainly, Mr. Mayo, I am

quite willing that there should be two on each side. Will you come up on the platform ? " I had a vacant chair next to me, and when he came up I asked him to take it, and said that I did not think I had had the pleasure of meeting him before. He answered that that was so, but he was glad to meet me, and thought there was some connection between us, as somewhere in the seventeenth century a Mayo had married a Leigh. I said, " Oh, indeed."

I asked the chairman after his address to call on the agent of the U.K.A. The address from the chairman was very brief, but Mr. S. who followed spoke at some length, and as the audience were getting restless, I begged him to cut it short and sit down. I then asked the chairman to call on Mr. Mayo, and Mr. Mayo said he did not wish to come before me, and he would wait until I had spoken. I insisted upon Mr. Mayo speaking next. I found out that half the audience was composed of brewers' men and half of publicans, so when Mr. Mayo had finished I got up and told them a tale. I said that very morning I had received a visit from a publican of the name of Harry Hill, who told me that he had been turned out by the brewing firm which owned the public-house that he had lately taken. He had purchased the goodwill from the late tenant, and had been informed by the agent of the brewers' firm that the takings were so much. He found that this was incorrect after he had taken it, and as he had put all his savings into it they were soon gone, and he was turned out by the owners and lost everything. This was the way in which many publicans who were tenants of tied-houses were treated by the brewers.

The result of my address was that the audience was divided, and when I asked Mr. Mayo who the other speaker was, I found he was a brewer, and he declined to speak. Mr. Mayo asked me whether I would propose the resolution and have it put to the meeting. I said certainly

not, that it rested with us whether we put any resolution or not.

The following day I happened to be in the lobby of the House of Commons, and the Chairman of the Licensed Victuallers, with whom I was well acquainted, came up to me and said that he understood I had addressed a meeting in which I had stated that Harry Hill was turned out of the public-house because he could not pay what was required of him, that that was a mistake, and that he had been turned out for allowing betting and gambling to take place on his premises. I replied that certainly altered the case, but that publicans were often tempted to illegal practices owing to the hard conditions in which they were placed by the owners of the houses.

Next day Mr. Hill came to see me, and I told him I was sorry I could not give him any more assistance as I understood that he was ejected on account of his allowing betting and gambling on his premises. He said that was utterly false, and wanted to know who had told me. I said, "Mr. Walker, the Chairman of the Licensed Victuallers." He went away and had a lawyer's letter sent to Mr. Walker, who then wrote to me and told me that he had made a mistake, that it was not Harry Hill that he meant but someone else. I need make no further comment on this case.

Mr. Walker, who owned a public-house in my parish, was a member of the Royal Licensing Commission. On the commission also sat a friend of mine who had been on the same temperance platform with me on various occasions, Dr. Dickinson, Dean of the Chapel Royal in Dublin, who was well known as a man of ready wit. For three years he has been on the commission, and had to cross the Irish Channel many times during that period in all sorts of weather. On one occasion it was very rough off Holyhead Race, and he said he was so bad that he nearly threw up the Royal Com-

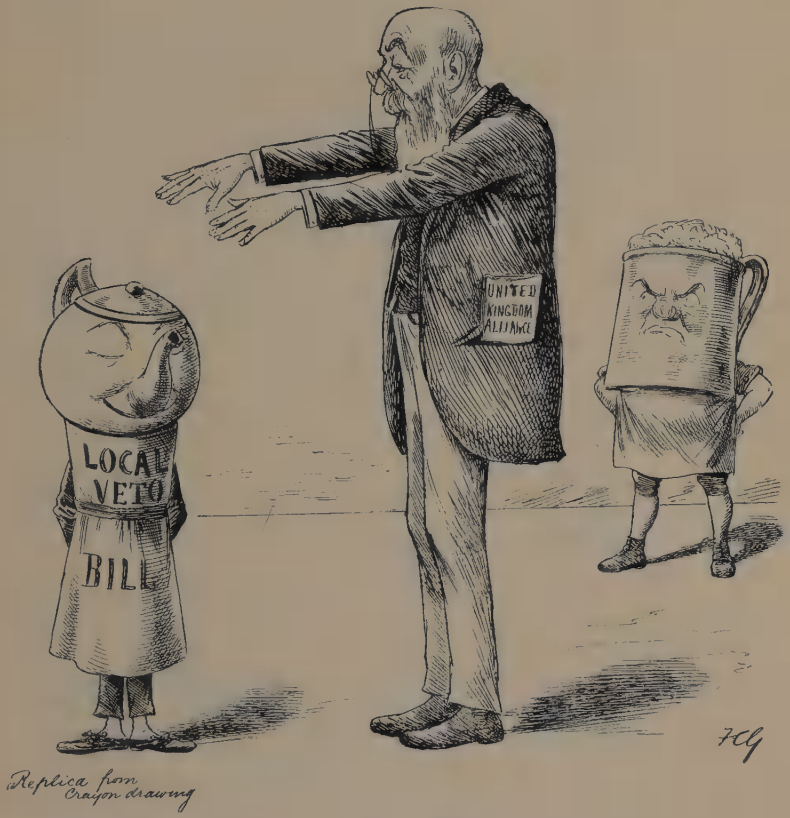
mission! There were many other witty sayings of his which do not belong to this chapter on temperance, but I think I must give one of them, although it may possibly be known already. There was a certain Orangeman of the name of Brush, who violently attacked Dean Dickinson in the Synod with regard to what he called High Church practices in Trinity College, Dublin, with which the Dean was connected. The Dean replied to the attack in these words: "Mr. President, I do not know what handle I have given to Mr. Brush to make such a sweeping assertion."

I have referred to the opposition that I met with on various occasions; I will give only two examples. One was at Shoreditch Town Hall, where I went to give my support to the Rev. Septimus Buss, who was to meet some of the publicans and their followers to discuss matters connected with a Vigilance Committee he had formed in his parish. Several of us met at the Vicarage, and marched with a bodyguard of Good Templars to the Town Hall. It had been arranged that there should be so many supporters of the trade and so many temperance men on the platform.

Before, however, we could obtain entrance to the Hall, a great number of rowdies, many of them from the Seven Dials, had gained entrance and taken possession of the Hall, so that we were all separated, the Vicar and his bodyguard taking a position at one end of the gallery, and I finding myself the sole temperance representative, as I thought, on the platform. The chairman was a wine-merchant, supported by various representatives of the trade to the right and left of him. It soon became evident that nobody was to be allowed to speak on our side. There was a hideous row, and stink balls were let off, so that the place became unbearable. In the midst of it all, the Evangelist, Fred Charrington, appeared, supported by his Whitechapel lambs. There was a general fight, and Charrington tried to storm the platform; his hat and umbrella

were broken, and he would have been badly mauled if it had not been for a hand given him by one of the members of the trade, who helped him on to the platform. I found myself standing next to a stout publican, with whom I discoursed. There was a sudden pause, when to my horror the Vicar's curate, a short and middle-aged man, jumped on a chair on the platform, and shouted, "Three cheers for the Reverend Septimus Buss." Upon which several young men went for him, and I felt bound to protect him from their assault. They cried out "Spy," and hustled us both off the platform by a side entrance, so that I was chucked out. We then all proceeded to a Shoreditch Chapel, where we held our meeting, and I compared the whole scene to what St. Paul's followers experienced at Ephesus, when, for two hours, the worshippers of the great Diana of the Ephesians shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and if the mob we had just left had been able to articulate, they would have shouted "Great is John Barleycorn of these British Isles."

Another tumultuous meeting that I was present at was held in the large hall at Bristol in favour of Sunday closing. Many people had been brought from the public-houses by the agent of the Licensed Victuallers to disturb our meeting. In one of the front benches was a row of respectable-looking publicans. As soon as the meeting was commenced, it was evident that there was going to be a disturbance. The Chairman, a well-known citizen, could not get a hearing, and efforts on the part of many speakers, including a Roman Catholic priest, a leader of the Salvation Army, and others, were shouted down. A wretched-looking man, urged on by his companions, and partially intoxicated, came staggering towards the platform. I saw my opportunity and gave him a hand up, and made the shortest and one of the most effective speeches that I had ever made. It was only eight words: "Here is an object lesson," and then, looking towards the



SIR WILFRID LAWSON BLESSES THE LOCAL VETO BILL.

publicans, I said, "Behold your representative"; at which they were highly indignant, and called to me to apologise for insulting them. I smiled, and said: "But isn't he?" There was no more speaking; the meeting was broken up, but I had had my say.

In my long experience, the most difficult cases that I have had to deal with are those of women of all ranks and, I much regret to say, some ministers of religion. My only explanation of this is that when they become addicted to this vice they feel that they have sunk so low that it is hopeless for them to attempt to recover. I do not mean to say that every case is hopeless. The great work of Lady Henry Somerset, her tender sympathy with the afflicted women, and her untiring care of them, is a proof to the contrary.

The work of reforming is a very arduous one, and can only be carried on successfully by earnest Christian people, who are anxious to rescue their fellow-creatures from degradation and spiritual death, and they must not be disheartened by constant failures, or organised opposition.

My old friend, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., although champion of a dry subject, was never a dry speaker, but always managed through his humour to get a good hearing in the House. I had many letters from him, mostly written in verse. He used to chaff me for belonging to a Society which had a non-abstaining section, known as "the Dual Basis," and wrote as follows in reference to the conferring of two baronetages, one upon a well-known brewer, the other on a popular and genial M.P.:

> "We honour here the man who makes,
> And equally the man who takes;
> We hold each in his proper place is,
> And recognise the Dual Basis."

CHAPTER XVI

WEST INDIES

VISIT TO CARLSBAD—DEATH OF MY WIFE—TRIP TO WEST INDIES—ITALY—VON TIRPITZ

ON May 5th, 1910, my wife and I left London for Carlsbad, and at Cologne learnt the sad news of the death of our King on the 6th. At Carlsbad my wife was ordered the waters, and while there we took many drives together through the beautiful woods which are on every side. On Whit Sunday, we held a memorial service for Edward VII at the small church, and I preached the sermon. Our days at Carlsbad were much the same, drinking the waters at the Schloss Brunnen Springs, breakfasting in the woods and driving in the afternoons.

At the end of the year, after a short illness, my beloved wife passed peacefully away. Naturally of a strong constitution, I believe that it was undermined by her strenuous work in the American hospitals during the Civil War, and her management of the plantation in Georgia after her father's death. A beautiful window by Powell of Whitefriars was erected in Hereford Cathedral to her memory.

The following March my daughter and I joined the Duke of Richmond's party on a trip to the West Indies, and after a lovely passage we landed at Port of Spain, Trinidad, a picturesque town with a variety of white and coloured population. Here we transferred to a new steamer, the *Bellanchia*, in which we visited the islands, all more or less beautiful.

First St. George's, Grenada ; then St. Vincent, where General Douglas and I drove to call on Sir John Dyson ; St. Lucia, where we saw women coaling instead of men ; past Martinique, where we saw the ruins and ashes of the ill-fated St. Pierre, utterly destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Pellé ; from thence to Dominica, which has beautiful Botanical Gardens, where, by the way, my daughter and her companion were nearly arrested for stealing—plums !—glorious blue plums, like lapis lazuli, but of which I could never obtain the name : it was only by finally taking to their heels that they escaped the fury of the black gardener and the prison bars of Dominica ! Montserrat is a pleasant-looking island, with limes and other tropical plants, and Antigua is picturesque, but St. Kitt's is a purely negro town. Returning to Trinidad, I left my party there and was transferred to the steamer *Thames*, a very dirty vessel, and packed with children of various nationalities. I slept in the music saloon in preference to a berth with two others in the cabin. On our return to Barbadoes, as there was a case of small-pox on board, the health officer said I should have to report myself every day ; which resulted in my fellow-passengers and I sitting in rows in the office, each with a thermometer stuck between his teeth, a truly edifying sight, causing one to wonder a little in whose mouth it had last rested ! I went across the island to Bethsheba and stayed at a comfortable hotel kept by a Scotch lady, and as I had to take long drives through the island to get my doctor's certificate, I was thus enabled to see a good deal of the country, which was very fine, full of sugar canes, grape, and bananas, and during my stay I visited Coddrington College, which was a lovely spot, surrounded by beautiful palm trees. I took special interest in the College from the fact that Canon Pinder of Wells had been formerly Principal there.

Later I left for Jamaica, sailing along the coast of the Spanish Main, but was not allowed to go on shore, and also

passed Carthagena, a very picturesque old city, with a convent on the top of the hill, and an old cathedral. At Gatun we saw the wonderful locks, which were to admit the largest vessels through the Panama Canal. Everything was on a huge scale, but in great order, very different from the time of De Lesseps. At Jamaica I stayed at the Manor House Hotel, beautifully situated six miles from the town, and next day attended a sitting of the Council, at which the Governor, Sir H. Oliver, presided. He recognised me as an old acquaintance of Surrey days, and on Sunday afternoon I went to his country seat, three miles up the hillside. I was also introduced to Dr. Pringle, who invited me to spend the week-end with him. On Easter Eve I left for Spanish Town, the Rector meeting me at the station and driving me through splendid scenery, with fine waterfalls. On Easter Day I was up at six o'clock, and was much struck by the large number of coloured people who attended the early service at the cathedral. The old Spanish cathedral was destroyed in 1614, and the present one, built in 1740, is of no great architectural beauty. The town has several important buildings, and was the original capital and the seat of the Government. There is a statue of Queen Victoria and Lord Rodney. The morning service, at which I preached, was fully choral and very long, consequently I declined to preach again in the evening, although I was advertised to do so. My night was again disturbed by barking dogs and crowing cocks, and I was glad to leave for Ewarton, where a buggy met me from the Moneaque Hotel, some eight miles away. Next day I drove to the Fern Valley, a rocky glen full of large and small ferns of great variety. I left on April 21st for Colon, and from there went over to Panama, forty-nine miles by rail. I found the hotel, which was a very large one, built on the American plan, and no mosquitoes, wonderful to relate. Mr. Cole, the distinguished artist, and his wife, whom I had met at the hotel, were staying

there, and I was persuaded by him to drive to old Panama, five miles through an uninteresting country to the sea, and through a thick wood in which stood the ancient city and cathedral, destroyed two hundred years ago. I sat on the beach some time, waiting for Mr. Cole, who was sketching. The air was most oppressive and the flies were most annoying, causing me to exclaim, "No more old Panama for me!" We returned to Trinidad via Puerto del Carbello and Venezuela, in intense heat, and found crowds of natives on the quay with all sorts of goods for sale: monkeys, parrots, sloth, and also many kinds of fruit. Arrived at Trinidad May 1st, we set sail for England, and after a wonderful all-round trip arrived in time to see the unveiling of the Queen's Memorial by the German Emperor.

On June 22nd the Coronation of King George V took place, and we had a fine service in the Cathedral at Hereford, the Mayor and Corporation and the various Friendly Societies being present.

On July 18th Prince Henry of Prussia, together with a great number of German and English motorists, arrived in Hereford. I showed the Prince over the Cathedral and library, and we had a public luncheon at the Kemble Theatre, at which the Mayor presided. I sat next to Prince Henry, who was very agreeable; little did I think that he was spying out the land.

In 1913 I visited Mr. and Mrs. Yeats Brown at Il Castello, Portofino, near Genoa, a charming medieval castle on the top of the hill, overlooking the harbour. On Sunday afternoon there were several visitors, amongst them Admiral von Tirpitz, who remarked, "I think we have met before?" "Yes," I replied, "at Berlin." "Yes, and you spoke," he said. How he remembered this I do not know, except that I quoted from Shakespeare, "The quality of mercy is not strained." How strange that before many months this same

Tirpitz would be the notorious German Admiral who was to work such havoc amongst us with his submarines. There were many Germans round these parts, and one afternoon we took tea with Baron Mumm, at his Castello. Lady Carnarvon's handsome villa close by was rented by the young German author, Hauptmann, but as he threatened to shoot anyone who entered the villa grounds, we did not take tea with *him*.

On July 8th, 1914, I was at the old Harrovian dinner at the Savoy Hotel, when General Smith-Dorrien was in the chair. A month later he was leading a contemptible little army through Flanders' fields.

On August 4th the Germans invaded Belgium at Liége.

The British army was mobilised and Britain declared war on Germany.

On August 7th the British Expeditionary Force was landed in France.

On Sunday, August 9th, there was a great united service of intercession held in Hereford Cathedral, at which 3,000 were present, and many could not gain admission. There was a grand singing of hymns and I gave a short address.

Thus did we become involved in the greatest war the world has ever known.

"OUR SKIPPER" (LORD BRASSEY AT THE HELM OF THE "SUNBEAM").

CHAPTER XVII

DURING THE WAR

TRIP WITH LORD BRASSEY ON THE "SUNBEAM"—MALTA—ALEXANDRIA—I SEND IN MY RESIGNATION

HAVING heard that my friend, Lord Brassey, was going in his old yacht the *Sunbeam* to Malta, I offered to accompany him as his chaplain, and he accepted the offer. I joined the *Sunbeam* on July 15th, 1915, at Southampton, his two grandsons, Lord Bingham and Inigo Freeman-Thomas being of the company. We proceeded to Yarmouth, but left the next day as the weather was very threatening. We made for Swanage and thence to Studland, where we had to anchor as there was a heavy south-west gale. At Studland we landed and lunched with my cousin, Eustace Fiennes, who had just returned from the Dardanelles. After luncheon went on via Swanage, taking with us Miss Taylor, and arrived at Lisbon on the 22nd. Our party went to Cintra, where the lovely gardens delighted us, and later I went with Lord Brassey to the British Legation. On July 23rd we rounded St. Vincent and next day arrived at Gibraltar. While many of the party went to see the galleries, I went with Lord Brassey to the Mount, to see the Admiral and Mrs. Brock. We found Sir Herbert and Lady Miles at the Governor's Cottage, where they gave us a hearty welcome. At Algeciras I saw my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, the proprietors of the attractive hotel.

On July 31st we arrived at Marseilles, where we were

joined by Lady Brassey, Lady Avice Sackville, and Colonel Needham, who had come overland from London. The next day we left, rounding Cape Corso, but owing to tempestuous weather, had to anchor under the lee of the grand Crag of Tavolara, where we were well sheltered from the furious gusts of wind. In the evening, an Italian torpedo-boat from Madalena came alongside, and two officers came aboard to examine our papers. After a somewhat rough passage and delay in landing we arrived at Valetta. I determined to stay at Malta whilst Lord Brassey went to Lemnos in the *Sunbeam*. Lord Methuen, the governor, met us, and Lord Brassey drove out some twelve miles to the Palace of Abdulla, where there was a fine house and a lovely garden. The following day we lunched with Admiral and Mrs. Limbus, and afterwards went to the Naval Hospital, which is a very fine building. On August 9th Lord Brassey and his party left in the *Sunbeam* for Lemnos, whilst I stayed at Malta, where I made the acquaintance of the senior chaplain, Mr. Tobias, who had charge of the garrison church at Barracca, and I offered to help him. Lord Lucan kindly put me down for the Union Club, which was a spacious building, formerly one of the palaces of the Knights of Malta, and a grateful refuge from the intense heat. I visited the notable Civita Vecchia and drove from there to Eign-Taffia Hospital, where I found several suffering from enteric and typhoid, many of them just returned from the Dardanelles. In the Osborne Hotel, where I stopped whilst in Malta, there were many young naval officers attached to submarine boats, also a lady doctor just come from Serbia, Miss Marsden, who was with Mrs. Percy Dearmer when she died of fever. The medical officers were very kind in giving me lifts in their motors to the various hospitals on the island, as there was great difficulty in getting a vehicle, and I accompanied Dr. Thorburn and Dr. Gaillard to a hospital where Dr. T. had several operations to perform.

Afterwards Dr. Gaillard took me to the Valetta Hospital, a wonderful old building erected in 1517 by the Hospitallers. It had a ward 510 feet long, and there were old dungeons below, which had been used for slaves. A wealthy spinster, Miss Graham, staying at the hotel, had travelled much in China and Java and was interested in missions to seamen. She was very kind in taking me in her motor to various parts of the island, but alas, a few days afterward was taken ill in the hotel, and Miss Marsden was called up in the middle of the night. She had her transported to the Blue Sisters' Hospital, where she was operated upon by Dr. Thorburn, but died two days afterwards, and I attended her funeral with other English residents. On visiting the Blue Sisters' Hospital on August 18th, I found Captain Lewis, one of the wounded officers of the Herefords, who had arrived two days before. I was able to tell him that some of his regiment were in another ward of the same hospital, among them Capel, Bourne, Yates, and Nott, all wounded on landing at Gallipoli. I also saw Sergeant Hamlett of Kington, who had just had his arm amputated. Amongst other places I preached at Tigne, where there was a good service and an excellent small choir, and which seemed to me to be the nicest chapel on the island. At St. Andrew's Hospital I saw several privates of the Hereford regiment, and going again to the old Valetta Hospital to look after a Hereford private, I found that the chief nurse there was Miss Child from Hereford, who was doing this splendid work and who was much beloved by the patients. Altogether I visited about fourteen hospitals during my stay in Malta. There was fine Red Cross work being done on the island by the ladies, headed by Mrs. Radcliffe.

On the return of the *Sunbeam* from Lemnos, Lady Brassey and other members of the party went back to England. I rejoined the yacht with Lord Brassey on August 28th. Two days after we passed Rassem, behind the Cape, where ranges

of hills rise to a considerable elevation; on the highest, about six miles from the sea, are the ruins of the ancient city of Cyrene. This is a beautiful and well-cultivated country, watered by fine springs. On September 1st we made Alexandria light, and anchored early next morning. Lady Carnarvon called at our yacht, as she was visiting every hospital ship on arrival, and doing invaluable work. After the heat in the small cabin and the stuffy hotel at Malta, I was glad to take up my quarters in the comfortable Hotel Majestic. I visited camps in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, and also the hospitals, which were worked under the Red Cross, and found a few Herefordshire men in them.

Alexandria was much the same as when I first visited it more than fifty years ago. From there I went to Port Said, where I met Lord Brassey, who had gone in the yacht, and we left Port Said together in the steamer *Persia* of the P. & O. Of course there were rumours of submarines in the Mediterranean, and I remarked to the captain that in the event of our being torpedoed I did not see how we were ever going to get his lordship, who was a great cripple, up the gangway. The only thing would be for him and me to go to the bottom with him. The captain said, "Don't talk like that"; and alas! on the next outward journey, the *Persia* was torpedoed and the good captain was drowned. However, we arrived in safety and were welcomed by members of our families in London. Thus ended an exciting and pleasant trip in the fine old yacht *Sunbeam*, with the most genial and kindest of skippers.

On my return to Hereford I found everybody engaged in war work. The Lord Lieutenant and his lady, the Mayor and Mayoress, the country folk and the townspeople, all occupied in one way or another. The whole character of the old, quiet market town of Hereford was now changed. Large factories had sprung up, forming as it were another town,

and there were thousands of munition workers. My special duty as Chairman of the Recreation Committee was to look after the female munition workers, to provide amusement and a large club for them. A Committee of ladies organised the clubs, canteens, and the various entertainments for the workers. My daughter, Lady Butler, was head of the Women Patrols, who numbered over forty; a worker at the Red Cross Workers' depot and organiser of Sunday Open-Air Concerts, after service during the summer months. The Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Percival, who had been ill for some little time, and who lost a very distinguished son in the war, resigned his bishopric in October 1917. Some little time elapsed before the appointment of his successor, but in February 1918 Dean Hensley Henson was enthroned.

In November 1918 came the welcome news of the Armistice, which put an end to the awful slaughter and frightful scenes with which Europe had been afflicted for four years. There were great rejoicings, although much yet remained to be done to establish peace and goodwill among the nations.

In August 1919 I resigned my position as Dean of Hereford, which I had held for over twenty-five years, and where I had spent so many happy days and had met with so much kindness from friends in the City and County. I settled with my daughter and her husband in London, so here shall end my reminiscences, which I trust may be of interest to some of my friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

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